Bonded To Killers

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Bonded To Killers

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Summary

After being abruptly awoke by his favorite sleep walking, or in this case, driving omega Hannibal quickly realizes that in order for him to leave for his trip he's going to need to find Will a babysitter to stop the man from accidentally killing himself while he's gone.

That or take Will with him.

Notes

Hello darlings, SKU here~<3

DarkmoonSigel and I were sitting around one day and realized there was no omega!verse fic containing Nigel! We though it might be best to fix that (because that man is all alpha and it needs to be known damn-it!). ;D

We decided to take a different route with this fic, unlike many of the others in which Will is taking suppressants and omega's aren't permitted to have lives of their own in this fic they can. Will is open about being an omega and just has to take some time off work whenever his cycle comes around.

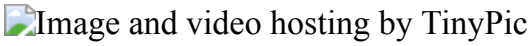
Omega's have won their rights by fighting the good fight! Yay!

We do not own Hannibal or Charlie Countryman.

This was written, beta'd and loved by us~<3

See the end of the work for more notes

Sleepwalking



Someone was going to die.

Thoughts of bringing a well deserving pig to slaughter was a normal sort of musing for Hannibal. The general contents of his fridge was stocked primarily with cuts that he butchered himself, all ethically so of course. One had to earn a place at his table, and a surefire way of doing that was to wake Hannibal up before the sun rose.

Normally, Hannibal didn't wake up with thoughts of necessary murder. The sharp sound of a fist connecting to his front door's wood was driving such views to the forefront though, and now someone was going to have to die.

Painfully.

Another loud rapping echoed through his home as a killer rolled out of bed, making Hannibal clench his jaw. He pushed back the covers to take a measured breath as he searched for his robe. There were very few people in this world that could come to his home unannounced at…Hannibal paused to check because one had to be accurate about time of death… 5:13 in the morning, and live to tell the tale. Among those select few individuals, there was only one who would not suffer at a later date for such a rude intrusion.

"Sausage or bacon?" Hannibal mused to himself, selecting a scalpel to greet his visitor with. If they were foolish enough to rouse him from sleep this early, they were destined to be breakfast. Hannibal so loved fresh meat with his eggs and coffee first thing in the morning.

Slipping the scalpel into his pocket, Hannibal fastened the belt of his dressing gown to pad downstairs on silent feet. Forgoing the lights as he wandered through the familiar surroundings of his home, Hannibal found his way to the large double doors with ease.

"Bacon." Hannibal decided, that particular cut of meat having a simpler preparation than sausage. "I have a plane to catch."

Pushing his irritation down out of sight, Hannibal settled the edges of his mask back in place before opening the door. It wouldn't do to scare the meat before it was dispatched. Terror would ruin the taste if it were saturated too long in adrenaline and chemicals.

"Will?" Hannibal greeted with mild surprise, catching the fist in time that came at him. The blow was not thrown with malice or in anger. The man in question every intention of pounding on his door for a fourth time, and had made contact with Hannibal instead. As fate would have it, the Alpha was robbed of his fresh breakfast, the Omega invading his personal space, the one and only person he would not harm for the indignity of being woken up at such an early hour unannounced and uninvited.

“Will? What are you doing here?” Hannibal asked. He grew concerned when Will didn’t move from his place on the doorstep or answer him with his usual fleeting gaze. Instead, the Omega stood stock still as Hannibal held him by the wrist. It only took a moment for sanguine eyes to take in what was happening, Hannibal quickly accessing the situation.

“How fascinating. You’re asleep.” Hannibal said as he observed the vacant look in Will’s half lidded eyes, his lips parted slackly and his curls a dark satiny mess. It was a beautiful look for the omega, his face made soft and almost boyish in sleep. Hannibal noted that a decade could be taken off of Will’s face if he ever bothered to shave off that horrid beard.

Casting a glance over Will’s shoulder out into his driveway, Hannibal took note of the Omega’s car parked there. Even in this state, Will had been able to drive well over an hour from his home in Wolf Trap, Virginia to Hannibal’s house in Baltimore, Maryland…

…And he had done it in his underwear.

Closing the door behind them, Hannibal guided Will into his kitchen. Taking full advantage of the Omega’s state of mind, Hannibal placed his hand to the small of Will’s back as he directed him through the house. As tempting as it was to just pick Will up and take him to his bedroom, lay the Omega out on his bed so that his scent marked the high count sheets, Hannibal knew he needed to find out how deeply under the man was.

“You must wake up, Will.” Hannibal told the Omega as he sat him in the kitchen’s leather chair. Crouching down, Hannibal gauged pupil dilation as he made eye contact to see none. Snapping his fingers by Will’s ear gained no reaction either, not that Hannibal was expecting one. A large hand placed to the Omega’s forehead told the good doctor that his unofficial patient was running hot. That was hardly abnormal for the Omega who was on suppressants. Side effects from the vile smelling chemicals included night sweats, migraines, fever, and sleep walking. Will was the living embodiment of everything that could go wrong while taking them.

“Will?” Hannibal tried again, keeping his voice gentle as he took that beautiful face of placid stillness into his hands. He dared to stroke full lips with the pad of his thumb, touching the sensitive silk there to have a tongue’s tip edge out to taste him. It was enough to make the Alpha take a breath, slow and deep as he watched that slick pink slide along his thumb in search of salt and heat and something more. When Will leaned in to mouth at Hannibal’s fingers, the Alpha hummed out a pleased sound, returning the favor to scent the Omega.

Reeling back quickly, Hannibal covered his nose to smother the burning smell of Old Spice cologne. It was one of Will’s defense against Alphas. He practically bathed himself in the pungent smell to drive others away from him. Nights sweats had purged most of it off of him, but a good remainder clung to the crook of his neck by his scent glands.

Will was hardly to blame for such a practice though. Omega pheromones were very appealing to all the genders, though in very different ways. To an Alpha, it was a call to mate and claim while to other Omegas, it was soothing, which is why some Alphas liked to create harems. Docile mates meant more sex and longer heats. Even to Betas, the scent of an Omega was alluring, making the neutral gender want to support and protect the fairest sex.

The cologne was the most tactful way Will could think of to keep from getting unwanted attention from an Alpha. Being a thoroughbred, Hannibal was gifted with superior senses, which included a rather sensitive nose for scents. He had able to pick up more of Will beneath the atrocious odor then what other Alpha's were capable, a tease to let him know that there was something sweet as peaches beneath all that foulness. It also meant that he suffered exponentially more from the effects of Will's poor life choices.

Personal sacrifices aside, Hannibal could smell that something had changed in his favorite Omega and not-patient today. He was unable to place it though thanks to the overwhelming amounts of cologne burning his nose's lining. He did know something noteworthy now he would have never considered before though.

Will wasn't on heat suppressants, and from sweet quality of his scent, had never been. Omegas on and off heat suppressants tended to have a sour taint to their body odor, their scent scarred by the suppressants. Will's scent was pure.

Turnabout was fair play, Hannibal taking a moment to recover as he gathered his medical bag from his closet. The Alpha returned soon enough to slip a vial of smelling salts beneath Will's nose. The ammonia had no effect though, much to Hannibal's surprise, enough so to make the Alpha tilt his head in thought.

Curiouser and curiouser, Hannibal mused, regarding Will in the inquisitive manner that was becoming common in the Omega's presence. He could smell the salts, even at arm's length . It was a commonplace product that had worked in the past in waking Will from on of his sleep walking cycles.

As he held the smelling salts beneath Will's nose, there were still no signs of consciousness returning to cloudy blue grey depths. Physically, Will's body was reacting normally, his eyes beginning to water as he changed to breathing through his mouth to avoid inhaling. Will was no closer to cognitive waking than when he had stepped through the door. For whatever reason, Will's mind was choosing to remain unaware to the world around him. The Omega hadn't just fallen asleep. He had receded fully inside himself, the Omega hiding from everyone and everything. If suppressants weren't to blame, then what was?

"Where are you, Will?" Hannibal asked, an intrigued smile pulling at the corners of his mask as he lifted an eyelid to further examine an unseeing eye. "What did Jack show you?"

Hannibal wanted to know, needed to know what the agent had done to make Will abandon his reality and fight against all outside stimuli to keep it that way. Though it pleased the Alpha to know the Omega had chosen to seek him out during his time of need, however, it did leave him wondering the question of why. Something had left the usually independent man feeling terribly vulnerable, enough so that he had come to him. It was something he would need to address Jack about with a call before his flight.

Which raised other questions, ones of far greater importance to the killer at large. With Will acting out like this, who was Hannibal going to leave the Omega while he was absent? Will obviously couldn't be left on his own, not if he was driving to an unmated Alpha's house in

his sleep.

Will was an interesting creature, one that was too precious to leave all alone. That and Hannibal was a very selfish man. He wasn't about to lose Will to something as mundane as a car accident while he was away. If Will was to die, it would be fated by his hands alone.

With his previous mentions of sleep walking and what he thought had been blatant suppressant abuse, it was something Hannibal had always known would come to a peak. He'd been waiting for Will's condition to take an inevitable turn for the worse that would allow him to lure Will into his home and personal care. It was a perfect excuse to keep the Omega close. He had planned to ease Will into a greater reliance upon him, to be the sole support structure left available in the fragile man's world.

During that time, Hannibal planned to make himself invaluable to Will. To such an extent when the day came when Will knew the truth about Hannibal and the Ripper, the Omega would find himself unable to turn his Alpha in. Will's own need for acceptance and support would outweigh his good conscience.

Unfortunately, Will's sense of timing was as terrible as ever. This was the day Hannibal was leaving for a trip he had been planning for well over a month. It was already bought and paid for with someone waiting for him across an ocean.

Letting the sleeping man slowly suck his thumb between his teeth to bite down into the flesh pad of it, Hannibal ran through the short list of colleagues intelligent enough not to claim Will while he was away. He quickly realized that there really was no one he could completely trust with his Will. They could take advantage of the Omega during his absence. That and leaving Will with a stranger would guarantee the man's resentment toward him for the abandonment, especially if that someone took the opportunity to study him. The only other option was Alana Bloom, and her interest in Will eliminated her as a trustworthy candidate.

It only left one other choice.

"This will be good for you, Will." Hannibal smiled, warming up to the idea the more he turned it over in his head. Capping the salts, Hannibal reached into his bag again to get what he needed. Tying a band around the inactive Omega's bicep, he watched as a lovely blue vein pushed up against his pale skin in presentation. "This will help you relax."

Filling a syringe with clear liquid from an unmarked glass bottle, a cocktail of his own design developed especially for his precious Omega. Always prepared for any situation, Hannibal dosed Will up to his eyeballs with sedative, saturating his blood with it to make the man's body follow his mind.

"Just think of it as a vacation." Hannibal added with a slight smile, the curve of his lips making him look like the predator he was. Cupping Will's face, Hannibal ran his fingers through curls softer than they appeared to be. It was the first time Hannibal had seen the Omega so at ease, his usual fluttering gaze and tense movements sluggish in his chemically induced sleep.

“Come, Will.” Satisfied with his decision, Hannibal gathered the Omega up into his arms. “We need to clean you up. It wouldn’t do to have you traveling covered in dried sweat and that cologne.”

Purring so a deep rumble resonated in his chest, Hannibal brought his puppet upstairs into his own private bathroom. Will responded to the noise beautifully, even at his unconscious lever, trying to nestle in closer to the purr’s source. Moving Will’s arms and legs where he wanted them, Hannibal found the Omega to be as plaint and malleable as a doll. It allowed the Alpha to easily strip Will of his salt stained t-shirt and underwear, before easily slipping out of his own nightwear one handed.

The first thing Hannibal did upon entering the shower was scrub down Will’s body until the Omega’s skin was shiny, pink, and smelling of jasmine and sandalwood. It was the first time Hannibal found himself able to comfortably partake in the sweet smell of honeyed peaches that was all pure, untainted Omega laced with the more earthen tones of his own cleaning products.

Humming with pleasure, Hannibal held Will close, wrapping his arms around the Omega’s tapered waist to ghost fingers along his stomach. He buried his nose in the damp curls as he pulled in another deep breath that was all Omega, all Will, and yet something else lingered there as well. It was the scent he had first noticed beneath Will’s skin, something new to the Omega that added a warm vanilla scent to his musk.

A scent he could not yet place.

“Ever the enigma, Will.” Hannibal murmured, nipping the shell of Will’s ear to feel the scruff of his beard run along his jaw. A pleasant thought came to mind as an opportunity presented itself, one that had him finishing up with Will in the shower. Wrapping the man up in a towel, Hannibal took Will to the counter where he kept his straight razor and shaving kit. If there ever been an opportunity to free Will of his atrocious beard, this was it.

“Hold still.” Hannibal told him, brushing the still man’s face with warm foam as he tilted Will’s chin up and back. He would have to be quick with Will’s body braced up against his own. Removing the dark stubble with ease in three smooth pulls of his razor soon revealed perfect pale skin left sensitive from disuse. Stroking that naked flesh, Hannibal let his calloused fingers run along the arched length of flawless neck to make the man beneath his touch shudder, a small whimper he had never imagined hearing sound from the quiet omega’s mouth.

“Skin starved.” Hannibal reminded himself, shifting the man’s face to make quick work of the remaining foam. Wiping away the residue with a warm towel, he splashed the fresh skin with his own aftershave. It was milder in scent and far more appealing than what the Omega was used to. It was tempting to scent mark Will further as his own, but not wise this early in the game.

Dressing Will in his own bathrobe, Hannibal carried the Omega back downstairs, seating him at the dining room table with the casual grace and strength he hid so well from others. “You’ll have to excuse me, Will. I have a few calls to make before we depart.” he told his guest as he

removed the robe's belt. He used to it to tie Will's arms to his sides and his body upright to the chair with the fabric. Running a comforting hand through damp curls mostly because he could, Hannibal confirmed the Omega was securely tied so that he could get dressed for the day before making his first phone call.

"Hello Jack." Hannibal feigned a concerned tone as the groggy voice of Jack Crawford answered his call. "We need to talk."

"Hannibal? Is something wrong?" Hannibal could hear the agent crawling out from under the covers, checking the time and leaving the bedroom to keep from disturbing his sick wife's rest.

"I apologize for bothering you at such an early hour, but it has to do with Will." Hannibal's smile only grew as he glanced back at the still man at his table.

"Will? What's wrong? Did something happen?" Jack was alert now and concerned for his valuable profiler. One of the agent's greatest fears was breaking Will before the Ripper was caught. Hannibal smiled wide and dark at the thought, though none of his mirth came through his careful control.

"Nothing serious this time, but his next episode could prove to be fatal. Will arrived at my home about twenty minutes ago. He drove here asleep, Jack, and I haven't been able to wake him. Whatever killing ground you've been shown him has forced his consciousness to recede into his mind. I'm afraid I must insist he take an extended leave of absence." Hannibal informed Jack, keeping the glee out of his voice as he exerted control over the agent.

There was a pause over the phone instead of expected cries of outrage or any protest. "I haven't called Will in on anything recently. He hasn't looked at a case in nearly two weeks." Jack told him, sounding miffed and dismayed. Now that was an interesting tidbit of information that gave Hannibal reason for pause.

"I'm afraid that only provides me with more cause for concern, Jack. His condition has worsened to something dangerous, both for himself as well as for others. I'm removing Will from work until this is under control. I will be taking Will under my personal care immediately." Hannibal informed Jack, reveling in his words.

"I don't find that acceptable, Dr. Lecter. I need Will. He's my best chance for catching the Ripper. You can keep him in the evenings, but I need him back here during the day. I need him…" Jack started to voice his lists of complaints to an uncaring ear.

"The Ripper can wait Jack." Hannibal interrupted, rudely so, very unlike him. It was necessary though to put a stop to the other Alpha's power play. "Will is of no use to you if he's dead. Right now, he's getting dangerously close to the point he may not so easily come back from. Unless you wish to start hunting a whole new kind of psychopath, one that can think and become any of the others from the rich history of his mind, you will leave Will Graham to me. I will return him to you once his mind has been settled, and it is safe to do so."

There was another long pause between them, Jack swallowing what Hannibal was force feeding him as he came to terms with the truth. Will needed help and to someone looking in from the outside, Hannibal appeared to be the best person to give that to him. “Fine but keep me updated. Let me know when he starts showing improvements.” Jack sighed out.

“Of course, Jack.” Hannibal lied, carrying an empty suitcase in one hand and a full one in the other. Hannibal’s smile was all sharp teeth and dark intent, the expression only broadening as he regarded Will.

“I will keep a close eye on him.”

Plans in motion

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up on a plane, and realizes something is amiss.

Chapter Notes

Hello! This would have been up earlier but momma likes to drink and dance. Better late than never.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For lack of a better word, Will's choice of apparel was atrocious. Though Hannibal knew their tastes tended to run strikingly different, he also knew that for where they were going the Omega would need a few nice sweaters. At least ones that were a little less threadbare on the elbows and perhaps even a nice pair of pants that actually fit the shapely contours of the Will's body.

Out of all the closet's contents, Hannibal had only managed to find two suitable shirts that met his approval. To join their company were two belts and a pair of boots that would be more or less suitable for their trip. As far as he was concerned, the rest could be burned.

"An early birthday gift then." Hannibal decide, selected several changes of nightwear, socks, underwear, and some select bathroom products. Standing at Will's sink, Hannibal skipped the small white bottle with a ship on it, a light smile pulling at his lips as he 'accidentally' bumped it off of the counter and into the garbage.

Pausing at Will's desk, Hannibal searched the drawers until he found the little dark navy book he was looking for, a plain photo of Will with his thick rimmed glasses and sad stormy eyes facing the camera staring back at him as he read the little documentation listed in his passport.

"Good boy." Hannibal praised. Will didn't like to travel, but had kept his passport up to date. It had been the only real variable in his plan of taking the Omega with him. Such thing could be navigated around, but it was a hassle and time was of the essence.

Dropping the passport in his pocket, Hannibal cast one last glance around the small house and its seven canine occupants before disappearing out into the early morning light with a too light suitcase packed. It went in the Bentley's trunk next to his own, Hannibal making a mental list of what he would need to fill it with.

OoOoO

Several phone calls and a trip to a select gentlemen's clothing store later, Hannibal was feeling very self satisfied to the point of preening. Will's pack was being cared for by a reputable kennel company, and Jack and Alana were informed with a placating version of the truth. He would need to submit a few documents in regards to the drugs he would be caring for his patient, and supply proof of his medical profession before boarding Will and himself onto the plane. He had managed to change their flight and purchase an extra seat next to his own with little trouble.

Errands completed, Hannibal found Will where he had left him, sitting quietly in his chair and staring ahead of himself in his dreamy daze, the drugs still saturating his mind.

"Everything has been taken care of Will." Hannibal explained more out of politeness than necessity to the still man, kneeling before him to take his face in both hands and watch those muddled ocean eyes. "Your dogs will be watched while we are away, and I have handled Uncle Jack and Alana. You have nothing to worry yourself about until our return."

Running a calloused thumb over the smooth skin of Will's jaw, Hannibal teased the soft skin there to touch his thin lips to sensitive flesh. That small contact alone had Will leaning into him, or at least trying to, his body pressing against the soft bindings that secured him to the chair. Touching his cheek to Hannibal's own, Will scented the alpha lightly as though in search of something.

"Someday." Hannibal promised. "When I'm all you have left."

Smiling dark and wicked, Hannibal ran his fingers through silky curls, keeping Will close to him as he scented the Omega back. He felt the darting of that pink tongue again against his skin, searching for something the way it had before as it dampened the skin beneath his ear. Will was tasting him, gathering the Alpha's pheromones up on his tongue. The Omega was trying to determine if he was worthy, if he was compatible.

Will was infertile, a trait found in all male omegas, as rare as his particular sex in the gender was. It was something that left most male omegas alone in life, unwanted for mates as they were unable to produce offspring. However, unlike most alphas who would have been driven away by the barren nature of a male Omega, Hannibal found himself more drawn to Will for it. He had never wanted children, the idea of dependant offspring unappealing to him. With Will , he would never need worry of such things coming to pass.

The only downside in his chosen Omega was also another trait that made the man more interesting to him. Will had not endured a heat cycle in more than three years. Something Hannibal suspected had been postponed thanks to a unhealthy cocktail of stress, insomnia, caffeine and drug abuse, the man eating aspirin like candy. Hannibal had no doubt that if he provided the stability that Will so desperately needed and could get the man to relax for an extended period of time that the Omega's quarterly cycles would naturally resume. When they did, Will would seek Hannibal out, the only Alpha worthy enough for him. Hannibal was already in his blood, the taste of the Alpha on his lips. It was only a matter of time.

Untying the knots to let Will's bonds fall away from him, Hannibal pulled the dazed man to his feet. He let the silk bathrobe slide off of Will's shoulders to pool at his feet, revealing untouched creamy skin that would burn for his touch. Until then, Hannibal let the back of his knuckles run down the length of Will's stomach now. The contact made the Omega shiver, reaching out to touch the hand that stroked him.

"Not yet." Hannibal chided, pulling away to retrieve some of what he had purchased for the Omega. Will was soon dressed in a pair of charcoal dress pants that would mould to his trim hips and a pullover cashmere sweater that hung loose yet sensual in all the right places to his form. Not only did it appeal to the Omega's baser needs for comforting textures, it would be both warm and aesthetically pleasing. The dark blue of the sweater made the creamy skin of Will's neck that peeked over his high collar seem that much more appealing.

"I believe with this we are ready to go." Hannibal said as he let his hands glide over the fine fabric covering Will's sides, placing his hand to the small of the Omega's back. Gliding Will to where he needed to go, Hannibal helped him into his shoes and finally into the car, locking the Omega in. Hannibal didn't think he'd been this excited since leaving Jack Miriam's arm.

OoOoO

It was a sudden shake that woke Will up with a start, the Omega instantly panicking as unfamiliar scents and environmental factors flooded his senses. Eyes darting about wildly yet unseeing, Will tried to stand up, attempting to take in all of his surroundings at once as he found his body unable to comply.

"Where am I?" Will said aloud, his own voice echoing in his head strangely, sounding hollow and far away. Grabbing the arms of the chair, Will tried to get up again, looking down this time to find that he was wearing a seat buckle. His eyes were just now starting to make sense of what they were seeing, the communications to his brain slow going and halted.

Fear was an old friend of his, one that Will knew how to use to his advantage to sharpen his senses. With fear came adrenalin, Will searching for clues as numb fingers fumbled with the belt's buckle, fighting to flip the simple metal as his mind reeled. Eyes making full contact with the brain finally, those fingers stilled when darting eyes settled on the small window next to him. The view made his stomach drop instantly.

He was on an airplane.

"Will, I need you to calm down." was said as a hand touched his shoulder, making Will jerk in place. He pulled away from the grip, twisting to face who had dared touch him as Will defensively pressed his back to the seat. Hannibal's voice seeped through the fog that seemed to keep clinging to Will's head. He watched as the Alpha reclaimed his seat next to him with slow movements to keep from alarming the Omega.

"Why?" Will asked. One word questions were all he could handle at the moment, dry swallowing. His throat was rough and sore, and he could feel his body shaking. He felt the thin sheet of sweat covering his chilled flesh, felt gross from it. Hands broader than his own took Will by his shoulders, making his frantic eyes focus on their source. Will could feel their

grip upon him, running down the length of his arm to the elbow before running a trail back up to his shoulders and back again. It was oddly soothing.

“Why am I on a plane? Is Jack here? Am I on a case?” Will said, words getting easier for him as his trembling declined. He was being grounded by the Alpha’s presence after obviously losing time again, but this was all too much to take in at once.

“Hush…” Hannibal whispered, soothing Will by sliding his hand around the back of his neck to squeeze the pressure point there. He was taking advantage of Will’s biology, the Omega pressure points forcing taunt muscles to go lax under his strong fingers.

“Will, you seem to have lost time again.” Hannibal said, confirming his early self diagnosis. Those darting eyes began to settle, stilling between catching brief glimpses of Hannibal’s own muddy brown and the flowered pattern of his tie. “We are on a plane but Jack is not with us. This has nothing to do with a case.”

“I’m missing something here, Dr. Lecter. Why am I on a plane?” Will creased his brow, trying to will away the fog that refused to leave him mind. Confusion heavily tainted with anxiety took the place of frantic panic. Though Hannibal lessened his hold on the Omega’s neck, he did not release him, and Will couldn‘t bring himself to shake the Alpha‘s hands off of him.

Settling back into his seat, Will closed his eyes against the information overload for a moment of peace, letting the warmth of the hand on his neck settle a moment longer before reaching up to pull it away. He wasn’t anyone’s mate, and he certainly wasn’t going to start acting like one with his unofficial psychiatrist. Glancing down at himself, another observation came to mind. “What am I wearing? Where are my clothes?”

“Is there a problem?” A concerned steward paused by their seats, offering a comforting smile to the distressed Omega and the Alpha offering comfort to him. Will tried not to cringe at the appearance of the couple they were portraying. “Can I get either of you anything?”

“Some water would be appreciated, thank you. Will is a nervous flier. There’s nothing to worry about here.” Hannibal told him, sending the steward moving on down the aisle to fill their request so that Hannibal could return his full attention back to Will.

That was problematic for the Alpha, harder than he expected. Hannibal couldn’t help but note how oddly appealing Will was in this moment. Huddled down in his seat, Will was a ball of raw nerves with frayed edges that bled anxiety and tension. His lips were pressed in a line, the skin around his jaw pulled tight from clenched teeth. The calm that had engulfed him was gone. Will had an angelic countenance in his somnolent state, but in waking, he was made keen and fine, honed sharp by fear. His potential like this was endless.

Swallowed back some of the bile burning his throat, Will watched helplessly as the steward left to get his beverage. He was being overwhelmed, consumed by feelings of loss, confusion and humiliation. He’d either been kidnapped by Hannibal or they’d agreed to something when he thought Will to be in a state of consciousness. Either option had the same end result of him being a plane with no idea why he was there or where he was going. They waited the

few minutes for the steward to return with Will's bottle of water and depart with assurances about Will's state of being before either man spoke.

"You arrived at my house around five o'clock this morning. "Hannibal began, carefully watching the Omega as he opened his water with shaking hands and took slow sips.

"I don't remember driving to your house." Will admitted, feeling a coiling shame that grew and twisted in the pit of his belly. He closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to face Hannibal for this part of the conversation. The water was a welcome distraction, feeling cool against the burning in his throat, but did little else to comfort him.

"I realized that immediately." Hannibal admitted, "You arrived in your sleep wear." Though Will said nothing in response, he offered up a brief tight smile of 'of course I did'. A deep blush took to his cheeks and wandered over to paint the tips of his ears bright red before disappearing beneath the collar of his sweater. It was almost laughable the predicaments his body placed him in. It made Will wish he had fallen off the damn roof.

"I thought I had woken you sufficiently upon your arrival." Hannibal lied so beautifully, crafting his tone to sound both apologetic yet mixed with just the right touch of concern. "We discussed the dangers of your latest sleep walking episode. Together we decided that it would be best if you joined me on my vacation so that I might keep a close eye on you over the next couple of days. Your body is begging for some respite from Jack and his monsters, and this vacation will ensure you have an uninterruptible break."

Guilt took its turn playing merry hell with Will, his features losing their defensive anger. "I'm sorry, but I don't remember any of that." the Omega said, pinching the bridge of his nose. His glasses seemed to be missing, and could not conveniently be found on his person. Will didn't need them to see, but he would have liked some diversion from this painful conversation. "I'm sorry I've ruined your trip. I'll catch the next flight back."

"You have not ruined my trip, Will. We've already had this discussion at length back in Baltimore." Hannibal spun lie after lie into a tapestry of smoke and mirrored words. The image they portrayed was an illusion for the Omega to lose himself in. "I invited you both as a friend and out of concern. I would prefer you stayed with me instead of forcing the both of us to return home. I cannot in good conscience leave you behind. Either we both stay or we both go."

Will could almost see it, envision himself sitting cold and more than less naked in Hannibal's fine dining room while the man speaks simply of canceling long made plans in favor of his friend's mental health, inadvertently guiding Will into going. It honestly only made him feel worse. "So if I buy a ticket home you'll only show up on the same plane?" Will wished for an aneurism, quick and painless death. Was that really too much to ask for?

"If that is what you would honestly prefer." Hannibal feigned a sigh to go along with the sad look his mask was creating. "I will arrange for our return dates be changed to the earliest available flight. I must insist that you be kept under close observation for the next week, and that you avoid contact with work and Jack until otherwise better."

They both knew that wasn't going to happen if Will returned home. Whether he stayed at the doctor's house or his own, if his cell phone was in reach he would be receiving messages from Jack as soon as anything came up.

"The tickets are paid for…as well as everything else?" Will questioned, a migraine already beginning to bloom as he felt his cardboard resolve get decimated under an ocean of guilt.

"Don't worry yourself about the money Will. If going home is what you want, I will arrange it. You were not entirely aware when you agreed to come. The fault falls to myself for not having realized that you were not all there. I mistook your vacancy for exhaustion. For that, I apologize for failing you as a friend and a medical professional." Hannibal said with great humility, waving off the thousands of dollars Will knew he had already spent in flight fees and reservations. The costs of which he would ultimately waste and cancel all for Will if they chose to go back. It was something Will knew he couldn't let Hannibal do.

"No, it's fine." Will took a deep breath, patting himself over for a bottle of aspirin before remembering once again that these were not his own clothes. "We both know I wouldn't get a moment's peace if we went home, and everything already paid for."

Resigning himself to a migraine, Will closed his eyes again and settled in. "With my luck, I would be locked up with Chilton, and they'd still come to me with case file in hand." he laughed, the sound of it dark and hollow. The sad little insight into his own life was cut short when a small pill was pushed into his hand.

"You look as though you're getting a headache. I brought something along with me in case your usual migraines happened on the plane." It was another lie of course. One that Will believed in with a faith that was beautiful, the Omega swallowing down the powerful sedative without question. It wouldn't do to have Will changing his mind when they disembarked. Hannibal found that he would much rather play with the quiet puppet a few more hours than have Will talk himself out of their plans.

"Thank you." Will smiled though the expression was tight and crooked, but he meant it. Settling into his seat, Will could feel his eyes begin to grow heavy. "You never told me what happened to my clothes." he spared a glance over at Hannibal, the Alpha opening a book on his tablet. It was something written in French from what Will could tell.

When sanguine shifted to meet with fading out blue grey, Will felt another flood of heat seep in under his skin as he met that stare, and momentarily drank in the underlying emotion hidden within it.

"Consider them an early birthday present."

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments enjoy first class flying. Your kudos drink far too much booze.

Waking Up

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up to meet Nigel. Nigel likes Will. Hannibal is not happy about it.

Chapter Notes

I'm back and I brought my bitch with me. Chapter to the face! Enjoy kittens!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Did your flight get lost in the fucking Bermuda Triangle? You were supposed to be here eight hours ago. I’m bored, and you know how I get when I get bored”

Nigel didn’t bother to look up from his paper, the Alpha reclining on the large leather sofa with a lit cigarette clamped between his lips as his twin carried in not one, but two large suitcase and a carry on bag. Sparing a glance at his carbon copy, Nigel noticed that Hannibal was paying very little attention to his irritation. That didn’t sit well with the seconds younger twin.

“If you had bothered to check your messages, you would find yourself better informed.” Hannibal said, leaving the bags by the end of the couch before turning to leave the luxurious cabin once more. “I called ahead with plenty of notice regarding my flight change. I also have faith in your ability to keep yourself entertain.”

“What the hell did you pack, Hanni? A fucking body? We’re only here for a week.” Nigel finally deigned to look up, watching as Hannibal drop off three more bags. He raised a pale, barely there brow as his twin left again for yet more stuff.

Abandoning his paper now that something interesting was happening, Nigel followed his twin out the doorway. He took a long pull from his smoke before flicking the butt away as he watched Hannibal open the passenger door of the rental to lift a motionless person from it. Hannibal turned back to face Nigel with a smile, the identical Alpha looking on in disbelief.

“You brought a fucking body.”

OoOoO

When Will woke up this time, he found himself in a lavish room of polished honey colored hardwood floors, frescoed walls and ceilings, and rich fabrics. The interior of what looked to

be a finely constructed cabin was decorated with antiqued furnishings, the quality of which let Will know this wasn't just some four star resort Hannibal had spirited him away to.

The bed he laid in was decked out with pale gold comforters, heavenly soft pillows, and cream colored sheets of a much higher thread count than he would ever spend money on. He had already made a mess of the bed by trying to create a nest in it while asleep, his Omegean instincts kicking in to make a safe environment from himself in an unknown place.

Crawling out of his nest's warm comfort, Will peeked about to see the floor was carpeted in the same gold and cream colored hues to save feet from the cold morning chill. Not that it was morning. Will actually didn't know what time it was. There was daylight outside, but that hardly counted for anything given how many blackouts he'd had recently. His only real clue was that he was still dressed in the same clothing he had been wearing on the plane, minus his shoes and socks. If he had any luck at all, and there was a laughable concept, this could be a good sign that it was still the same day, and that he hadn't just slept the night in them.

Taking a slow shaky breath, Will ran back through the events he could remember with clarity. He'd gotten home from his lectures and played with his dogs, had a couple of drinks, taken a phone call from Alana that had ended with him feeling inadequate and having another couple of drinks. He had gone to bed, and then woken up on a plane with Hannibal…

Scrubbing his face with a groan, Will discovered something else different about himself besides his change in clothing. Furrowing his brow, the Omega ran his fingers along his clean jaw line, the exposed skin of it sensitive. There was the lingering scents of aftershave there, the spicy sweet kind he was used to smelling on Hannibal. Underneath that, there lay the earthy undertones of the Alpha's expensive soap.

Apparently, Hannibal had let him shower, shave, and dress while at his house. He'd probably left Will to purchase his 'early birthday gifts' after going out to Wolf Trap to grab Will's stuff, and take care of Jack and his dogs for him. It wasn't like either of them would have been able to trust Will behind the wheel after his little underwear outing.

Heaving a sigh, the Omega crawled out of bed to search out a bathroom. He very nearly ended up eating floor, Will tripping over a suitcase leaned up against the foot of the bed. Catching himself in time, Will eyed it for a moment before his curiosity got the better of him. He was getting a bad feeling about all this as he flipped the latches open. In what Will had thought was a joke at the time, Hannibal had mentioned before about giving him clothing as an early birthday gift, but Will had never thought the Alpha was serious.

Popping the lid open, Will took in the contents of the large case, its space meticulously packed with soft fabrics in rich colors of earth and ocean. None of which Will could see had come from his own closet. He had to close the suitcase and walk away from it.

Finding the bathroom easily enough, Will took his time using the facilities, telling himself all the while that he was not hiding in a bathroom. He was just very meticulously washing his hands and face, and very carefully thinking about one did in these types of situations. As thorough as a Southern upbringing was about teaching manners, Will could not think of an adequate enough response or token of thanks for such of gift. It was a generous gift, too

much so for their current relationship. Friends didn't give friends essentially a closet full of designer clothing, nor did doctors do such things for their patients, official or unofficial.

That left one last possibility that Will didn't want to consider and made him start washing his hands again for a third time. In some circles, it could be considered a courting gift, an undated version of a medieval practice. At the time, it wasn't uncommon for an unmated Omega to receive all their clothing from an interested Alpha so that the Omega was scent marked by that Alpha to let others know that they were being claimed.

Given Hannibal's European origin, wealth, and select pedigree of being a thoroughbred, it wouldn't be out of the realm of possibilities that the Alpha held to some older customs. If that was the case, Will didn't even know where to begin with this mess. He knew without looking that whatever was in the suitcase would be his only change of clothing. He would have no choice but to wear what was provided to him by the Alpha.

Some other Omega in this position might be flattered or even excited. All Will could feel was an intense apprehension that made him want to lock the bathroom door, and not come out until they had to leave. He would have plenty of water to drink and the bathroom products looked organic enough to eat. Will would seriously consider it if not for Hannibal's predilection for the dramatic. If the Alpha was willing to go to such extremes replacing his clothing, breaking down a door would be nothing.

When his hands starting to prune, Will decided it was time to face the inevitable. He had be gauge where Hannibal was in this courtship. If this was a courtship. He could be reading too much into this. Hannibal was a generous showoff by nature, and wealthy to boot, so this could actually just be a normal gift by his standards.

Now that Will was calming down and rationally considering things again, it was a rather wild assumption on his part. As a male Omega, he had nothing of merit to offer Hannibal who was a thoroughbred. Someone of the Alpha's pedigree and high social standing wouldn't be interested in bonding with a deranged man who drank on a nightly basis and sleepwalked around in his underwear. He was and would forever be a barren male Omega, the most worthless sex of all the genders.

Snorting at himself for letting his imagination run wild, Will stepped out of the bathroom, reality chilling his skin and calming his head and stomach. Following the scents of food wafting from the kitchen, because wherever Hannibal was there would be a lavish kitchen with the Alpha involved, Will stepped out into the heart of the cabin. Will wasn't surprised to find that the space was as beautifully decorated and lavishly furnished as his room had been.

Stepped down three decorative stairs that looked hand carved to the main sitting area, Will eyed the two large leather couches in a starling shade of oxblood there, the cushions looking like the type that engulfed a body and threatened to never let the occupant go. The main room was huge, one entire wall featuring an impressive fireplace crafted out of stone, glass, and steel. The fireplace was not a surprising thing to find either. Hannibal seemed to have a love for them. Will could see the fireplace was meant to warm them after coming in from the snowy hills. A large bay window gave him a picturesque view of skiing slopes. A newspaper written in French left out on one of the couches told Will that those mountains were not located even remotely in the states.

“Dr. Lecter?” Will called out. When he didn’t get an answer, he took the steps back up to the landing he assumed was meant to act as a hallway, at least in concept, and walked through an open archway into a spacious kitchen. There, he found Hannibal, or least an Alpha he mistook for Hannibal at first.

Leaning up against the marble countertop was an Alpha who looked and sounded like his friend except he had a cigarette hanging out of him mouth and foreign words rolling off his lips with fluid ease. The imposter was wearing a black retro bowling shirt that Will knew Hannibal wouldn’t be caught dead in, and dark jeans with frayed hems that brushed over the tops of his bare feet.

The odd Alpha was sipping wine with the real Hannibal, who was dressed down out of his suit and tie, but eloquently so in a red sweater and charcoal grey slacks. The strange sight of it was almost enough to make Will wander back to the bedroom. It wasn’t helping that both carried similar scents of being thoroughbred Alphas, the kind that stood far above the rest of their gender in a rare purity.

“Ah, there you are. I was beginning to worry.“ The real Hannibal said, placing his wineglass aside for now to better address the confused omega. “I would like you to meet my brother Nigel. Nigel, this is William Graham.”

“Will.” the Omega corrected out of old habit. He hated being addressed by his full name. William was the name of long dead kings, poets, and the Bard. Will was a better fit for a fisherman‘s son, all grown up now, and who‘s stormy ocean eyes were dancing from one twin to the other. Whether he wanted to or not, his keen mind was already picking apart all the differences that made the twins who they were. In the time between heartbeats, Will could easily tell one man from the other. The very air around them seemed to be different, the way they held themselves, moved their hands, smiled…they were two completely different people with the exact same body and face. It was disconcerting.

“Nice to meet you.” Will remembered his manners belated. Nigel’s widening grin made Will realize that he was being rude, openly staring at the Alphas like he was available and interested.

“The pleasure is all mine, gorgeous.” Nigel was shameless, his dark eyes trailing over Will’s body as he took in all of the Omega with a thorough look. It was the kind of look that told Will that he appreciated the formfitting clothes Hannibal had picked out for him. The attention to detail was not missed. It earned Nigel a look from Hannibal who took it upon himself to pour a glass of wine for Will. By doing so, it also placed him between the two.

To Will’s amusement, Nigel was not so easily detoured, leaning up against his brother’s back to peer over Hannibal’s shoulder down at Will. “Hanni’s told me all about you. It’s nice to finally have a face to go along with the name.”

Trying not react to the childish nickname for his stoic doctor, Will accepted the glass handed to him with a slight nod, taking more of a swallow than a restrained sip of the expensive vintage. It only seemed to make the twin smile more. “Not much of a wine drinker are you?” Nigel chuckled, tilting back his own much like Will to finish off his glass. “Neither am I. It’s nice every once in a while, but not my poison of choice.”

Feeling his cheeks begin to heat up, the kind of warmth that didn't come from just alcohol alone, Will made himself put the glass down before he could embarrass himself further. "It's good. I usually only drink wine with Dr. Lecter though." Will admitted. His words made the Alpha chuckle for some reason though.

"Doctor Lecter. That shit never gets old. You and your love for titles, you fucking priss." Nigel snickered, shooting a grin at Hannibal who seemed to be in on the joke. "Are you really going to make him call you that the entire time we're here, Hanni?"

"No, of course not. I have given Will permission to use my given name before. Now I really must insist about it since we are not in a professional setting by any standard." Hannibal said, leveling a serious yet teasing look at Will who resisted the urge to duck his head. He made himself stare at the Alpha's chin instead.

"C'mon on. Let's hear it. I bet he wouldn't even mind if you called him Hanni." Nigel grinned over at Will who was wishing for the floor to open up and swallow him whole.

"I generally prefer whiskey over wine." Will stated instead, feeling this man might share his preference for the brown liquor over Hannibal's love of fine wine.

"Whiskey?" That wolfish grin was back and being turned toward his brother, Hannibal regarding his other half with one of his own version. The emotion there was nearly unreadable on his quiet face, something that irked Will. "I'm a whiskey drinker myself, even brought a few good bottles with me."

There was a silent conversation happening between those sanguine eyes, one Will couldn't read in their flickering intensity and play of thought. "I'll grab us one. Hanni can partake in our spirit of choice for a change."

"I enjoy a good scotch from time to time." was Hannibal's mild counterargument.

"Same thing. Quit being such a snob." Nigel called over his shoulder as he left the kitchen in search of better booze, offering the pair a private moment to catch up.

"Where are we?" Will didn't waste a moment of the offered privacy, wanting answers while he had the chance without the other man knowing he was unstable.

"We are presently in Val D-Isere, France, visiting the French Alps." Hannibal supplied, sampling another taste of the excellent vintage. "My brother lives in Bucharest, so we generally only meet once a year. Last year, he took us to Greece. This year, I've taken us to France."

The idea of being an interloper on a private, yearly, family vacation was the fuel for Will's guilt. He knew he was intruding on something special, but he hadn't realized to what extent. Will couldn't even begin to wonder how he was going to make this up to Hannibal. "I'm sorry. I can stay in my room while the two of you enjoy your time together." Eyeing his abandoned wine, Will took another too large swallow. It didn't make Hannibal cringe per say, but he certainly wasn't enjoying watching the vintage's abuse.

“You were invited, Will. I’ve discussed everything with Nigel at length. You need not worry yourself on my behalf. I would not have brought you along if I did not want your company, or my brother had disagreed to the change in our arrangement.” Hannibal reassured the Omega who was beginning to stink of stress again.

Reentering the kitchen in time to hear the tail end of the conversation, Nigel hummed his own agreement, blowing out a silvery cloud of smoke. “We don’t do anything we don’t want to. If I had a problem with it, you would have never made it to this point, darling.” A bottle of Highland Park was placed next to the wine along with three snifters. “Like I said before, Hanni’s told me all about you. I’ve been interested in meeting you face to face for a while.”

Will didn’t recognize the whiskey’s brand himself, but judging by the look of approval it got from Hannibal, it was a good bottle. “A while? How long has Dr. Le…..H-Hannibal been talking about me?” he asked as he stumbled over the Alpha‘s name. As he accepted a snifter, Will could easily see that the pair were trying to make him feel more at ease, Hannibal offering his usual support by keeping himself in the room with Will and other Alpha. Nigel was being overly friendly, even downright flirtatious with him. An Alpha flirting with an Omega was nothing unheard of. An Alpha flirting with him was an entirely different matter.

Another silent exchange was happening between the Alphas as Nigel poured himself two fingers of the rich amber liquor before both sets of eyes returned to Will. The Omega knew that twins could be close, had heard of them sharing a bond between them. Will wondered if that bond was maybe something a little more literal. A bonded Omega and Alpha could send messages between their link with shadows of emotion touching one another to let them know of their love or discomfort. Perhaps the twins could do something close to the same.

“Nigel and I are very close.” Hannibal admitted. “We speak frequently, though I believe I only began telling him of you after our first meeting.”

That spoke volumes to Will. For Hannibal to make conversation and a few friendly passing comments regarding a case or colleague was polite, curious and normal. For him to create the topic of Will and make it into something constant enough for a stranger to be well aware of him, even interested in him, that was something else entirely. It gave perspective to Hannibal’s value of him, at least as a point of interest.

“You’ve never mentioned having a brother.” Will chose to observe, but if Hannibal had been speaking with Nigel that long, there was a good chance the twin knew more about Will than he would have been willing to share about himself. He didn’t want to bring any more light to any of those particular topics than he had to.

“Never does,” Nigel chuckled. “Neither of us do. Family is private. The only picture you might have seen of me is the one of me in a suit partaking of the arts, sipping wine at the opera, dressed down with vest missing and collar open. It would be black and black with just a dash of color to it for flavor.”

For a pair that seemed so close with such a high value of family, they certainly liked to hide it. “With a glass of red wine. I’ve seen it in one of Hannibal’s studies.” Will furrowed his brow for a moment. The picture had always struck him as odd, the energy about it all wrong

for Hannibal. It made more sense now. “I just thought it was supposed to be an artistic self-portrait.”

“Probably only put it up because the frame matched the décor.” Nigel grinned, gaining a humored glance from his brother but no other commentary about it.

“Enough about us though, darling. I’m far more interested in hearing about you.” Nigel said as he leaning into Will’s personal space to refill his snifter. While so near, Nigel sampled the sweet scent of everything Omega. It made Will stiffen, to have an Alpha falsely familiar seeking him out.

“Will is uninterested in taking a mate, much less an Alpha for one.” Hannibal so helpfully supplied, letting his brother know his act of subtle scenting had not gone unnoticed. Even more so, Hannibal’s warning tone implied that it was quite unappreciated.

Sanguine met sanguine in challenge, the quiet humor and good nature they had been sharing up to this point slipped away to be replaced with something darker. “That’s interesting, but I don’t remember asking Will if he’d like to be my bitch.” Nigel growled out, his body language promising violence.

Will found himself generally socially inept on the best of days, but this was starting to make him feel as though he were a rowboat lost in a storm. “Alphas scent Omegas for a reason. It’s why I wear such strong cologne.” He tried to placate.

“Nigel is more than aware of his actions, Will. You don’t need to defend him.” Hannibal sighed, moving to collect up the emptied glasses to the sink. By doing so, he effectively dismissed their argument for the time being. “I will start on dinner. It should be ready in a few hours if you’d like to make yourself more comfortable with the cabin until then.”

Will realized that this was probably Hannibal’s way of dismissing him to deal with his own displeasure and keep the peace between all three of them. Deciding that now was as good a time as any to explore the cabin, Will left Nigel and Hannibal to sort out through their issues with one another. It was never wise for an Omega to get between two Alphas, the outcome similar to throwing a bunny at dual buzz saws.

The cabin was just like any other living space, offering up very little in way of distraction. There was one other beautifully furnished room, making it one of only two. Either the two Alphas were sharing or someone was sleeping on the couch. It only gave Will something else to feel guilty about.

Returning to the open space of the sitting room, Will watched as rich pinks and oranges began to creep their startling colors into the sky. It tie-dyed that blue into something gold as the sun disappeared behind jagged mountains made soft by snow.

It was a beautiful sight, one he never would have thought himself to be privy to. As he stood there in the fading light of the day with the quiet exchange of soft foreign words sounding in the background like quiet music, Will almost felt a peace.
Looking out the bay window at all the snow also made Will realize how chilled the room had become, encouraging the Omega start a fire, done so easily enough by flipping a convenient

switch. Settling in on the couch close to the warmth, Will watched the day fade away behind the mountains.

OoOoO

“Your flirtations are not welcome, Nigel.” Hannibal warned, wrapping up a portion of beef, the real kind, in pate and prosciutto. “Will is both my patient and my friend. I do not want you involving yourself with him.” He quickly moved the wrapped portion onto a rolled out layer of pastry, sealing its edges before moving it to a pan.

“Then maybe you shouldn’t have brought an attractive unbound Omega on the cusp of Heat to a cabin in the remote of the Alps with two pure Alphas.” Nigel scoffed, finishing the last of his cigarette to snub out the butt in an ashtray. Nigel watched his twin pause for a second in his preparations before sliding the Beef Wellington into the oven. That pause spoke volumes to the other Alpha. “You poor dumb fucker. You didn’t know, did you? What that scent of warmth just beneath his skin actually was. Smooth and sweet, like sun ripened peaches. It’s delicious, and it’s all him. It’s his Heat, Hannibal, and he is about to bloom.”

“Your flirtations are unwelcome.” Hannibal said softly in thought. Lifting a knife from the drying rack, Hannibal eyed his brother from his place by the sink, letting the weight of the metal settle in his hand a moment in that ever familiar way as he let its tip touch the knife block. Hannibal held Nigel’s eyes as he slid the blade home.

“I think that decision is Will’s and Will‘s alone.” Nigel held his smile as he left the room, letting his twin know just how unimpressed he was by the threat. Hannibal didn’t follow, and Nigel knew he wouldn’t. They were having a disagreement. It was nothing to ruin dinner over.

Taking the three steps down the landing with the slow easy movements big cats in the wild used, Nigel padded the short distance to the window on silent bare feet. The last golden rays receded to darken the sky to a deep rich velvet contrast of purple and black dotted with the dust of a thousand diamonds. It was beautiful, and something both men always missed out on while living in their cities, but was always remembered when they closed their eyes and relived memories of blood splashed on the snow.

Standing in the firelight of the cabin with old shadows rising from memory’s ashes, Nigel was beginning to wonder if perhaps they should have settled on something closer to town instead of a cabin out in the middle of nowhere. Skiing was becoming less and less appealing the longer he stared out that window into the darkness with nothing, but old wood grain and bloody memories to keep him company.

A soft sigh pulled his attention away from the darkness, the sound accompanied with quiet movement and the sweet smell of sun ripened peaches. It reminded Nigel that the Lecter twins were not alone on their vacation, a very appealing Omega in their midst.
Glancing over his shoulder, Nigel wasn’t sure what he had been expecting, but the sight of Will curled up asleep by the fire was certainly a more pleasant one than anything his mind had been conjuring up to this point. He stood there by the window in the flickering firelight, just watching Will a moment longer. At how the soft bow of his lips parted in a lazy scotch induced sleep and the chocolate halo of his wild curls shimmered against the matte couch

leather. With the gold light playing across his body, Will looked as though his skin were made fine marble with life breathed into it. The ‘atrocious’ beard his brother had described had been shaved away to reveal flesh unused to touch, like a field of new snow Nigel wanted to run through. Ruin it. Leave his mark in it.

Just the sight of that beautiful Omega curled in on himself was temptation incarnate, the smell of him sin itself. Nigel had never been one to deny himself that which he desired as he looked upon his latest addiction. He decided now was not the time to learn constraint just because Hannibal had screwed this up, and decided to have a hissy fit instead of acting like a proper Alpha.

“Have you fallen asleep?” Nigel smiled, his lips broad with dark humor and soft with delight and colored wicked with intent. “You look beautiful, darling.”

With careful movements as to not wake Will, Nigel took a seat beside the Omega. This close he could smell the coming Heat, the scent of it holding the succulent tint of warm vanilla beneath Will’s skin. It made enough to make Nigel’s cock twitch, his need to possess starting to stir deep within him. Nigel’s grin widened into something with teeth that was far beyond humor.

Moving closer still, Nigel scented Will again at his leisure, burying his nose in curls softer than they looked or had any right to be. The subtle action made Will shift in his sleep, a subconscious instinct pushing him closer to Nigel. Will’s body presented itself to the Alpha, seeking to scent and possess him in an unconscious attempt to entice Nigel to mate with him while in Heat.

“I know what you want, darling.” Nigel whispered against skin that ran too warm, slipping strong arms around Will to hold his slighter frame against him hard and tight.
The results were instant, Will’s body going lax in Nigel’s hold as inborn instincts gifted the Alpha with submission. Will’s head bowed back against Nigel’s shoulder to show off the creamy pallor of an unmarked neck, free of any bonding scar.

It was enough to make the Alpha purr. Pulling Will in closer to him, Nigel tucked the Omega beneath him as he curled his body around the man. He let Will take on the weight and warmth of his body, knowing that it would fill Will with comfort and ease. His scent would provide a sense of protection, something that Will was seeking out whether he knew it or not. Satisfied with their positioning and Will’s positive response to it while nestled beneath the Alpha, Nigel began trailing soft kisses over pale skin and cashmere clothed shoulders.

How Hannibal had ever resisted such temptation was lost on Nigel.

OoOoO

Will moaned, almost purred as he began to wake up. He was surrounded by warmth, the silken touch of light pressure against his throat and shoulders, the gentle nuzzle and scenting of his curls, the heady scent of rich spices laced with tobacco that engulfing his senses. It was doing things to him, wonderful pleasurable things building up inside of him that had his cock stirring.

It felt so good to be wanted, to be held by strong arms wrapped around him, his body tucked up between the couch and beneath another. The hard form of a powerful Alpha was scenting him, readying him to be mated. His body was responding to it, slick already starting to build up between his legs

Gasping, Will arched back into that strong possessive touch as those feathery soft touches gave a light nip to his pressure point, making him shudder and whimper for more. One of the strong arms around him slid along his body to touch his growing erection. It made the Omega push himself back into the hardening cock behind him, the one nestled between the mounds of his ass. The motion dragged a rumble from the Alpha above and around him, the sound of it reverberated through the Omega‘s body.

It woke Will up.

Stormy eyes flew open as consciousness returned in full force. With waking came realization, the kind that slammed into the groggy Omega’s forethoughts. It sent him into a panic. Eyes darting in search of answers, all he could see was the ox blood leather of the sofa beneath him, his body pressed into the soft giving cushion by the heavy weight atop him.

Pushing against that body, Will fought to be released, the man laying claim to him having the advantage. All he could feel was the iron grip upon him and the press of an erection against his ass. Despite his growing fear, all the grappling was making Will’s own cock harder, his body feeling needy for the hard shaft against him as slick ran down his thighs.

Will was his own worst enemy. He fought against that instinct, what his biological need wanted. Ignoring bodily functions, Will bucked against the weight that secured him, struggling in the arms that held him tight. It was all to no avail though, the Omega unable to dislodge such a strong Alpha. The reality of his defeat beginning to edge in on him, Will started to whimper, small panicked noises that were leading up to an Omega Call.

“Hush, darling, hush.” Nigel attempted to soothe, trying his hand at it. Comforting others was not his strong suit though as he fought to keep Will beneath him in a tight grip. The Omega‘s soft crying was beginning to pick up in pitch though, and draw more attention than Nigel bargained for if he didn’t quickly calm Will. “Everything’s fine, darling.”

This was not how he wanted them to wake up, but Nigel was good at thinking up things on the fly. He nuzzled his cheek against Will’s own, hoping to reassure the Omega of his intentions, soft slow motions that seemed almost contradictory to firmness of his hold.

“You fell asleep on the couch, Will. You were crying out in your sleep, struggling against a nightmare.” Nigel murmured, cuddling Will closer as he fed lies into the Omega’s ear. He chased them with scattered kisses to his cheek. “I was chasing them away, not claiming you.”

When Will whimpered in response instead of answering with words, Nigel tucked his nose back into the base of Will’s curls, feeling the Omega shake as those panicked whines started to grow louder. Nigel could smell Will dumping fear pheromones. If Hannibal hadn’t been in the kitchen with his classical music loud enough to vibrate finer pieces of glasses to annoy Nigel. The music and smell of food drowned out the Omega, otherwise there would have been blood by now between the two Alphas.

“Hush, darling.” Nigel whispered, his large hand finding Will's throat. It made the Omega cease trembling as he was held there, fingers curling around the flesh there to keep him steady as a wide flat tongue lapped the nape of his neck.

“I want you to calm down.” Nigel rumbled, letting out an alpha purr. Low and deep, it sounded from deep within his belly, rumbling through Will as though it might consume his body as he was pressed so flush to Nigel’s body.

The sound of it in his ear made Will fall quiet, his whimpers dying in his throat and his protests smothered into sweet nothings as he melted into the couch. Muscles going suddenly lax, Will’s head took on a hazy sort of quality, like he was buzzed off of champagne, all light and bubbly. He was having a very hard time remembering what he had been so upset about as he cuddled close to that soothing purr. Nuzzling back into the Alpha above him, Will offered up his own purr, the Omegean version of it at least. It was softer than a Alpha’s, more melodic.

“Good boy.” Nigel sighed, partially in relief but mostly in awe. Never had an Omega sounded so sweet to him before. Nigel couldn’t resist stroking stray curls back from a soft countenance, the lips he wished to possess. He started to press light kisses up an unblemished neck toward that exact destination.

“What do you think you are doing, Nigel?” held the sound of shots fired. Hannibal growled out his words. His mask fell away to shatter, the creature behind it all sharp teeth and even keener intent.

Baring his teeth back, Nigel met his twin’s eyes, more blood than earth as adrenilin hit systems. The grip that had been growing lax around Will suddenly returning to an almost crushing clutch as the Omega was pulled farther beneath the Alpha,

“Mind your own fucking business, Hannibal. We were having some fun. You‘re not invited, so fuck off.” Nigel sneered, watching every move his brother made as the other Alpha padded toward them on light feet. Nigel knew now to make him stop in his tracks as he leaned farther into Will to press his teeth into the Omega‘s flesh.

Feeling fangs at his throat made Will squirm beneath the Alpha. An outraged roar tore its way free from Hannibal’s mouth as he started to close the distance between them. Nigel snarled back, his threat muffled by the flesh between his teeth. The sound of it rumbled through Will, making the Omega feel sick and vulnerable as Nigel began to bite harder. There would be bruises, but the Alpha had yet to break the skin.

A bonding was a precious and permanent matter, the connection between Alpha and Omega initiated through a bonding mark, a wounding bite on the neck. Not even Nigel would be so quick to waste this kind of moment, not even to show up Hannibal. That would be something saved for their true bedding, with him to be buried root deep and knotted so tight Will would know nothing else but Nigel. His threat let the other twin know just how serious he was though.

This time, Hannibal fully showed his teeth, the sound that echoed between them promising nothing but death as he stared down at his twin and his Will, his Omega, eyes turned scarlet

with wrath that seemed to glow in the firelight. He could forgive Nigel just about anything but this trespass.

Someone was going to die. Horribly, and Will was at ground zero of this shit show. Given his options, or really lack there of, Will began to cry, a sharp whimper making both Alpha's stop abruptly to regard the Omega being consumed by panic and fear. Another sharp sound parted lips as Will tried to curl in on himself in Nigel's arms, still looking to escape so that he could seek out sanctuary far, far away from Alphas. His empathy wasn't helping matters either. Will was drowning in rage that threatened to choke the air out of his lungs.

It was a cry for help, a sound produced only by Omegas and sounded in times of peril or great distress to let others know that they were in danger. A Call was powerful enough to make even Betas render aid. To an Alpha, the Call could not be ignored, even upon pain of death. Will was afraid, and he was calling for help.

Without thinking, Hannibal fell to his knees to crawl over to the pair. Ignoring his brother, Hannibal nuzzled close to the panicked omega, touching their foreheads together. "It's alright, William. Everything is fine." He soothed, combing fingers through curls as he tried to make Will look at him. The Omega's eyes were clouded over, made blind by terror. Hannibal resorted to scenting Will lightly instead, nosing along the soft skin of his face to catch his lips in gentle nipping kisses.

"We're done fighting, darling. There's no need to be upset." Nigel said as he released Will's throat at once, the cry still ringing in his ears. His broad tongue moved over the darkening flesh there in slow licks to bring him comfort.

A silent exchange was passed between the twins over the whimpering Omega, the two Alphas reaching an agreement as Nigel lifted Will up. The created space allowed Hannibal to join them on the couch, another set of arms encircling Will to hold him safe.

The whimpering died down until only the slightest of tremors remained circulating though Will's body. Weak from stress and body left loose from an overdose of Alpha pheromones, Will was finding it very hard to stay awake, much less give a damn about anything.

"Hush, darling." was whispered to him in honeyed tones, poison hidden somewhere in the sweetness. Will was sure of that as his resistance was consumed, the heady scent of two pure Alphas surrounded him.

"I'm sorry to have frightened you." Hannibal murmured into his curls. Will could feel Nigel nodding in agreement against his skin. It was making everything better, letting that feeling of safety and warmth return to him once more.

The rest of the night, they sat there curled up on that couch, watching as the fire burned itself out to ash. The trio fell asleep like that, the twins tamed for now by the quiet sound of the Omega's purr.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Your comments lounge on the couches, and your kudos drink all the whiskey.

Burning

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up in between two Alpha with Heat simmering under his skin.

Chapter Notes

Hello! Sorry about the late update. I have been pretty sick so this took longer than it should.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will awoke, it was to the feeling of fire, one that burned from within. His skin was living thing with its own mind, itching from the touch of clothing against his flesh that felt akin to steel wool. He needed them off, needed the cashmere that scratched him like barbed wire off his skin, and the fitted slacks that had seemed so soft the day before now constricting sandpaper wrapped around him. He needed them off.

Opening his eyes, Will took in his surroundings, still trying to resist the desire to strip down. From scent alone, he knew he was in bed with two Alphas. His eyes only confirmed his predicament. He was still cognizant enough to notice that this wasn't the bed he had woken up in before, though similar. This room and bedding was decorated in shades of blue and silver. Now that he had seen both, Will knew whose room he as in. Hannibal would insist upon having this sort of room, soothing yet still regal. The gold and cream room suited Nigel's temperament far better.

Alphas fully in mind now, Will swallowed back the whimper that bubbled up in his throat. He was in pain, his body seated well in distress. He wanted to strip down and relieve himself, but he needed an Alpha to help him make the burning go away. Will knew he was sitting on the cusp of his Heat. It felt like he was toeing the edge of an abyss. A shallow dive would turn into a freefall, one where there would be nothing left in him to say no with. He needed to leave now while he still had some semblance of resolve. A hazy plan of locking himself in a bathroom was trying to form in his brain, but it was difficult and not what he wanted.

Looking from one brother to the other, Will could feel the forts within his bone confines beginning to crumble. Both were tucked beneath the blankets on either side of him with a lazy arm looped over his waist and their noses buried in his curls. Not one but two Alphas, both thoroughbreds, touching him, scenting him in their sleep. Will could already feel his slick saturating his new garments. If he was going to leave, he had to get out of here now.

Shifting just ever so slightly, Will tried to ease himself out from between them. It was a futile wish on his part as identical sanguine eyes snapping open to focus on him concurrently. Possessive hands moved in the same motions to grip his sides and keep Will where he was, the fixed gaze upon him intense, causing Will to whimper in response.

“Good morning darling.” Nigel purred, grinning as he caught the waft of vanilla soaked peaches burning hot beneath Will’s skin. It made his cock twitch and his mouth water. “You’re so close.” he nuzzled in closer, burying his face in curls to lose himself in that sweet scent as the tip of his tongue darted out to taste heated flesh, curious if Will might taste like the sweet peaches he smelled so much like. “What will it take to tip you over that edge?”

Hannibal hummed his agreement, catching an earlobe between his teeth. “How are you feeling Will? Things must be becoming rather difficult for you now.” He murmured, his hand creeping lower to follow the curve of Will’s tapered waist. That touch settled only on his hip, and went no further. It was so close to what Will wanted and yet felt like a lifetime away. It made the Omega involuntarily twitch underneath that hand, trying not to dislodge it but move it onward to where he truly desired. “Are you feeling any discomfort yet?”

Whimpering in response, Will suddenly felt very small between the two men as hands found their way beneath the covers to shift layers of hellish fabric from off of Will’s skin. The simple movement of his shirt sliding along his belly made Will cry out, arching into their touch that felt like cool salvation against his blistering flesh.

Trapped between them, Will couldn’t’ help but scent the pair, his senses heightened to seek out an Alpha as he began to drown in the rising tides of his cycle. These two were something more than the traditional Alpha though, their scents stronger than any he had experienced before. The twins were pure Alphas- stronger, faster, smarter and more virile than the average of their sex. As thoroughbreds of their gender, Hannibal and Nigel stood head and shoulders above the rest. Two Alphas of the purest variety, and Will had the undivided attention of both seeking out his flesh. Will wondered what he had done to deserve this fresh hell.

“If it hurts, darling, why not take it off?” Will squirmed as Nigel rose from his place in bed to tug the cashmere over his head, freeing up more sensitive skin. The air felt so cool to Will’s body, he though he could bathe in it for a moment as he bodily shuddered from the sensations. Kicking the remaining sheets down and away from his body, Will found that he wanted as little of the harsh fabric against him as possible.

Hannibal smiled as he watched the blankets fall off the bed. It was sign enough of how close Will was, the Omega not feeling the need to nest or to hide. He was the next to rise, trailing fingers along flesh that jumped beneath their calloused tips to tuck his fingers under Will’s waistband, drawing the attention of brewing stormy eyes to his own hungry maroon that bled to red. “Would you like me to free you?”

Barely able to think anymore, Will answered with a shaky nod that had Hannibal leaning down to press kisses down from his navel to his fly. Catching the zipper between his teeth to drag it down, Hannibal breathed in Will at his source as the Omega whimpered beneath him, arching against the mouth that kissed along his still clothed shaft even as charcoal pants were tugged over and off the sharp contours of his hips. Hannibal drank in that reveal, gorging himself with the sight of untouched creamy flesh and lithe legs he longed to feel around his

waist. It made him want to tear the last of the Omega's clothing away and fuck Will into the mattress until they were both raw.

Instead, Hannibal kept his mastery of self firmly in place, his hands skimming up thigh's silken flesh that parted so willingly under his touch. "Does that feel better, William?" Hannibal smiled, watching a willing body quiver under his administrations, surgeon steady hands settling on cotton boxers to make Will's breath hitch.

"Please." Will arched into that touch, his chest heaving. He was beginning to fall over the edge of his infinity, his pupils dilating as he watched the twins strip his clothing away until he was laid out bare for them, presented like a feast. Heat took over then, fully, completely. It was all Will knew from this point on, the drive to be taken, used, and bonded.

"If that is what you want." Hannibal said as he peeled the cotton from Will's flesh, the fabric already wet with slick that was beginning to pool between his legs to flow onto the bed. Will moaned in relief as his body was freed at last, the biting fabric thrown to the floor to leave him naked as the alphas above him drank in his nudity. With dark eyes ringed in blue, Will looked unseeingly from one Alpha to the other, unsure of who to reach for as he spread his legs open in presentation. Silently begging, Will showed that he wanted to be filled as he drew his knees back to show the opening where the slick ran from.

Nigel let his fingers slide up Will's inner thighs, drawing out a strained noise from the twisting omega as he caught beads of trickling slick on his finger. Warm, sticky, and smelling strongly of musk, Nigel wanted more, his fingers finding the cleft of Will's ass. Before the digits could slip inside though, a hand grabbed his own with a crushing force. Hannibal jerked Nigel back with a deep throated growl that brought burning sanguine to meet identical ones in challenge. Snarling back, Nigel bared his teeth as he met that challenge with his own. It was a threat, a vicious sound to match what was reverberating from his brother as he jerked his hand free. The Alphas bristled, their teeth flashing sharp at one another as masks began to slip.

"He's not yours, Nigel." Hannibal warned, letting the monster out as he leaned in closer to his prize, soft whimpers beginning to sound from Will as a fight threatened to start above him.

"He was plenty mine last night." Nigel sneered, licking his fingers to taste the sweet slick he'd caught on them. His defiant actions were met with another rumble of warning, each killer revealing the monster that lay beneath to see who was the better Alpha.

A sharp cry disrupted their posturing, the Alphas looking sharply down at the source of it. The soft whimpers of the Omega beneath them drew both Alphas to him as Will desperately tried to calm their anger, spreading himself further out on the bed and arching his throat in utter submission to placate his enraged suitors. Blood tinted eyes turned to each other, neither Alpha moving as the quiet whines continued beneath them, threatening to degrade into an all out Call. In this sort of state, an Omegean Call would pull them both into Rut and end this all in blood for sure.

"There is another option." Hannibal offered up, allowing his mask to slip in place, tucking the darkness back inside to let the monster within return to its shadows.

“Yeah?” Nigel reeled in his own but didn’t bother with the mask, he hardly ever did. “And what the fuck might that be?” he looked back to the suffering Omega, his soft blue eyes watching them as his worried noises began to ease up, the dangerous air around them dissipating.

“I have only ever read speculation on such things. Nothing has ever been proven…” Hannibal began, leaning over Will to press a gentle kiss to his jaw. He felt the bite of nails for his efforts as Nigel pushed him back to steal a kiss of his own.

“Get to the point already, damn it. I want to claim him, not talk about it all night.” Nigel mouthed the words greedily into the underside of Will’s jaw to make the Omega twist and thrust his hips upward. He was begging to be touched yet both Alphas continued to ignore his needy flesh. Will was beyond understanding at this point, his need pushing out shrill noises from between his clenched teeth. Hissing at the demanding sounds, Nigel pulled back as teeth too much like his own bit down on his ear, pinching hard enough to make blood well up there.

“A double bond.” was Hannibal‘s clipped response, too busy licking drops of red off his lips.

“A double bond?” Nigel growled through his teeth, looking from his brother to the writhing man between them. “Is that even a thing?”

“It’s a theory.” Hannibal amended, running a knuckle over soft flesh to draw a shuttering gasp from Will. “It has never been proven. The effect it would have on an Omega is unknown, their mentality being split between the links of two Alphas.”

A smile tugged at thins lips as Hannibal watched Will lean into his touch, reaching for the hand that dared to slide across his flesh. The good humor dissolved into a snarl when Nigel captured that reaching hand with one of his own, grinning to his brother as he decorated Will’s palm with gentle kisses, making the Omega cry out as his palm was licked.

“There is a slim possibility it might kill him.” Hannibal warned in more ways than one.

Nigel let his eyes cast down, watching as their Omega began to stretch and move, trying to make himself more appealing to the Alphas above him, to make one of them mount him, curb his needs. “ You don’t seem too concerned about that.”

“I said it was a slim possibility. Besides, I have the utmost faith in Will‘s abilities to cope and manage.” Hannibal said as he laid a hand flat to the smooth planes of Will’s belly, feeling the light convulsions of jumping muscles there at the excitement of finally being touched.

“You don’t think he’ll break?” Nigel let his twin do this, nipping gentle biting kisses at Will’s wrist to have the Omega shuddering with breathy gasps beneath him.

“No.” Hannibal mused, letting his hand drift lower, pausing as he followed a trail of dark hair downward. “I believe for Will this will be the beginning of his becoming.” He looked to meet eyes that matched his own. “This will be the birth of a killer superior to all others. William is very special.”

That made Nigel grin. “So you think he’ll be a good match for the both of us? And you think we can share?”

“I believe that we have been separated for far too long Nigel, and this will be the bond that brings us together, make us family again. He will be the perfect addition to complete us.” Hands moved down Will’s inner thighs again, the Omega practically weeping in relief from the attention to his nether regions as maroon eyes locked in on one another. The brothers met in the middle as a silent compromise was reached, each sliding a finger into Will’s too slick entrance, making the Omega moan as they moved together within him.

“Any ground rules before we get started?” Nigel grinned, nipping at his brother’s shoulder in warning. There was a bloody intent there for edging in too near. They could make this work, were close enough with a bond of their own to make this work without killing each other, but there was only so much an Alpha could stand while claiming their mate. This was going to be savage no matter what way they looked at it.

Nigel was answered back with a snap of equally sharp teeth. “Try not to get too close.” was all that was stated aloud, and that was it. The rules of their mating set as they fell upon Will, predatory Alphas crawling over the vulnerable flesh of a whining Omega to begin their claiming.

Will moaned as two more fingers were pushed inside him, the sudden girth of four making him reel as he tried to accommodate the Alphas above him, relaxing muscles that spasmed and clenched at the too soon pressure inside him. Will had expected only one to continue, for the other Alpha to be forced away after some feat of dominance, but both men took to his flesh. One mouth devoured his own, swallowing down moans while another nipped at the delicate skin of his throat. Will quickly realized that he would be taking on two mates.

That didn’t make sense, didn’t settle well within Will as he reached for them with shaking hands, threading his fingers through locks of ashen hair to hold the Alphas close. They leaned into that touch, one rolling to scent his wrist while the other nipped at the other that brushed against him. Will gasped when one set of fingers suddenly curled within him, nails grazing his inner walls to make him keen for relief. Other fingers continued to push deeper into his body, finding his prostate to stroke the cluster of nerves there that made him ache for more.

“So responsive. He’s gorgeous.” Nigel purred, pulling back to make quick work of his clothing. He wanted to feel that sweetly scented skin against him, the heat of wanting flesh slide against his own, and the silken press of legs wrapped tight around his hips. He wanted to feel Will pulling him closer, seating him to the hilt within his depths as he searched for desperate relief, all while Nigel locked the Omega’s squirming form in place with his swelling knot, joining their bodies as one.

Even now, he reached for that body, pushing his brother off to mouth at Will’s neck, dragging teeth over the skin there that made his breath hitch the same way he knew it would when he finally broke that skin to form a bond that would last forever. His vision was ruined with a growl of pain as Nigel turned his head to snap crooked teeth at his twin. The other Alpha met him with blood stained grin of his own as a bead of red rolled down his chin. It took a moment, but Nigel soon realized that he was the source, a wound in his shoulder bleeding freely from where Hannibal had bit him.

“Don’t get too close.” Hannibal warned again, pulling his own fingers free from the writhing Omega to make Will cry out at the sudden emptiness that remained..

“This is going to end very bloody if we keep taking chunks out of each other.” Nigel sneered, watching as Hannibal tossed his clothes onto a nearby chair, saving their delicate fabric from the floor.

“Yes, it will.” Hannibal licked a bead of copper from his lips, taking a moment to taste it as he regarded the very bad man from Bucharest. It was a challenge, an open invitation for pain. Before Nigel could reciprocate his displease, a soft noise ruined his resolve in the matter.

“I’m not a snack.” Nigel snapped, not liking the idea of some his twin’s peculiarities turning up in their bed.

“But you are rude.” Hannibal chuckled darkly, running his tongue over his lips to clean off the last of the red there.

“Fuck off. You have a shitty sense of humor.” Nigel shot back.

“Wit is often unappreciated.”

“Puns aren’t clever.”

A quiet gasp drew their attention back to the source of their disagreement, Will’s breath hitching as he found that spot within himself that Hannibal had been stroking so purposefully only moments before. His lips softly parted as small pleasure filled gasps pushed past kiss swollen lips as he moved three fingers inside himself.

It was a sight to behold, keeping both Alphas still as they watched a moment longer, thick runs of slick coating Will’s hand now, running down his fingers as he worked himself open for them, his body twitching with every push against the ball of nerves he was focusing on deep inside.

“Ha-annibal…N-Nigel!” Will called for them, unsure of which Alpha he wanted more as his drunken gaze darted from one man to the other. He needed to be mounted and claimed. He didn’t give a fuck anymore who did it. Pulling fingers from his entrance, Will rolled onto his hands and knees, looking over his shoulder even as he pressed his chest to the bed. Spreading his thighs apart as far as they would go, Will could feel and smell the rivulets of sweet slick spilled from him, coating his legs down to his knees in a sticky mess.

“You take the front, I’ll take the back.” Nigel decided quickly for the both of them, grinning like a wolf as he moved. He risked glancing over at his twin who seemed to consider it for a moment before nodding in agreement. He worked to adjust the Omega’s position to better suit their compromise.

Yelping as hands gripped his hips, Will was dragged further down the bed as one of the Alphas seated himself before him. He was having a hard time keeping track of who was who. If it wasn’t for the tattoo on Nigel’s neck, it would have been a lost cause altogether. Large hands stroked his curls and cupped his cheeks as his face was lifted up to meet a swollen

cock. Skittish blue eyes glanced up at intense maroon as bruised pink lips parted to let the tip of a tongue dart out and taste that presented meat, flicking over Hannibal's slit.

Sighing in relief at the heft of the flesh in his mouth, Will gathered up salty beads of precum on his tongue, swallowing them down with a groan, the greedy noise of it making the Alpha above him rumble. Hannibal watched wide eyed as that skilled little tongue darted over his cock's head to tease him with quick flicks and open mouthed kisses.

It wasn't long before Will was rolling his hips back with a sudden pleasure of his own. Task forgotten, the Omega moaned as a broad tongue began to clean the slick from his thighs, kissing his sensitive skin as Nigel kept his legs pushed apart. The mounds of his ass were roughly separated, allowing the Alpha lap at his insides and clean up slick coming from its source. Shoving his tongue in as far as it would go so that his teeth imprinted around Will's hole, Nigel rippled his tongue in such a way it had Will gasping for air as he tried to keep himself aloft on his hands

His other lover was not to be so soon forgotten, cupping his cheeks again to direct blown eyes back upon him. Swollen lips were parted and their opening filled as Hannibal pushed his cock between them, watching those blue eyes as the Alpha slid himself in to the root as that the head scraped the back of Will‘s throat to make his eyes water. Taunt lips glided wetly up and down his shaft, tightening around the flesh that would soon be his knot to tease it with not enough suction.

Hannibal moaned as he felt Will swallow around him he tried to accommodate the length filling him. His voice would be raspy before this was all over. Hannibal couldn't wait to hear it, feeling as Will opened his throat for him to take in more. Moaning as he closed it all around his girth with swallowing motions, the vibrations made on his cock sent waves of tingly pleasure up and down Hannibal's spine to settle low and heavy in his gut.

A growl made the Alpha look up from the pleasurable sight of Will's breaking, Hannibal looking over to his twin. He watched as Nigel pressed his cockhead to Will's sodden entrance to push in. Will made delicious sounds as he was filled at both end, screaming around Hannibal's cock.

It made Hannibal throw back his head, biting his bottom lip to the skin of it, denying the call of his Rut as long as he could. He kept an iron grip upon his self control to keep from bucking. He couldn't risk choking Will while the Omega swallowing him down. Looking down at those watering blue eyes, Hannibal gripped at curls to keep Will still as he pulled back far enough to let him breath before sliding back down his throat once more to deny him air.

Beginning a slow and steady rhythm that had his lips spreading just a little further around his knot as the flesh began to slowly swell within his mouth. Will gasped around it, shuddering with moans at every thrust of Nigel's cock pounded into his sex. The motion of it made him quiver as he sucked at the flesh between his lips, hollowing his cheeks as Hannibal pulled to the tip before sliding back into him with a deep moan.

Intently, Nigel watched Will as he bobbed up and down, taking his twin from tip to root, and kept going back, greedy for more. It was almost enough to make Nigel jealous, to know that

Hannibal got to see Will‘s face while he did this, witness the clouding of blue grey eyes made blind by pleasure and Heat.

Knowing he would get his turn soon enough, Nigel eased up his envy for that mouth and gaze upon him with the knowledge that an Omega’s Heat lasted more than just one night. He would be sliding his dick between those pretty lips soon enough. Until then though, he did have the best part, Will’s tight wall clamping down on him, squeezing his cock as he thrust in again and again. Will fit his cock so beautifully, making his knot begin to swell. They would be joined soon, Will’s and Nigel’s flesh connected to one another as mates. He didn’t know how Hannibal planned to handle the bonding on his end, but Nigel had all his bets covered.

Until Hannibal pulled his cock out entirely from Will’s mouth, to leave the Omega falling forward to gasp into his forearms. Gripping Will under his arms, the Alpha pulled him off of Nigel’s cock a sudden forward movement, falling onto his back to have Will follow through the motion to straddle him. The unexpected separation had Will crying out, body heat sky rocketed as he was emptied and desperation filled him.

The loss of fullness had the Omega pressing himself up against Hannibal’s body, reaching down on instinct to press a cock back into his hole. The Alpha aided in this by pressing his length in where his twin’s had been. Like always, his timing was perfect. Hannibal knot pushed past Will’s rim to swell, locking the two of them in place. The knot ensured that the Omega was bound to him in the flesh. Any attempt of removal would greatly wound Will, forcing a Call from him that would render the Alpha’s useless to continue. Hannibal knew that not even Nigel would try anything of that nature at this point.

Pulling Will atop him more comfortably, Hannibal watched as the Omega rode his hard cock as his flesh began to fully knot, keeping Will trapped to his flesh. Defeated, Nigel would have to accept his loss and leave…

… or so Hannibal had thought…

Hannibal realized how wrong he was as he watched Nigel settled behind Will, heard his twin’s seething growl at his loss. With Will on top of him knotted, there was very little Hannibal could do in way of defense as his legs were slapped apart and spread wide so that Nigel could sit between them.

Glancing back, Will groaned at the hungry look Nigel gave him, his large hands coming to rest on the jut of his hips. Shuddered as he moved by those guiding hands, the little that he could up and down the girth inside him, Will didn't know exactly how he had gotten in this position, but he was riding Hannibal. He was locked in place by the Alpha’s knot with no escape. Will was too far gone to care. All he wanted now was the relief an Alpha could bring to an Omega in Heat. He wanted to be filled, his barren space inside seeded wet and slick.

Will cried out as Hannibal suddenly arched his back, his fingers digging into Will's hips hard enough to bruise. Sanguine eyes were wide and wild as Hannibal ground his teeth, cursing in foreign tongues.

“Nigel…” Hannibal made his twin’s name a swear.

“You have only yourself to blame.” Nigel smirked, covering Hannibal’s hands with his own to ease up their grip on Will. He was certain that it was painful for his twin. Hannibal certainly hadn’t had the amount of prep that Will had, and Alpha’s body weren’t really built to take knots. Nigel was sure Hannibal could endure it though, this double bonding crap all his idea after all. He just should have left out the double dealing along with it.

“Touché.” Hannibal winced at his own shortcoming and assumptions, making his muscles relax to accept his twin’s length. Will’s excess slick had been used as a lubricant but no preparation made for a rough ride. He hadn’t even considered this possibility. Obviously, he had been apart from Nigel for far too long if he hadn’t been able to predict this course of action.

As Nigel tilted Hannibal’s hips to get a better angle and depth, Will discovered he had something solid to lean back against with Nigel’s chest like a rock at his back. The Alpha was moving with sharp jerking thrusts that moved Will right along with them. Sensing something wasn’t right, Will looked behind him in hazy confusion as he watched the twins move in strange tandem, Nigel setting the pace and Hannibal following through with the motion. Nigel was fucking with gritted teeth and a snarl on his lip, his focus on knotting a body….

…but not into him. Will’s space was occupied, an omega only able to take one knot. Clouded blue eyes fell, straining to see what he was feeling as he moaned and squirmed at the cock shifting within him, Nigel's movement making Hannibal's knot rock though he couldn’t understand why, not until he saw where the Alpha was buried. Gasping in realization, Will drunkenly pieced together what was happening beneath him. It made him shudder with sudden pleasure, his own cock twitching as beads of precum pearled and rolled over his head at the very thought of it as taboo as it was.

"Nigel…” Hannibal choked out as their tempo increased, the ending to this inevitable. Everyone's lot was cast, and fates sealed as their bodies were all locked into place in one way or another.

"Sit up, you idiot. We still have to claim him." Nigel rasped out between clenched teeth, already leaning in to mouth at Will's neck. His teeth grazing the sweaty skin to make Will tremble, whimpering as he was held in place. Grunting, Hannibal forced himself up on his forearms, feeling every thrust deep and sharp as he was pounded into. He could easily separate the pain from the pleasure, choosing to ignore the former to embrace the latter Finding his place on Will’s other side, Hannibal gripped at Will's curls like a lifeline, mouthing the flesh of his throat as he found his peak in the giving and taking of pleasure.

The Alpha’s cries of completion were gagged by Will's flesh, the Omega sandwiched in place and quite unable to move as too sharp teeth clamped down into his flesh. His mind was torn into as easily as his skin, duel bonds snapping into place. The plural of it made Will’s mindscape tremble and crack along its edges. Hannibal was like ice and snow, his bond a frigid link sinking in down past the marrow to freeze Will’s blood. Nigel's was all heat and flame, his connection to Will searing even as it revived him.

Will screamed as the two beings flowed into his own, the Alpha's teeth biting in deep to hold him as Nigel stilled deep within the other Alpha. Groaning as he was filled hot and too full, Hannibal was forced to do the same to Will, the Omega welcoming the flood that cooled his

Heat in an instant. Bonds were snapped into place with a near audible pop of static, pushing the omega over his own edge.

Nigel's heavy hand working his front, Will cried out an unintelligible sound that could have been any name, so completely overwhelmed by what was happening around and in him. Falling boneless and weak, Will collapsed against them, unable to hold himself any longer as the Alphas began to lap at his neck, sealing the wounds there to heal and scar with their marks. Will would be theirs now, an Omega to be shared between them as they saw fit, now and forever.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments fingerbang Will until he squeals. Your kudos take the Omega from behind to make him beg for more.

Bookshelves and Shrapnel

Chapter Summary

Will's heat ends and he gets pissed.

Chapter Notes

Hello darlings~<3

We know you've been eagerly awaiting an update to find out what happens with our precious little heat riddled Omega so here you go, you enjoy that.

We do not own Hannibal or Charlie Countrymen.

Written and beta read by us.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will moaned like he was dying.

It was all that the Omega could do as he took Nigel all the way to the root, encasing the Alpha in his heated flesh. Leaning over him, Hannibal filled his mouth with Will's own aching cock, hollowing out his cheeks to drag more ragged gasps and mutterings from the over stimulated Omega. The overload of sensation made Will pull and tug at the silk tie that bound his wrists together.

It was his punishment, one that the twins had agreed upon for Will after he brought himself so close to release without the help of his Alphas. The Omega had dared to touch and stroke his aching cock to get himself off without either of their assistance, Hannibal and Nigel still recovering at that point, but Will remained insatiable.

They quickly put a stop to that, and with the help of Hannibal's paisley tie, Will couldn't touch himself now. He could only whimper for their attention and arch into their touch, begging for sweet release.

"So fucking good." Nigel purred, praising the Omega as he pulled him off his dick just as his knot began to engorge. The motion of it made Will gasp as his rim was tugged over the swelling flesh to pop free with a wet sound.

Desperate to reclaim that feeling of fullness, Will pushed back against the hands that pulled

him away, whimpering as his cock was also released with a moist sound. Another set of hands found his waist to turn him, keeping Will's balance for him as he was forced to face the other brother. Nigel's grin was all teeth as he took Will's length into his hand, losing the other in the depths of silken curls. Unable to resist temptation itself, Nigel crushed that whimpering mouth to his own in a bruising kiss. He was falling into a terrible love with this man, this beautifully broken Omega.

"He's a fucking angel." Nigel breathed out the words against kiss swollen lips, red and slick with bloody spittle. Nigel licked it away, reveling in the taste of his mate.

"He is, isn't he." Hannibal hummed with pride, holding those sharp hips in place as he pushed his heavy cock inside that welcoming heat, filling aching, abused flesh in a single thrust. Will gasped into the mouth consuming him, his sex clenching around the swollen flesh inside him. It forced Hannibal to still and gather himself, feeling the spasmodic contractions of Will's tortured passage around him, the walls of it working his cock with the biological need to take his seed from him.

With a ragged breath, Hannibal started to move again, thrusting quick and deep in Will to force moan after moan from the mated Omega. Each begging sound was greedily swallowed up by his twin, Nigel savoring the taste of Will's wanton noises like a fine wine upon his tongue as he teased Will's cock with rippling fingers.

"I wasn't sure what to expect from Will as a lover." Hannibal admitted, leaning in to kiss his bloody brandings, the mark of his ownership engraved deep into pale skin with teeth and ill intent. "But he has more than surpassed my expectations."

"Yes." Nigel agreed, taking a sensitive nipple between his teeth to tug and suck at the puckered flesh. It made Will reel as no break was found between his pleasures. He was passed from one twin to the other, a constant onslaught upon his prostate and heightened senses.

Feeling the buildup of his pleasure once more, Will moaned and bucked, meeting the thrust of one Alpha and the tug of the other. Pearly beads of precum were dripping from his tip, different pressures building up inside of him to ache.

Just as Will began to feel his end upon him, a hand stilled at his base to encircle it and grip his girth tight, too much so. Orgasm coming to a screeching half, Will cried out, shaking almost violently as he was denied for a fifth time.

With gasping whines, Will arched into Hannibal, pushing back against the Alpha as he sought release. "Please!" he begged to receive a gentle kiss placed his temple as he was forcefully slid off of Hannibal's cock. The Alpha moaned as he tugged his growing knot free from Will's squeezing depth to pass Will back onto his brother. He reclaimed Will's mouth, swallowing down the Omega's whimpering cries.

"Pl-please!" Will pleaded when he could, allowed only brief chances for air. It made Hannibal smile to see the usually withdrawn Omega so openly begging for him, aching for him, for a release that could only be given by those who owned him.

“Would you like to finish?” Hannibal asked, stealing kisses between words as his fingers worked Will’s base, teasing him with a pumping that squeezed just too tight to let the Omega have his release.

It only made Will cry out again, nodding frantically as Nigel pulled free to make Will sit up, this time the pair crushing him between them. His legs were parted, lifted and held apart by strong arms looped underneath them to keep Will aloft so perfectly between them as two cock heads found their way into his heat. He gasped as he felt their mutual fat lengths pushing into him, moving side by side to make him scream with the sudden overwhelming fullness of the two Alpha cocks stretching him, combined girths like a knot all the way to his core.

Will struggled or at least tried to as he was lifted and lowered on the shafts, his body twisting and writhing as the twins held him tight between them. He was being fucked slow and deep by the twins, his prostate pressed down consistently with every other thrust as he was worked over.

Head thrown back against Hannibal's shoulder he groaned as he felt them fill him, Will's blunt nails digging into the Alpha behind him as they fucked him together.

"Our knots,” Nigel managed, between grunts as he fought through his own pleasure haze to try and focus, “they won’t fit together."

"No. They don't need to.” Hannibal agreed, feeling as his own began to swell, their cocks were forced from Will’s passage as the knots swelled whole, leaving little more than the Alpha's heads buried within the Omega as they came together, filling Will with their combined loads to make him spill his own when he was flooded with their liquid heat.

“But there are ways around that.” Hannibal panted, kissing sweat soaked curls as Will’s head lolled back on his shoulder. He watched amused as the Omega blinked up at him with clouded eyes, looking around the room lazily as his lovers took care to ease him off their dripping cocks and lay Will down on the ruined bed between them.

It was then as Will lay there curled up between Hannibal and Nigel, his eyes lingering from one lover to the other as silk was slipped off from his wrists to free his arms at last, that an awareness began to return to those clever blue grey eyes. Will’s dark brows slowly knitting together as a new sense of consciousness awoke, the Omega propping himself on his elbows to better regard his mates.

“How should we fuck you next, darling?” Nigel purred, moving to meet that wide eyed look with a kiss. The Alpha never made it to Will’s swollen lips though, the Omega slamming his knee firmly into the Alpha’s still knotted cock, Nigel doubling over with a violent curse as Will scrambled off of the bed and tore out of the room.

“F-fuck!” Nigel spat, swallowing back bile as he looked from to the door to his stunned twin. “What the FUCK?” He swallowed again, gritting his teeth as he tried to focus his mind on

things that weren’t pain.

Fucked out but uninjured, Hannibal was quicker to follow, leaving Nigel to tend to his wounded pride as he chased the escaping Omega into the living room, just missing his ankle as he lunged for him at the stairs.

"Will." Hannibal called out, watching in astonishment as the lithe man scrambled up a rather artistic piece of furniture, far out of reach to perch on the top of a bookcase like an enraged cat.

"Will..." Hannibal tried again, standing as close as he dared to the fragile furniture that was more of artistic expression than structurally sound.

"Fuck off." Will spat, gripping the edge as he pushed himself further back against the wall. He felt humiliated as he squatted naked atop a bookcase or whatever the hell it was, the thick scent of sex still clinging to his skin like a pungent cologne. Cool rivulets of cum and slick making sticky trails down his thighs was another poignant reminder.

Shaking with embarrassment and rage, Will raised a hand to gingerly touch the still oozing wounds on his neck. It was obvious that at some point he had gone into Heat and now he was bonded, bound and inexplicably mated to two Alphas.

Hannibal ignored the rather rude dismissal, far more concerned with the precarious placement of his new mate. "Will, you shouldn’t be up there. You are beginning to make me worry..."

Nigel was only a moment behind them, fighting his limp as he joined his twin to stare up at their mate with a look of disbelief.

"Worried? That's laughable." Will’s glare passed from one Alpha to the other. They were staring up at him with an interesting mix of expressions, though he liked Nigel’s more, the man’s face edged with pain. He wanted Hannibal’s to match.

With no proper structure to the piece made of thin strips of wood and too much glass, Will's sanctuary was something that would never support either Alpha’s weight and they knew it just by looking at it. Will's self-placement was leaving his newly bonded mates agitated as they tried to think of a way to safely extract their new Omega from his perch.

The act of it not impossible, but they might be risking injury to Will by doing so. Very bad things could happen if the Omega was injured by either Alpha, accidentally or not.

It was part of the reason why two Alphas had never tried to double bond with an Omega. The pull to protect their mate was too strong, especially in situations like this. They were more likely to kill each other than form a balanced bond.

The ordeal left Hannibal and Nigel stuck negotiating with a naked, enraged Omega, one who had claimed the highest peak in the room like a squirrel to get away from them. That object also just happened to be equipped with books he could pelt at them. Something Will demonstrated with force as he chucked a heavy leather bound tome at Hannibal's head.

“You fucked me!” Will yelled, his anger only growing as the Alpha ducked to miss the heavy projectile instead of taking to the face. “You brought me here to help me get away from stress. To help me get better! Instead you took advantage of me!” Will threw another book to emphasize his point. Much to his disappointment, this one was caught and dropped to the floor.

“Will, you were in heat.” Hannibal tried to reason, dodging another book and regretting his decision to remove the tie so quickly. “I was not prepared to face you during your cycle.”

“You are not the victim here! Don’t even try to make this about you." Will sneered, taking quick inventory of his remaining projectiles. He only had four books left, but there was a decorative piece of blown glass he would happily shatter across the floor like shrapnel to keep the Alphas away from him.

“Darling,” Nigel forced a tense smile, pain still evident as he tried to approach.

Fuck it.

Will grabbed the glass earlier than he had planned, shattering it into a thousand glittering pieces across the floor between them. “And you! Who the hell are you?! I don’t even know you and now I’m bonded to you?!” He yelled, throwing the remaining books in quick succession.

Regretting his temper but not his actions, Will felt a deep sense of satisfaction when he nailed both the twins with thick hardcovers, the Alphas too preoccupied avoiding fine shards of glass skirt the floor and taking note of how very bare their feet were.

“This. Is. Not. Okay.” Will concluded. He wished he had more things to throw. There were a few more books if he reached down, but then he’d be risking losing his balance. Without the weight of the books to stabilize it, the bookcase was becoming a shaky platform. One that was beginning to give out under his weight.

Patience wearing thin by instinct overriding good sense, Hannibal gritted his teeth and walked across the splintered glass as carefully as he could. The pieces were small, unable to go deep beneath the skin, and he was more than capable to remove them later on. A few shallow cuts and some mild pain wouldn’t faze him if it meant getting the unstable man down from the book shelf in time, and the closer proximity would give him quick access to Will if he tried for any more books on the lower shelves.

“Will, you need to come down from there. It's obviously not safe.” Hannibal tried to soothe, to reason with the Omega.

“Safer here than with you. I’ve lost days being raped on repeat by my friend and his brother.” Will snarled. He was tempted to spit on Hannibal, or push off the wall and ride the shelf all the way down to the floor. He’d cut himself on glass when he hit bottom, but with any luck, he’d bury Hannibal under the furniture.

Of course that still left Nigel. He didn't even know where to begin with that one.

"It wasn't rape." Nigel growled, wishing he had a smoke as he regarded their feisty mate. If he were being honest with the room, Will's defiant nature was only making him like the Omega more.

"If an Omega goes into Heat, then an Alpha will be pulled into Rut. No one can argue with biology. You can't help but want and need us. We can't help but want and need you back. We're programmed to seek you out and fuck you, just like you are hard wired to hunt down the nearest Alpha to fuck. When you woke up between us in the middle of your Heat, what the fuck did you think we were going to do?" Nigel managed to make his argument in reasonable tones, despite his ire being sparked. He might be a violent psychopath and an unreasonable bastard from time to time, but he needed never forced himself on anyone before.

"I didn't plan that." Will seethed back, watching Hannibal as he walked close enough to stand directly below the shelf, regarding Will and his place of interest. Small dots of blood marked the floor behind him, making small muscles in Will tighten and ache. "I haven't had a Heat in years. I had no idea it was coming."

That had Nigel arching a thin brow at him. He'd heard of Heats being delayed, but by years? And without suppressants? That was a first for him.

"Well it happened." Nigel decided to go with the hard sell. "You went into a fucking Heat and we went into a god damn rut. No one is to blame here, but it fucking happened and now we're all just going to have to fucking deal with it, darling. If it makes you feel any better, I don't know you either."

Nigel kept his words clipped, sharp and to the point. "Or would you have preferred us to let you go off on your own and let yourself be fucked by some complete random stranger?"

As much as Will hated to admit it, Nigel had a point. Better the devil you know, he supposed. The idea of being mated to some strange Alpha made Will feel ill to his stomach. To be fair to either Alpha in the room, the bond went both ways. They were stuck as much with him as he was with them. That and it was practically unheard of for a male Omega to be bonded to a thoroughbred Alpha, much less two of them.

Before Will could respond though, the bookcase gave up its ghost, collapsing in on itself in a symphony of shattering glass and splintering wood.

Will found he didn't fall far, the Omega caught easily enough by Hannibal who had been waiting for such a thing to occur. Nigel's eyes darkened as he watched his mate fall from the shelving, eyes trained on his brother's every movement as he fought with Will to keep the Omega still in his arms, attempting to keep Will's feet off of the glass caltrops scattered across the floor. Bloodying his feet further, Hannibal carried the squirming Omega to the sofa to push Will into the plush furniture and himself on top.

"You are being unreasonable, William." Hannibal growled, holding Will under him to prevent

his escape.

“No, Hannibal, I’m not.” Will scowled, trying to turn his head so that he could glare at the Alpha. "I went to sleep and woke up on a plane, blacked out again, came to in a cottage in the middle of the French fucking alps, took a nap and woke up being molested. Yes, I remember you doing that.” He shot a hard look at Nigel, the man joining them take a seat on his other side, “And now this. I’m bound to not one but two Alphas! One I don’t even know!” He struggled again, pressing against the solid body on top him.

“You would know me better if you had a fucking drink with me, darling, instead of attacking me with ‘War and Peace’.” Nigel shot back, leaning in to smooth curls back from the raging man’s face, it made him smile to watch teeth snap at him.

“No one is at fault here, Will, and the more you fight this, the worse it’s going to be.” Hannibal said, letting some of his anger melt away. Combing his fingers through satiny curls, no matter how much Will might want to fight it Nigel and Hannibal were his mates now. Whether he liked it or not, he was going to start craving the comfort of their touch and have a burning need for their cocks. If it meant getting the upper hand he would wait a little bit.

Will stopped struggling, narrowing his eyes at the Alpha. “I fail to see how this could get any worse.” He spat out.

“Whether you agree with what has come to pass or not, the three of us are now bound as one.” Hannibal said, adjusting his hold on the Omega to something more comfortable once he was sure Will wasn’t about to run off again. “It no longer matters who is at fault. We are joined, indefinitely. The next best step is finding a way to make this work.”

It was easier for Will to imagine creating a new life for himself with Hannibal. He would be lying to himself if he said he hadn’t fantasized about it in the past, but Nigel? “I don’t know if we can make this work Hannibal. I’m feeling more than a little violated, especially in the trust area."

“Then I believe a few conversations are in order. You need to get to know Nigel and we all need to learn our place in this relationship.” Hannibal sighed, finally releasing Will to allow the Omega pull himself free from both Alphas. Curling in on himself, Will dragged his knees to his chest as though to hide himself from them. "Living arrangements can be discussed at a later date. For now, let us focus on getting you cleaned off and fed.”

“I’m not leaving Wolf Trap.” Will warned, though a bath and some food sounded pretty damn good at that moment. “I’m not leaving my dogs.”

“That is not yet up for discussion.” Hannibal corrected, clenching his jaw as he examined his feet. Nigel got up to find a vacuum and first aid kit for his twin, confident that Hannibal would keep their mate from walking across the glass coated floor.

Will sat in silence, watching as Nigel made quick work of the floor and Hannibal tended to his feet. It made Will's chest twist to see Nigel wipe up the scattered smudges of crimson, an instinctual need to sooth his mate and ease his pain pulling at Will even as he tried to smother

the need.

“I don’t want a mate.” Will mumbled more to himself, closing his eyes to rest his forehead against his knees.

“Yet another topic we can discuss over breakfast.”

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are trying to glue the bookcase bath together, your comments are kissing the boys booboo's better. ;D

Bargaining

Chapter Summary

The bonded trio strike a deal and Will continues to be a disagreeable little piss-ant. C:

Chapter Notes

Hello darling~<3

SKU here, we know you've all been very eager to see what happens next so here you go!!!

Written and bated (sort of) by us~<3

We own nothing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For most of his life Will had often heard that the shared bond between an Alpha and an Omega was supposed to be a soothing thing. Regarded as a cherished connection, it was said that the bond brought peace and ease to both participants, especially to the fairer gender once an emotional baseline had been established between the lovers. The Alpha Omega bond was something coveted and romanticized throughout the ages in every form of art. In the midsts of his own, Will was now wondering if that preconception was complete and utter bullshit.

Glowering at a glass of orange juice that had been placed in front of him, Will didn't know if their bond was a doomed thing because of his empathy or complicated on a permanent level because of the additional person. Instead of feeling soothed, Will had a vindictive headache from feeling like a speaker trying to share three microphone feeds, each one sending out its own intense signals to make his head spin with the static of the near constant noise.

Even something as simple as sitting at the kitchen table to stare dawn at Eggs Benedict, juice, and coffee before him was exhausting for the newly bonded Omega.

"What does all this feel like to you two?" Will asked, dipping the prongs of his fork into a dab of hollandaise sauce to drag the creamy topping in a fine line across the china plate. Glancing over at one of the Alphas, Will watched as Nigel's brow furrowed, the Alpha taking a gulp of his coffee now that it was cool enough to swallow instead of sip.

"What does what feel like, darling?" Nigel answered in a way that made Will grit his back

teeth. It wasn't just the unhelpful answer Will was feeling, or the deep enjoyment of a good cup of joe from the Alpha. It was the inborn need to placate a temperamental Omega, to ease him back into compliance. Will could feel Nigel making an effort to filter his emotions into him. The end result was something warm, almost hot and soothing like taking a nap on the beach, the Alpha directing his thoughts into pleasant things that would be gentle and warming to Will.

Instead they were leaving him irritated. He needed answers, not comfort. Nigel was trying to make this into a day at the beach, but Will already knew about the sharks in the water and that there were no lifeguards on duty.

For having never been in a Bond before, the two Alphas seemed to know a lot about what they were doing and how to control their ends of it. The control on their emotions was methodical, the kind of precision that came from years of practice. It made Will feel messy and disorganized. He could barely hold it together on a good day with the ghosts of killers hiding in his head, so at the moment he was feeling completely lost with the living.

"You know exactly what I mean. At best, it's like I have the two of you standing on either side of me using megaphones to scream in my ear, telling me to stop feeling so agitated and to calm down. At worst, you're both constantly whispering to me, to the point I can barely tell my own thoughts from yours." Will sighed into his coffee, he could tell Hannibal wanted him to drink the juice and knowing that irked him enough to ignore the beverage entirely.

Laying his cutlery to the side for a moment, Hannibal steepled his fingers as he regarded their new mate, quieting the cool whisperings he had been seeping into Will's mind to a mere background murmur of soothing static like a fierce summer wind dying down into a soft breeze.

"I am aware of your distress. Nigel and I are currently experiencing an extreme onslaught of anger and outrage from you. Your emotions are raw and sharp. If I were to compare the sensation of your contribution through our bond, I would have to say it is like touching the end of a live wire. An electrical feed flowing into my system with no grounding wire." Hannibal stated, wincing internally as Will's temper rose and fell like a tide against them. The Omega's fear alone was a force unto itself, making the Alpha nauseous from its overbearing presence. Before now, Hannibal had never realized just how much fear Will has been living with.

Will felt the Alpha exert more control as that cool line of feed coming in from Hannibal muted down to a soft whisper, the quietest of caresses against his being to coax more soothing thoughts and quiet his rage. It still left the quiet riot coming in from Nigel, but that too scaled itself back to more manageable levels. Will could feel Nigel following Hannibal's lead. What had been a forest fire in Will's mind, licking at his brain, was now smothered out to a single flame that flickered in the background of his bone cage to cast shadows and other misplays of light.

"We're not trying to overwhelm you, darling. We are trying to convince you to stop giving us a fucking headache." Nigel said nonchalantly in answer, cutting a portion of egg and ham from his breakfast to hum his gratitude at the blended flavors. His brother really did have a

way with food.

Will stared wide eyed back at the two Alphas. He hadn't realized that he was inflicting pain upon either men, the two hiding their discomfort well. Self-loathing rolled in through the Omega like a wave of foul ick to extinguish the last of his anger, leaving Will feeling ill and coated on the inside with sick. The way Nigel and Hannibal flinched from it let Will know that they were experiencing it on some level as well.

If either Alpha would let him, Will would have given up on eating, but even as he pushed his breakfast away, Nigel moved it back. A glance over at Hannibal confirmed the existence of his own pointed look at the half-starved Omega, one that silently ordered Will to eat.

“You were not agreeable to the concept of food or the partaking of it while enduring your Heat, William. Now that it has past, it is important that you replenish yourself." Hannibal chided him, waiting until Will picked up his knife and fork in hand before returning to the original conversation. "Punishing yourself has an effect on us all, so please eat. Your suffering is now our suffering."

"How do you control it?" Will demanded in a terse tone of voice as he loaded up his fork. He was trying to ignore the panic that was beginning to edge in on him. He just wasn't responsible for himself anymore. Two other people needed him to stay sane, a daunting task on a good day.

"Nigel and I have shared a bond of sorts since birth." which Hannibal reflected was quite extensive given the structure and storage of his and Nigel's shared mind palace, “We are more than well versed with the particulars of bond sharing, though until now I had not been aware how similar it was to that of an omega/alpha bond.”

Hannibal resumed his own breakfast now that he could tell Will was fighting the urge to hum his enjoyment around the mouthful pressed against his tongue. He didn’t have to speak his thanks though to make the Alpha aware of how much Will loved the food. Hannibal could feel his enjoyment of the meal like warmth coming off of fresh laundry, making the Alpha preen.

Once he began to eat, the Omega found it was hard to stop, Will wolfing down his breakfast. He had been deprived for far too long, denying himself sustenance over the last three days of Heat. Will hadn’t even realized he was starving, but then again the only thing he’d really eaten in the last few days was the essence of the two men before him, and water when the twins force it upon him, usually delivered from mouth to mouth through long kisses.

His cheeks heating up at the thought, Will grabbed his coffee to hopefully cover the blooming color at memories not too far past. Though apparently the feed between the trio was more specific than Will had previously thought, Nigel grinning around his next mouthful of egg to cast a smirking look that quickly degraded into a leer in Will’s direction.

“How specific is the exchange of information in this bond for you two?” Will made himself ignore Nigel and focus on asking the question. He turned his attention back to his breakfast, clearing his throat, “Is it feelings or is it something closer to words?”

"It's a muted understanding, mostly feelings though some things seem to be more in depth than others. I wouldn't call it telepathy, but we get the gist of what you're thinking." Nigel shrugged.

"Is that between you and I, or you and Hannibal? What's the difference? Is there a difference?" Will leaned back in his chair with coffee in hand and a clean plate in front of him. He was still hungry enough to go looking for seconds if he didn't think stuffing his face so fast for a second time might make him sick. He told himself that he could wait until lunch and gorge again. It would give his stomach a little time to settle and remember how to digest.

Apparently, Hannibal thought so as well, agreement humming pleasantly in the back of Will's mind from him. Nigel, not so much. The other Alpha wanted to feed Will from his own plate, the imaging and intent of it clearer than Will would have liked.

The twins glanced to each other, their strange maroon eyes meeting in silent conversation much as they had the first day of Will's arrival. But this time, if he concentrated, Will could feel the flow of conversation though it was muted, like he was hearing the exchange of words through a wall or keyhole.

It was a quiet murmuring of flickering emotions in the back of his mind. The twin's exchange was more of vague interpretations and understanding without any the entanglement of words. Will briefly wondered if it was something the twins would one day share with him, or if the bond he shared with them was limited to a flood of soothing emotions alone. The idea of that made Will feel sick. The odds never seemed to be in his favor.

"It's like a language all its own…" Nigel said as he got up to load his plate in a dishwasher and refill his coffee, the twins done with whispering in the dark. Leaning up against the kitchen counter, he seemed to contemplate that thought. "We....understand each other so we know how to read the bond passing between us, similar to how one plays a theremin. If you have perfect pitch, you can easier read the notes written on the air."

"You play the theremin?" Will snorted. He couldn't quite picture Nigel picking or playing such a thing.

"Oh hell no." Nigel smirked, nodding toward his twin who frowned at them both. Will got the impression that this was an old argument, one that greatly amused Nigel. "I prefer to partake of the arts, and care for the soul. Not inflict compositions on other people."

"It's an unappreciated instrument that can offer vast amounts of versatility to one patient enough to learn it." Hannibal said somewhat stiffly.

"It sounds like you're skinning a damn cat with a salad fork. Stick to the harpsichord." Nigel said before turning his full attention back to Will.

"Hannibal knows you so he'll understand your more intimate needs better than I will, at least for now. Until you and I become better acquainted all we're going to know are the basics. Happy, sad, irritated beyond all fucking reason. The details of why won't be so easy."

Will suspected as much, but it didn't keep him from feeling any less frustrated. He had a bad feeling it would be a long while before that feeling extinguished, but at least with their bond quieting down to a manageable level, it let him sense out his own thoughts and emotions. He wasn't being overwhelmed by the pair anymore.

"So how do you turn it off?" Will asked at last. As brothers and even more so twins, Will reasoned that Hannibal and Nigel must have had days where they ignored each other, muting their bond when they were irritated with one another to keep from feeling any responses. Will desperately wanted to know how to turn himself off.

As pissed off as he was by all this, Will didn't want to hurt either Alpha. He wanted to lower or even eliminate his input so that twins didn't know how he was feeling at every given moment of every given day. That way they could at least all live tolerably with one another.

Holy hell, especially once he returned back to work. The last thing Will wanted to share with another sane human being was the feeling of power he experienced while killing in the recreated murders Jack provided him. For the twins to feel the peace and bliss he felt when he killed, even if it was only in his mind. No one deserved that, especially not Hannibal.

"Patience, practice, and control," Hannibal provided, joining the conversation now that he had his brother's opinion on how the bond functioned, "With your empathy disorder though, you will probably find it more difficult to control what it is you give to us."

Which in Hannibal's opinion was preferable, the Alpha rather enjoyed knowing what Will was thinking and how he was feeling. Like rain in the desert, these were emotions he did not experience himself often, if at all, while Will was monsoon of emotion, his own state of being threatening to drown him in the deluge.

Keeping the bond open between them would offer him more insight into his mate. In time, it would let Hannibal exactly know what it was Will felt when he was lost in the recreation of one of Chesapeake Ripper's masterpieces. The urge to find a deserving pig had never been stronger, earning Hannibal a certain look of warning from Nigel.

"At their end, Omega's are supposed to be demanding." Nigel shrugged off Will's concern, "It lets us know when our mate is in need." His smile was salacious, but his connection said something entirely different. A possessive sense of protectiveness filtered through the bond from
Nigel, the sensation of it sending a shiver up Will's back.

"I think that's for me to decide," Will snapped in Nigel's general direction, his eyes finding the man's toes instead of his face. It was still disconcerting to look at Hannibal's doppelgänger. It made him unfriendly towards the strange new Alpha he found himself bound to, like life was trying to play a trick on him.

Feeling uneasy, Will tried focusing on the devil he knew, and did a better job of eye contact with Hannibal. That might have been to avoid looking at Hannibal's bandaged feet though, an injury caused thanks to him.

“You only feed me the emotions you want me to feel to protect yourself from my own inabilities. Teach me how to protect you from myself. I want some kind of control over this. As much as I may think you deserve it at times, I don't like the idea of hurting you,” Will wetted his lips to ease his version of apology out. "Either of you."

Hannibal fell quiet, considering the request as he finished his own cup of perfectly brewed coffee. “I will assist you in learning to withhold and filter your emotions Will, but in exchange you must make yourself more open to Nigel and I as we all adjust to our new places in this relationship.” Hannibal finally conceded. "Quid pro quo."

It was Will’s turn to fall silent, considering the offer presented as he glanced from one of his mates to the other. He knew he honestly didn’t have much choice in the matter. As progressive as the times were, Hannibal could still decide to keep Will homebound, keeping the Omega literally and figuratively chained to his bed, and there wasn’t a damn thing anyone could do about it.

Once the mating bond was established, there was no way to unbind an Omega and Alpha. He was stuck with the twins, both of them till death do they part, whether he liked it or not. Since the twins had taken such great care in cementing their bonds with Will over the past three days, it was only a matter of time before his biology worked against him again. The marks on his neck already throbbing at the thought, Will knew he would begin craving that which only an Alpha, his Alpha, could provide. At least this way, he would be getting something out of it.

"Fine,” Will agreed, but even he could hear the reluctance in his own voice. “But nothing sexual unless I okay it.”

That declaration was stated with a pointed look directed at Nigel, Will meeting the man’s lips with fleeting shifts of eye contact to show he was serious. Will wasn't surprised to find Nigel didn’t seem too bothered by the demand. Will didn't need the bond to know the Alpha was overconfident in himself and his abilities to lure in his Omega when he needed him.

"I’ll keep my hands to myself unless you ask for them, gorgeous.” And he would. Nigel would make damn sure Will's voice was raw from begging for him before reciprocation.

“Excellent. It's settled then." Hannibal smiled in such a keen way it made Will regret agreeing to anything at all. “Would anyone care to go skiing?”

OoOoO

Will didn’t join the twins as they dressed themselves in warmer clothes and left to hit the slopes.
They did so only after Will promised not to try and escape during their absence. Will had nothing against skiing and might even to try putting on a pair of skis the following day if his aching body was feeling up to the task.

For the time being though, Will was taking full advantage of the blessed solitude to relax in a

hot tub he'd found and soak out some of the pain in his joints. Worried about getting the already abused literature wet, Will had discarded the idea of reading while he soaked in favor of closing his eyes and letting his imagination tell him a story. Besides, all the books were in French. His Cajun French was too rusty from lack of use, grasping little more than the concept of a businessman and a blank signed check.

His form of relaxation was letting himself experience a recreation of his own making, one that involved cool rivers and fly fishing in the waters of Wolf Trap.

"Mind if I join?"

It took everything in the Omega not to jump at the sound of his unexpected company, Will slowly turning to face the Alpha who had entered his little hideaway on silent footstep.

The hot tub was situated in small room off from the kitchen, and enclosed with thick treated glass to protect its bathers from the chilled wind and snow while giving them the glorious view of snowy slops outside. The cabin Hannibal had selected in particular was on the outer most edge, giving them privacy from the other resort occupants from viewing them during their vacation.

Taking in the gruesome scar that curled vicious and white in a long thick rope along his left side, Will knew it was Nigel who had come to join him, though the tattoo on his neck and the lit cigarette were a dead giveaway as well. A part of Will was very familiar with this stranger's body, treacherous memory reminding Will just how Nigel's toned body felt against his own, his fingers itching to trace that scar again with the tips of his fingers.

Not to say that Will couldn't tell the twins apart. To the eye of the skilled profiler, the men were as different as night and day to him. The professional and the empath that resided in Will had already memorized every unique tick and nuance. Their movements and even the way they held themselves were unique to them. Will knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Hannibal and Nigel could have stood before him in matching plaid suits, and Will would be able to address them both correctly by name.

"Where's Hannibal?" Will asked as neutrally as he could. He turned back to look out the large windows, but kept the Alpha in his peripheral.

"He's still on the slopes." Nigel said as he stripped down, taking Will's answering silence as permission to stay. The blush that painted the Omega's face bright red was all the encouragement the Alpha needed to join Will in the hot tub completely nude. "Just as well. This gives us a chance to talk." Nigel groaned the last few words as he sank into the heated water. Settling himself with his back to the window, Nigel made Will his view.

"I'm not one for casual conversation." Will said, his blue grey eyes staring over a tanned shoulder in a vain attempt to focus on the snowy mountains outside. He ignored the Alpha but Nigel didn't seem deterred by his uncooperative opinion on the matter.

“That’s a shame,” he drawled, taking a slow drag to breathe out silvery blue smoke that lingered in the air between them. “I rather enjoy hearing your voice.”

“My voice, not my opinion.” Will snorted, catching the quick twist of lips in his peripheral.

“Are you going to keep putting fucking words in my mouth every time we speak to one another, darling?” Nigel was still smiling, but it wasn’t pleasant. Will discovered this as he let his stormy eyes glance over to meet sanguine for a fleeting moment. The cruelty he could read in those bloody eyes may have been more than Nigel had meant to reveal. He turned his gaze downward to settle on the curl of lips, watching the sweep of a tongue darting out to wet a wind chapped lip.

“I believe the standing agreement is that we are supposed to be opening up darling, trying to make this little shit show of ours work.” Nigel callously reminded, punctuating his words with soft curls of silver smoke. The Alpha was torn between admiring Will and being infuriated with him, Nigel impressed by the Omega's character while cursing his inborn stubbornness. It wasn't often Nigel met a person who wasn't afraid of him or what he could do to them, and yet here sat this Omega who would happily tell him to go fuck himself with something long and rusty.

Cool eyes slid with quiet disinterest back to the window, Will reminding himself how unattractive the foreign Alpha before him was even as he felt his cock begin to stir with interest. Rage was an ugly thing on anyone, but a little anger added a dash of something alluring.

“What do you do for a living?” Will asked as he repositioned himself, thankful that he'd worn swimming trunks. The chemicals in the hot tub would ruin any pheromones that either of them might give off as well so Will didn't worry about Nigel scenting him or misinterpreting what his body wanted.

The sudden interest in his life seemed to catch Nigel off guard though, pale brows rising up at the sudden question. “Pardon?”

“You have money. I’ve seen the scotch you drink and you feel completely at home in this kind of atmosphere, surrounded by designer furniture and rich foods. You do something in order to live a lifestyle that would supply you with that sort of thing on a regular basis.” Will rationalized, noting the still standing look of surprise on Nigel's face, “Hannibal is a therapist and used to be a surgeon, but you don’t talk or act like any highly paid professional I’ve ever seen. You don’t have a ‘job’ per say.” Stormy eyes turned to settle on thin lips again, “You make money, but you don’t work. Not in the traditional sense of the word at least. So, what do you do for a living?”

Nigel smiled, more than a little pleased to see that his brother hadn’t been kidding when he said the Omega’s clever mind was something to behold. “I work in sales.” It wasn’t a lie, though it made the Omega's eyes narrow. "Amongst other things.” Still not a lie.

Will didn’t miss the intentionally vague replies. "What do you sell?” Will pressed, instinct and the bond telling him that was a bad idea. He had no intention of letting the bad man off

the hook so easily though. "Anything I'd be interested in one aspect or another?"

Nigel chuckled, the sound of it deep and rich as he took one final drag from his smoke. Snubbing out the cherry between calloused fingertips, Nigel flicked the butt with practiced ease into an ashtray Will hadn't noticed before. "What do you think, darling?"

"I think I need to remind you that you're mated to an FBI profiler." The smile Nigel wore only grew, imperfect teeth tinted by tobacco showing off a wolfish grin as the Alpha left his seat to move closer to his clever Omega.

"Then I suppose it's only fair to warn you that you're mated to a very bad man, and that this is a package deal. Anything you do to me affects my dear brother as well." Nigel watched as Will's expression curdled at the reminder. As undefined as Will's feeling were for him, it was obvious that the Omega cared deeply about Hannibal. Jealousy turned Nigel's stomach sour. Yearning made the Alpha bold. "Turn around, darling. With some of the positions we had you in, your back must be fucking killing you. Let me rub your shoulders."

Unimpressed by the offer and letting his face show it, Will eyed Nigel while quietly debating with himself before turning around to offer up his back to the Alpha. Nigel licked his lips, seeming more turned on by the threat against his freedom than actually feeling threatened by Will at all.

"Fine." Will muttered, only agreeing because he had to. Hannibal hadn't taught him how to do anything with his end of the Bond yet. Blocking out Nigel was tiring on so many different levels.

"So hostile." Nigel sighed as his calloused hands gripped Will's shoulders, rough thumbs pressing into the muscles that ran along his shoulder blades to push along the bone there and make the stubborn Omega groan out loud in relief. What Nigel had said was an understatement. Will was sore in places he hadn't even known he had, and the press of hands into knotted muscles felt like a little slice of heaven.

"I don't have any reason not to be," Will groaned the words despite himself. Nigel's hands seemed to have a talent for finding the sore muscles and joints to rub the hurt out of them with a firm touch.

"You're right. You have every right to be cross with us, darling, especially me. I'd like to offer an apology for my behaviour." Pressing a little too hard, almost to the point of pain Nigel's hand suddenly shifted from the uncomfortable movement to a more pleasant slide of his palms over Will's shoulders, thumbs pressing into the muscles at the crook of the Omega's neck. Nigel resisted the urge to trace the outline of his bit mark. He doubted that Will would appreciate attention to the Alpha's claim upon him.

It wasn't long before the Alpha's pattern adjusted to one somehow reflecting only the movements that Will had deemed to be his favorite and most pleasurable. Figuring it out, the Omega grinned, sighing out his displeasure while holding still for those broad hands to continue.

“You’re cheating,” Will hummed, feeling the swell of mirth through the feed of their bond. “You’re feeling me out to see what I like.”

His accusation was met with a low chuckle, Nigel leaning in closer to press a kiss to Will’s temple. “You’re just too clever.” Taking advantage of Will’s lax state of mind and body while he could, Nigel pressed in closer, lowering his lips to ghost kisses over still raw skin. “You’re the whole package, aren’t you, darling? Ass of an angel and brains of an Alpha. If you can shoot a gun, you’ll be perfect.”

“Tasteless.” Will scoffed, pushing away from the Alpha despite his body screaming at him to stay. “I’m not a piece of meat. I’m your mate.” Despite the pain still lingering in his lower region, Will removed himself from the comfortable heat of the hot tub.

“I like hearing you say that." Nigel grinned, leaning back to regard the Omega openly as he dried off. He was disjointed that Will was doing his best to run away, and just when things were starting to get interesting.

“I may be forced to accept it, but I don’t have to act upon it.” Will countered, positioning the towel to hide his chub.

Nigel’s grin seemed to grow as if he knew about what Will was hiding from him, the Alpha's eyes settling on the curve of Will’s hips. "But you know at some point you will, darling. You're going to start craving your Alpha’s touch eventually.”

To Nigel's immediate surprise, Will didn't seem bothered by this assessment or its accuracy.

“You’re right. I can’t fight my biology. My Heat was proof enough of that. At some point, I’m going to need an Alpha now that I’m bonded." Will's own dark little smirk played across his features, stormy eyes lighting up with challenge. It made Nigel feel uneasy at just how pleased Will felt.

"Too bad for you I have two mates to choose from."

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudos are holding your comments under water, your comments are looking for sharp things to stab them with in the tub.

The writers are snapping wet towels at each other as they argue over future plotting and porn.

Mending Bonds

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will have a little chat about the bad feelings that have been brewing between him and Nigel.

Chapter Notes

Hello darlings, SKU here~<3

Thank you all for your lovely comments and being patent with us while we've been dealing with broken computers and fevers. We're doing our best dears. ;D

And with that read on and enjoy~<3

We own nothing.

Written and beta'd by us~<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Toweling off his hair, Will was feeling rather pleased with himself, even while dressed in another set of gifts given to him by Hannibal. Having been left out on the bed for him by said Alpha, this outfit consisted of soft cream colored fitted slacks and a silk button up in a dark blue that proved to be far warmer than it looked.

All the material hugged his lithe frame and ran smooth as water over his flesh, softer than anything he'd ever owned before. It felt as though the sleek fabric sliding over his skin with every shift of his shoulders and arms were the cool hands of the twins ghosting over his flesh.

Pushing those thoughts to the back of his mind, Will shivered in memory of his Heat. If he wasn't careful, he was going to make the flaccid flesh between his legs harden into something awkward, especially with Nigel still being the only Alpha here.

Ignoring the recollection of strong bodies and broad hands lingering over him, Will chose instead to search out the kitchen in favor of something to eat for lunch.

That being said, Will still wanted both Alphas to see him in the outfit, but for very different reasons. Without saying anything, Will would encourage Hannibal's company by wearing what was chosen for him by the Alpha, all the while reinforcing what he told Nigel earlier.

Padding barefoot over the cold hardwood toward his destination, Will contemplated retreating back to his room for some socks, the winter chilled wood leaving his toes numb. Just as comfort started to win out over hunger, Will noted his other mate's return from the slopes, Hannibal setting his ski boots by the hearth to dry.

“Hello Will." Hannibal greeted, turning to his mate now that his task was completed. “How was your afternoon?”

Though Hannibal was smiling at him, the Alpha's expression still held an indiscernible quality about it. Will could tell from the light pull of lips that didn’t quite reach his eyes, like Hannibal was trying not to upset or frighten the Omega. Even their connection was muted to an extent. Will's end was flush with warm feelings to be met a void, like Will was a stream and Hannibal was a rock in that stream, just letting the water pass over him. It was the first time Hannibal had left Will feeling unsettled.

Wondering what he had done wrong, Will tried not to push too much of his discomfort onto Hannibal, fighting to smother the feeling. He had already intentionally alienated one mate. Of course it would be his lot in life to do so accidentally with the other. Attempting not to shuffle from one foot to the other in some nervous trait of his gender, Will watched the slow calculated approach of his Alpha.

Because Will lived with great amounts of fear, he didn't know what to expect. The rational part of his brain reminded Will that he knew Hannibal and there was nothing to be afraid of. The Omega part was upset that his Alpha was displeased about something, wanting Will to bare his throat to Hannibal to placate him. The other part he didn't like to talk about, the wendigo within Will kept hidden cause it understood killers too well, was telling him he should have already been running.

The warmth of a hand placed to the small of his back almost startled Will, Hannibal giving him as odd look as he guiding Will into the kitchen he had been seeking out before the distraction of his return. It took a moment for Will to remember that Hannibal had asked him a question and was still expecting his answer. The Alpha had a very distinct feeling about manners.

“It’s been okay.” Will said stiltedly, unable to shake his feelings of unease. He tried to ignore the mess of his stomach, positive now that he had done something wrong to upset his mate. His growing hunger soured it further, but that was a sensation Will was used to. Growing up poor, Will had gone without enough times. Through a lifetime of practice, the Omega had gotten good at ignoring his body's wants and complaints.

"I spent most of it soaking in the hot tub.” Will admitted, letting Hannibal direct him to a chair. The Alpha only left his side when he was sure Will was comfortably situated into it, though the Omega would have preferred now to hide in his room. Well, someone's room.

"I'm glad you took my suggestion seriously enough to do so. I want you to keep doing that though. It will alleviate your body pain exponentially." Hannibal said as he openly studied Will. The Omega resisted the urge to hunch in his chair. "You have a detrimental habit of denying yourself pleasure. Life is more than just pain, Will."

"Could have fooled me." Will said, making up his mind to leave. He decided that he would stay out of Hannibal's way, and make himself scarce for a while. Firm hands placed to his shoulders kept Will in his seat, the Omega looking up at his Alpha with a questioning look.

"Will, are you hungry?" Hannibal asked not unkindly. If anything, it felt sad to Will, for so many different reasons. The Omega nodded in answer, not trusting himself to voice one.

There was a slow cooker on the kitchen counter. Hannibal left him finally to attend to it, getting out plates and other ingredients that Will could only assume were for the dish. He hadn't noticed the appliance during his earlier explorations of the house, the mouth-watering aromas of Hannibal's latest creation trapped beneath the lid.

Heady aromas filled the kitchen though as the glass top was lifted and a spoon dipped inside so that its creator could sample the thick broth of whatever lay within. To Will's relief, it was found to be satisfactory which meant no further waiting on their part. Will could almost taste the succulent cuts of beef stewing in sauce as he scented the air. His stomach sounded its impatience and displeasure with a noisy rumble, reminding the Omega of just how hungry he really was.

Ladling what look like some sort of stew into a bowl, Hannibal garnished the humble fare with a spring of something green and leafy to float uselessly on top. If Will had to guess he would have put his money on some kind of parsley, but he couldn't be sure without asking.

"What you are about to dine upon is called boeuf bourguignon, a traditional French stew of beef and vegetables in a red wine reduction. It began its origin as a peasant's dish, and was usually made with toughest cuts of meat that would be boiled in wine to help soften the beef as it marinade. Today, it has become a rather haute cuisine being prepared with better cuts." Hannibal explained the dish as he set it down in front of Will.

Unhappily, Will noticed that Hannibal was not dining with him, preparing no bowl for himself, though he was filling two wine glasses from a bottle that had been left open to breath. "I have selected a lovely 2006 Chateau ste Michelle meritage to pair with it. Its subtle flavors of cherries and fruit should contrast nicely with the stew." Setting the glass before his mate, Hannibal took a seat of his own. "Bon appétit."

"Merci." Will matched the French with some of his own, appreciating the offered dish despite the still lingering feeling of discomfort coming from his mate. He refused to tilt his head, offering up his throat or whine and purr in submission despite his biology. Smothering the urge to placate his Alpha and too hungry not to eat with food right in front of him, Will tasted the hot broth, letting the rich subtle flavors of root vegetables, wine, and tender meat wash over his tongue. He almost moaned out loud as a cut of beef melted on his tongue, so tender it practically disintegrated in his mouth.

"This is delicious." Will sighed out when he regained the capability for speech.

"I am pleased that you like it." Hannibal watched his mate as he devoured the stew, seemingly content enough to just witness the act of providing.

Despite the obvious irritation still coming from his mate, Will felt a tickle of mirth and joy that flitted through the back of his mind as he ate, one that could only come from the Alpha beside him. Will hadn't realized before just how much pride Hannibal took in his cooking.

The man was held in high regard for his culinary skill, and clearly enjoyed sharing that gift with people. Will had never realized though to what extent it pleasured Hannibal to witness people enjoying his cooking, or the sense of peace it brought with it.

"It applies to you in particular." Hannibal supplied, letting Will know he had been read through the link. "You are not one to give empty compliments. Hearing praise from you, providing for my mate, it all gives me a sense of joy."

"How do I block this...this thing we have between us?" Will asked as he pushed his empty bowl away. "I have no secrets anymore. I want, no, I need some privacy. I feel like I've been completely laid out bare to you, vulnerable and violated. How do I find balance in this?"

"We have a deal, Will. I'm afraid you still need to earn that knowledge." Hannibal said in a flat tone, reinforcing the impression of displeasure. The Alpha scented the complex aromas of the meritage with a swirl to watch the red cling to the glass before taking an appreciative sip.

Will furrowed his brow at the dismissive answer. "What do you mean 'earn it'? I just spent the last fifteen minutes playing 'get to know you' with Nigel in a hot tub." He challenged, no longer giving a damn about the irate mood his mate was in.

"Did you?" Hannibal didn't seem convinced, setting his glass off to the side. "Would you care to explain to me why you were feeling so smug earlier today while Nigel was lost somewhere between unruly jealousy and indignation?"

OoOoO

That was a severe understatement to his brother's thriving rage, the Alpha's mercurial temper harboured deep within, and still raging like a tempest made of flame and a heat that drove lesser men to acts of cruel violence.

While Nigel and Will were having their exchange in the hot tub, Hannibal had been visiting the resort's communal skiing lodge to give his twin an opportunity to have some time alone with their temperamental Omega.

Enjoying a rather robust merlot, Hannibal had almost choked on the vintage when he'd felt Nigel's anger spike like a blow to the back of his head, a comet landing within the center of their shared mind space. The Alpha had been forced to excuse himself from a lovely couple with whom he had been discussing the latest rendition of the French opera 'Faust' to settle himself in a chair by the fire.

Feigning exhaustion from a day of skiing, Hannibal closed his eyes and focused inward to visit the grounds of their shared mind space to survey the damage there caused by his twin's innate violent nature.

The mind palace had been created decades ago, an almost physical realm that was as complex and detailed as a labyrinth. Originally, it had been a place to simply store memories within the bone cage of his mind. Over time, it had grown into something wondrous, a land with no borders in which Hannibal ruled over.

Within his self made kingdom, Hannibal could wander the halls with ease to re-live or view events and places of his past, navigating the endless halls and wings of the castle he had created with ease, vast by even medieval standards. The Alpha picked and chose only the best the world had to offer to fresco the walls of his mind with. Severe, beautiful, and timeless, the foyer for his palace alone was the Norman Chapel in Palermo.

One the most unique things about having a twin though was that the bond they shared tripled that space, if the infinite could be folded in upon itself.

Hannibal's mind shared space with Nigel's own so that the two kingdoms overlapped. More organic and far less disciplined in organization, Nigel didn't have one grand building per say like Hannibal did, a maze of light and dark rooms. Instead, Nigel was a scrawling collection of colorful buildings connected together by swinging bridges made of rope and carved archways. Hannibal would often study the skeleton of its ever changing streets from the balconies of his castle.

The shared space in the bond reminded Hannibal of the back alleys and twisting side streets of Bucharest that was all purely Nigel with a dash of Rome from Hannibal. The walls of this self made maze was created from mutual emotions and memories shared by the twins. Decades of separation had caused it to degrade into a slum to a certain extent, though their shared vacation helped to maintain its existence.

With Will in the mix now, there had been a shift in influence, Nigel’s grown and groomed part of the bond catching up with Hannibal’s own in complexity if not strength. The twin had claimed a portion of the grand castle all for his own several days ago, just as Hannibal found he could venture out into the city outside of it. Hannibal was certainly enjoying the coffee shops he found hidden in enclaves and dead ends. It was there drinking rich dark coffee he had no recollection of ever having before that Hannibal found it easier than expected to accept this transition from his to theirs. Since Will's Heat, they had been sharing the impossible on so many different, new levels.

Still, it had been disconcerting for Hannibal to stumble across an inelegant, almost gauche wing in his castle, something obviously not of his making. It was intriguing though to feel something change in his head after so many years.

It was there he found Nigel, standing within that crass space and relieving some of his anger. In pools of water with intricate mosaics inlayed at their bottoms, the volatile Alpha watched the replay of the latest outcome of his jealousy. The brutal murder of Charlie Countryman and Nigel's former mate, the beautiful beta Gabi, was something that he was seeking to avoid this time around.

“What has Will said to upset you so, Nigel?” Hannibal asked. It didn't take a genius to figure out the reasoning behind Nigel dwelling upon a past bout of jealousy, one that had ended badly for other people.

“Just a fucking declaration of preference. He's all yours." Nigel sneered, his jealous resentment a tangible thing. Before Hannibal could say anything though, Nigel disappeared behind a new door of his own making to lock himself away in privacy. The flow of emotion and information from him was blocked off as well with an almost audible snap, like the sound of a door slamming in the stunned Alpha's face.

Hannibal hated time and opportunities wasted. Leaving the skiing lodge earlier than he had excepted to, Hannibal thought very quietly and carefully about how he could fix this mess his mates had made for themselves in his absence.

OoOoO

“He sees me as a piece of meat Hannibal,” Will argued, bringing Hannibal back to the here and now. "He's possessive and cocky. I was just pointing out that he’s not my only option.” Will admitted, because he wasn’t and Nigel should know that. If Nigel wanted to build anything between them, he was going to have to learn a little fucking respect first.

“Under what childish pretense did you believe that making him jealous was going to fix any of that, or help lay down the foundation for a healthy relationship? Nigel is as much a part of this as you or I. By trying to exclude him and punish him for the trespasses against you, you harm us all. You resent him so strongly for being a creature of passion and instinct that you refuse to allow yourself to see past the indignities that he has inflicted upon you by your Heat's scent. They are the same indignities that I have inflicted upon you, and yet you have found it in your heart to forgive me." Hannibal said, keeping his tone even but his features stern. "I know the wounds are still fresh, Will, but we agreed to move beyond that, all of us."

Will felt a push of disappointment through their link, Hannibal opening up just enough to let Will feels his disapproval about the Omega's behavior toward his twin. That Will should have known better, Nigel being Hannibal’s only living family and here he was, treating him like shit. Will didn't appreciate the bond being used against him like this, tried to express as much back through their connection.

"I apologize for being so crass about my methods, but we need to move forward, Will, whether you agree with the bond that has come to pass or not. Continuing to reject Nigel will be detrimental and only upset the bond between us all. What we have created is beautiful and rare. It is also extremely fragile. It needs to be tended to with care and acceptance from all parties involved." Hannibal allowed some warmth to return to his voice, face, and their bond. Now that Will was properly admonished, he needed to be brought back in close with a kind hand and soft words.

“I never asked for this, Hannibal." Will reminded the Alpha tightly, even as he leaned in as Hannibal drew near.

“I never asked to be placed in a sexual relationship with my brother either, to be mated by him, yet I find that is exactly what has come to pass.” Hannibal was under no illusion that Nigel would be refraining himself from a repeat performance of their bonding moment. It had been suppressed to an extent, but there had been pleasure leaking through their link from Nigel about their moment tied together. The other Alpha had discovered something new about himself while within Hannibal, had enjoyed the strangling grip of too tight flesh around

his swollen knot. It was nearly painful in its choking tightness around his girth, but Nigel had found himself enjoying it, perhaps a bit too much.

Guilt flooded in Hannibal from all sides, drowning out the memory of it. The source of that immense remorse had let himself forget what had happened with the twins. Instead of hurting him by forcing the Omega to take two knots, Hannibal had taken the second knot for him, the Alpha's own secured in Will at the time. Belated, Will realized that he had been so focused on himself, he hadn't spared much thought to his mates or their discomfort about the unusual situation at hand. His empathy only made Will feel worse for his behaviour towards the twins. “I hadn’t considered…”

“And you were never supposed to. Nigel and I have already accepted our places in this bond. There was no need to push such thoughts of incest upon you.” Will felt sick to the point of nauseous with guilt as Hannibal continued. “We have become lovers, and nothing in this world will ever change that back to what it once was.”

For dramatic effect, Hannibal took another sip of wine to feign an emotional pause. It was a more blunt approach than he preferred, but Hannibal was satisfied to have at last made headway with the stubborn Omega. For all their sakes, he needed Will to warm up to Nigel. Not only their survival but their sanity would depend on making this bond work, and that would only happen if they could live in peace with one another.

While Hannibal manipulated the bond between them unnoticed, much like a spider winding silk around a dying fly, Will tried to wrap his mind around the sacrifice made by the pair. His damn empathy all too easily placed himself on their side of the bond, their perspectives.

Growing up alone with no one but your other half as company and family…to have that bond of a birth changed to something more by a lover who would only accept one over the other, the rejection of your other face and body in one sense while acceptance in another. The division of family by jealousy caused by a mutual mate, and soured by a one sided love. All that and the twins had, as much as Will, valued their freedom. Nigel and Hannibal had not wanted this either, and Will had let himself forget that. They were just better at adapting.

Feeling suddenly ill from self loathing, Will pushed back from the table, almost falling out of his chair in haste to get away from his friend and mate. What made it all worse was that Will knew Hannibal could feel his guilt.

To his credit, Hannibal didn't stop him as Will left, or hinder him with questions. Probably because he already knew where the Omega was going.

OoOoO

As extravagant as it was, the cabin wasn't that big, having only the two bedrooms, and Hannibal and Will would have noticed if Nigel had left to brave the elements. It didn't take Will long to find his other mate, though it was somewhat of a surprise to find Nigel asleep. The Alpha hadn't struck Will as the type to take naps, but as he entered the room that had been originally picked out for Hannibal, there he was.

The Alpha was curled up on his side upon the bed, completely still but for the slow movement of his easy breaths. What struck Will as odd in that moment was that Nigel's feet were bare like his own. Though he doubted Hannibal wore shoes to bed, Will couldn't remember a time when he had ever seen the Alpha's feet uncovered, and his memories from Heat were a blur.

They were long, fine boned things, those feet, looking like they belonged to a dancer or gymnast. Before he realized what he was doing, Will found himself touching the soles of them, the dry skin feeling chilled beneath his fingertips.

A growl made Will look up, the Alpha awake now though just barely. Tired maroon eyes glared at Will as Nigel pulled his feet away from the Omega and curled up tighter. Despite the warning, Nigel closed his eyes to fall back asleep, much to Will's ire and relief. If the Alpha really perceived him as a threat, Nigel would have been well awake and in his face. The fact the alpha had fallen back asleep so quickly meant he truly viewed Will as his mate.

Climbing into the bed before he could change his mind, Will crept to Nigel's side. Never one for subtlety, Will pressed himself into Nigel's arms and rearranged the Alpha where he wanted him, all while being watched by a pair of very confused sanguine eyes.

The bond between them was more like macrame than the swath of silk it should have been. Close contact made that all the more clear to Will as he pressed himself up against his other Alpha, stormy blue eyes meeting bloody ones. Will was apologizing with his body the best he could because words failed him too often to be relied upon.

For a moment, the Alpha and Omega both held still, it being Nigel’s turn to make a move. He could either accept or deny his Omega’s quiet acknowledgment of regret. As more silence passed between them Will fought the urge to get up and leave, denying his more socially awkward nature to push himself closer to the other man.

“I’m not good with people.” Will tried to explain, feeling at a total loss for words as he tried to sort himself out and explain what he could, while he could. "You may have noticed.”

That got a snort of amusement, but Nigel gave Will the time to finish whatever it was he needed to say. “I’m still not happy with what has happened. To be honest, I probably won’t be for a while, and I'm going to fuck up, but it was unfair of me to blame you for it. I was trying to punish you and only you for something that's not entirely your fault."

Another moment of silence passed between them as Nigel studied him in quiet contemplation, those clever maroon eyes taking Will in before the Alpha slid a strong arm around Will’s back to pull his soft curved form tighter against him with slow, almost lazy movements. Will took it as a sort of ‘apology accepted’ and let himself relax into that hold.

Warmed by the late afternoon's glow filtering through the window and the touch of a body only slightly broader than his own, Will made himself look at the man he had been so desperate to push away.

As he took Nigel in with all the anger and resentment finally pushed aside, it was as though Will was seeing the Alpha in a whole new light. For starters, Nigel had more laugh lines than

Hannibal. Even lying here half asleep on the bed as he was, there was still more expression in Nigel's still face than Will generally saw in Hannibal's own on a good day.

Will noted that Nigel's skin was also slightly darker than Hannibal's, tanned more golden from time spent out in the sun. His ashen hair was a little longer and lighter than his twin's as well, the style of it unkempt half the time as he let the strands fall where they may instead of slicking them back much as his brother preferred. With the added stubble Will found there, more often than not Nigel held the appearance of looking rough around the edges.

It was that appearance that helped Will relax a little more into that warm body. The usual unease he felt around Hannibal for being underdressed or unkept was nonexistent with Nigel. If he gave this man a chance, Will could see the possibility of what might lie between them. Nigel would be someone he could shoot the shit with while having a beer. He might even go fishing with Will if he asked. Nigel's physical presence would be in direct contrast to the emotional support he gained from Hannibal, but a welcomed change in structure. There was a true possibility for something beautiful between them, and Will found that it was something he wanted to experience.

A soothing sort of warmth eased itself into Will's being, momentarily confusing the Omega before he recognized the sensation of Nigel's bond. He realized that at some point the Alpha must have cut him off, blocking Will from his feed completely and all without his notice.

At last understanding the extent of the damage he had done, another bloom of guilt settled deep inside him. In response, those strong arms moved tighter around him, Nigel rolling Will to settle beneath him and meet stormy blue eyes.

"We'll make it work darling." Nigel offered in his own sort of comfort, brushing a stray curl from his lover's eyes. "We have the rest of our lives to get it right."

Tentatively, Will leaned a little closer to the man atop of him, seeking out familiar lips to take a hesitant kiss from him. He was almost surprised when Nigel met him halfway, letting him lead. He was giving Will the control he so desperately needed in their blooming relationship, and Will was more than thankful for the effort.

Each gentle movement of lips was met with equal pressure and affection, the invitation of tongue initiated by Will, and ultimately controlled by the younger man as he explored the cavern of his lover's mouth with a conscious mind. He found himself growing slightly more bold as the bad man from Bucharest let him lead.

Shifting to run his hands up the Alpha's back Will felt up the hard planes of toned muscles shift under his palms as the man moved above him. Slipping an arm under his shoulders to hold Will tight against him, the Alpha moved to slide his palm along the Omega's hip, thumb running the curve of bone with a conscious affection.

Nigel was an Alpha of violence, control, and above all, passion. Be it in the evidence of their time shared in the hot tub or curled up with his mate in bed, this man poured his everything into that which he loved. The idea of becoming the focus of such a force was unimaginable to Will.

After being alone for so long, Will couldn't begin to comprehend such a thing ever being directed at him and yet knew that one day it would, that it was beginning to dawn for him. During his heat, Will had tasted it and he knew in the very near future, he would witness that focus upon him again. The thought of it left the Omega both terrified and thrilled.

Nipping at the older man's lip with blunt Omega teeth meant for eating and not cutting through flesh or forming bonds, Will coaxed a lazy smile from his sleepy Alpha.

"I think we can make this work." Will admitted, stealing another kiss. "Yeah, we'll be okay." He could already feel a few of the snarls in their bond smoothing out.

OoOoO

As the electrical storm of raging guilt that threatened to swallow Will turned into static and the blazing fires of Nigel's jealousy cooled to a flickering flame, Hannibal knew a certain amount of peace had at last been found between the bickering pair.

With a sigh of relief, Hannibal reveled in his victory. The calm that came from it finally allowed Hannibal's appetite to return. He had found himself suffering from Will's disinterest in food bleeding through their bond, the Omega's contribution of overwhelming guilt and fear terribly harsh on the stomach.

While Hannibal was no stranger to fear and hunger, it bothered him Will clung to aspects of his childhood. He had felt Will's hunger in the living room, and knew if he had not physically led the Omega to the kitchen, Will would have gone without and not thought anything about it.

The Omega's acceptance of that hunger did not sit well with Hannibal, especially when it affected his own. It was embedded in an Alpha's nature to protect and provide for their Omega. As displeased as Hannibal had been with Will in that moment, he could not let his mate suffer a second longer.

Simply speaking, Will was no longer a game or a toy to be wound up and let go to see where he ended up. The Omega had been raised above all others. He needed to be cared for. It was not what Hannibal had originally planned, but he was versatile. The addition of his twin in the bond was another matter entirely, but Hannibal was confident they could come to an agreement.

With the return of his appetite Hannibal had finally been able to sit down to enjoy his own bowl of boeuf bourguignon and a rather generous glass of meritage. Taking his time to enjoy the hearty dish, Hannibal allowed the bonding couple to focus upon each other in private before he deemed enough time had passed for him to safely check in them. He didn't want to disturb at what might be a delicate moment, but he also didn't want Nigel alone with Will for too long either.

Pleasantly full now, Hannibal padded down the hall on silent feet aided by the shadows of early evening. Entering his room through the door that had been left ajar from Will's earlier intrusion, Hannibal was quite pleased with what he found there.

Will lay in one of the more traditional resting positions of an Omega, the fairest sex finding safety and protection in slumber beneath the heavy weight of their Alpha. The fruits of his labor had taken to such a position with Will tucked securely beneath Nigel, bodies aligned to form a flush seam.

Silently preening, Hannibal approached the bed, pride swelling in recollection of his tactful manipulation as he further examined his bonded mates. Will looked much the way he had the night he appeared at his house sleep walking. With the soft curves of his cheeks and parting of pink lips, the Omega had the visage of a fallen angle, one lost among devils. The harsh lines of stress and anxiety were wiped away by the comforting safety found in sleep. It was a face meant to be captured by the old masters in oil and marble in pieces that would be considered a timeless beauty.

A peace Will had found in Nigel.

It wasn't often that Hannibal experienced the emotion of jealousy towards his brother. The number of occasions could to be recalled on the fingers of one hand, but as he stood there witnessing the blooming connection between the mate he had been chasing, the man he had been wanting to keep for nearly a year with office visits and late night dinners, Hannibal felt exactly that. A cold slide of ice sheathing itself beneath his skin as a wave of jealousy wrapped around him.

"Then join us you, fucking idiot. Don't you dare wake him up with your bullshit." Tired maroon eyes slit open to find their identical match. "He's our mate, not mine. Not yours. Ours."

The Lecter's stared at each other in silence, one brother contemplating the other as more feelings were settled between them, a discussion of vagaries passing through their bond rather than words alone.

Relenting, Hannibal joined the pair, ignoring Nigel's grunt as he found a place atop the pile, letting his fingers slid through silken curls as he buried his nose in ashen locks so much like his own. Closing his eyes to the blended scents of brother and mates, Nigel and Will, Hannibal fell asleep.

The peace that had been found between two was now kept among three.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudos are climbing the puppy pile to see who gets to sit on top, your comments fighting for the leftovers of Hannibal's french beef stew.

The writers are whispering to each other about future plots and porn to come.

Wolf Trap, Baltimore or Bucharest

Chapter Summary

The boys finally get the nitty-gritty of where they're gonna live!

Chapter Notes

Oh look at that, we wrote a thing, I'm just gonna leave that here.

You all enjoy that. ;D

We own nothing.

Beta'd by us~<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will awoke, it felt like he had slept for ages, the Omega feeling extremely well rested for once. It was also to a smothering weight trapping him between the bed and a body, though he honestly couldn't remember Nigel weighing as much as this before.

Trying to wriggle free and failing, Will blinked his sleep gritted eyes open to face the world…or pillow…really whatever he could see of it. What came into view turned out to be the still face of the slumbering Alpha above him, Nigel having laid himself on top and curled bodily around Will to cage him. His arms were under the pillow, acting almost like a secondary cushion as he embraced the Omega in sleep. Nigel's forehead was even touching Will's own as though they had fallen asleep gazing into each other's eyes.

Never one to entertain romantic sentiments for long, Will knew that wasn't the case though. He had closed his eyes and started to drift off while Nigel was running his fingers through his hair. Meaning the Alpha had either fallen asleep watching Will, or rolled onto his mate to scent him during the night, a common practice between mated couples especially when an Alpha was involved.

It was something Will had never expected to experience in his life, the affection of a mate, much less an Alpha, or that almost surreal feeling of being wanted. Nigel was making this seem like Will meant a whole lot more than just a Heat gone wrong.

It wasn't love, but it was better than nothing. Though literature and other forms of media would like one to believe otherwise, bonds didn't guarantee such a thing. Bonding allowed

insight and understanding, especially between an Alpha and an Omega, but it was for survival and the passing on of genetics. Romance was a more modern addition to the ritual of bonding.

"Hanni's told me all about you. It's nice to finally have a face to go along with the name," Were some of Nigel's first words to him. Though they had only been said a few days ago, it felt more like a lifetime. So much had changed. Will didn't know yet if he was for better for it.

"How long have you known about me?" Will murmured in wonder, studying the deep creases of laugh lines that still hung around Nigel's eyes even in sleep. They made him look more worn by life than aged by time. This was a person who had lived through terrible things, and he had the scars to prove it.

In a moment of bravery, Will touched his lips to Nigel's, closing his eyes to let himself feel the warmth of skin and rough hairs of an overnight beard scratching his relatively smooth face.

There was a reason Will never shaved his beard off completely, other than to hide his more Omegan features from seeking Alphas. The reality of it was that it was an absolute bitch to grow. Nature didn't give Omegas a great amount of body hair, some of their gender failing to have the gene for it at all. Will had always counted himself lucky when facial hair had begun to appear in his mid-twenties. Will's beard had only been occasionally trimmed since, but never shaved completely off, letting the meager growth he had obtained remain intact.

Looking at the stubble on Nigel scraping his chin now Will couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy towards his mate for growing facial hair so easily. It was almost enough to make him want to bite the man in his sleep. That didn't strike Will as a very good idea so he opted to leave instead.

Trying again to shift out from under the heavy weight of his mate, Will discovered that he really couldn't move much more than his head and wiggle his shoulders. Knowing that Nigel couldn't weigh that much, Will peeked a little farther back, straining to see over the man's shoulders. He suddenly understood why it was impossible to move when he caught sight of the additional Alpha atop him, the second body pinning down the Omega to trap him on the bottom of the puppy pile.

Sleeping with his face buried in the loose fallen hair of his twin, Hannibal's nose was tucked in the crook of Nigel's neck to scent him as they slept. Unable to resist the urge Will reached over his shoulder to brush stray locks out of his mate's sleeping face, he was surprised to find himself being watched by a very aware Alpha.

He pulled his hand back, tucking it beneath him once more, "You wake easy." Will whispered to the peeking sanguine eye that took him in through messy ashen locks.

"We both do, darling," The closer sibling smiled, the expression crooked with humor as Nigel also cracked a tired eye open to watch his trapped mate. That insight made Will realize that the pair might have been aware of him kissing Nigel. The Alpha's widening grin confirmed his suspicion.

“How long have you both been awake?” Will ventured, Nigel leaning forward to steal a kiss from Will's pout in answer. It triggered a sudden heat to crawl under Will’s skin as the Omega turned his head to bury his face in the pillow. Someone's hand began to stroke his curls to coax him back to face them, fingers running through the bed messed halo and down the line of his neck in a soothing swirl of gentle motion.

"Did you sleep well, Will?” The Omega assumed it was Hannibal talking, Nigel too busy nipping kisses to Will's ear to make his mouth form words.

“I can’t move.” Will complained into the pillow as two men began to shower him in morning affection. Hannibal's fingers played with his curls, and Nigel seemed intent on memorizing the curvature of his ear with his lips and teeth.

“So what? Neither can I.” Nigel chuckled, releasing the flesh between his teeth to look back at Hannibal who didn't appear to be moving any time soon.

“You weren’t worried you might crush me in my sleep?” Will finally gave up on the pillow's false sanctuary to look back at the pair trading off their own good morning kiss. It was a sight that was doing things to Will in his lower regions.

“No,” Hannibal smiled over his brother’s shoulder, leaning closer to press a kiss to Will’s cheek. He was all smug with medical knowledge. “Omegas are built to comfortably withstand up to three times their weight when it is laid out upon them.” The good doctor explained, rolling off of his brother to drop by their side. "Some find that it has a calming effect."

“I’ve heard that before. I'm not one of those Omegas so get off me.” Will said, wriggling out from beneath the still present weight until Nigel took the hint and rolled to let the Omega sit up and stretch with greater ease. “But I don’t think my gender's biology created the weight limit so we could take on two Alphas."

“Nah,” Nigel grinned, reaching into the nightstand to produce a pack of smokes and a lighter. “It’s a defence so when some poor bitch gets mated to a fat fuck, she can still breath when stuck sleeping under him.”

“Eloquent." Hannibal commented in such a flat tone it almost made Will laugh. “It may not have been the purpose for the evolutionary development, but it will serve well enough for our purposes.”

That had Will thinking, the Omega pushing himself up on elbows to better regard his mates. “You plan on sleeping on me in a puppy pile every night?” His body was already committing to the idea, but his mind was still resistant. It made things sound permanent in a different sort of way that needed to be addressed. "You plan on driving out to Wolf Trap that often?”

"Where the hell is Wolf Trap?" Nigel arched a pale brow at the Omega, not liking the non-expression on Hannibal's face or the rush of feelings coming and going through their bonds.

Will didn't need his empathy to tell him that the other Alpha had been hoping to skip this conversation. At least until he had gotten Will back home, preferable in Baltimore where he

could have more or less inform his mate of his new permanent living arrangement. “As a mated Omega, you can’t continue to live by yourself in Wolf Trap. I was hoping you would join me in Baltimore.” Hannibal said in a careful tone that made Will's back teeth grit together.

Intrigued by the bond's feedback, Nigel was all too glad he’d lit up before this conversation started. He took a long pull before offering his own two cents on the topic in a cloud of silvery smoke. “There a reason no one’s considered Bucharest?” He drawled out. Darko and the rest of his business would be waiting for him to return.

“Because it would be far easier for you to pick up and leave than it would be for Will and I to change countries at a moment's notice.” Hannibal informed his brother as though the option of Romania was so far down the list it didn’t even register as a viable option. His disdainful expression alone really said it all.

"I beg your pardon?” Nigel didn’t miss the tone either, letting his displeasure with the obvious dismissal be more than known as emotions flared up through their link like gasoline thrown on an already burning car. “I think Bucharest is as much an ‘option’ as fucking Baltimore. Have you thought it might be easier for you to set up shop in my part of the world rather than me in yours? I have irons in the fire there."

“That would actually be another reason why it would be impractical for us, Nigel. I have an established practice with elite clientele, and a reputation to maintain. Will is a teacher as well as a profiler for the FBI. It hardly seems fair to force the both of us to leave all that behind.” Hannibal said pointedly at his twin. Romania and Nigel's chosen profession had never agreed with Hannibal. It was an old argument of theirs, and Nigel was well aware of that.

Will didn’t know if he really wanted to be lying in bed between the two Alphas who looked as if they were about to go for each other's throats. In fact, he knew he didn’t, and promptly sat up to move away from them. Hands from either side of him kept the Omega from going too far though.

“I know you don't like it, but Hannibal’s right, Nigel." Will sighed, really not wanting to get in the middle of an old feud. The argument had all the hallmarks of a dead horse beaten into a second death. The Omega ran his fingers through loose curls in a vain attempt to tame the mess he could feel standing out on all sides. “My French is passable, but I don’t speak Romanian. Social isolation aside, I’d feel more trapped and resentful than I already am if you make me move there.”

Because there was a big difference between chosen solitude and complete isolation, his Omegan biology would already be forcing him to stay close to his new mates, his body needy for their constant attention. He didn’t want to be driven to them in both mind and body because they were his sole form of comprehensible companionship.

In answer, Nigel snarled, their bond heating up from the Alpha's displeasure. Like a knee jerk reaction, it had Will reaching out to touch the Alpha's leg. The motion drew the attention of those intense maroon eyes to him before he could stop himself, the need to placate his angered mate flooding him.

Fighting the flight instinct to pull his hand back under Nigel's scrutinizing gaze, Will became relieved when one of the man's larger hands took Will's own gently, the Alpha sighing out his defeat as he caved for the greater good of his Omega. Will could feel it, feel that he was the push that was making Nigel give in.

Above all else, Nigel wanted to take care of Will, the Omega feeling that need within the Alpha though it was much fainter in Hannibal. Understanding the suffering he would be causing Will to relocate Bucharest was enough incentive to prompt the Alpha to give up his home and old way of life.

"Fine, I'll move to Baltimore." Nigel grumbled, ignoring how smug Hannibal was being in his own head. A long conversion with Darko was in order. Nigel knew that the other Alpha would be thrilled to be made king of the rats. He would also probably have to fake his own death as well. He didn't need foreign police unexpectedly turning up at their door.

The Alpha relenting struck a cord with Will, making his stomach twist from the kindness he would not soon forget, though something still didn't sit right with him.

"You're not moving to Baltimore." Will turned his own hot stare back toward Hannibal. The too pleased with himself Alpha sat up to lean back against the headboard Will could recall doing a number of risqué positions against. "I've already told you. I'm not leaving Wolf Trap."

"You are now a mated Omega, Will. You can no longer live alone. Your body won't let you. Our bond won't let you." Hannibal pointed out.

"So move to Wolf Trap." Will shrugged, ready to fight for his right to live on his little farm out in the middle of nowhere.

"Baltimore would be more convenient, Will. Taking the travel time alone into consideration, my home is far closer to both your and my places of work." Hannibal seemed perfectly at ease as he argued his points. The Alpha was already confident in his victory, and it showed. "My house is also larger than yours. It would be the most comfortable place for the three of us. It is large enough we would be able to interact with one another, but could also have privacy as well when needed."

Screw empathy. Will was getting a good idea of how Nigel felt now that he was negotiating with Hannibal. He had a bad feeling he would need to count his toes and fingers to make sure they were all still there by the time they were done bargaining.

"I like my house. I don't want to give it up." Will argued on.

"I like my home too, darling, but we all have to make sacrifices here." Nigel grumbled as he lit another cigarette, letting Will know how much it sucked when the shoe was on the other foot.

"Not all of us," Will countered, turning back to Hannibal, the one who seemed to think he was holding all the Aces in this game. "Not yet."

The challenge made said Alpha quirk a pale brow, curiosity spiking at what his Omega might bring to the table. “I’m bringing my dogs.” Will showed his cards. The bond wasn't needed for everyone on the bed to know how much Hannibal didn’t like that.

“No. Absolutely not." Was the flat out refusal. The very thought of pet dander and endless hair made the unconfirmed OCD doctor cringe. He didn’t even want to consider the pack's odor or the scratches on his mahogany.

“Dogs? How many you got?” Nigel perked up. He happened to like dogs, had them printed on a shirt to prove it. That earned him a hopeful look from Will and a glare from Hannibal who already knew he was shit out of luck on this issue if Nigel backed their mate.

“I have seven.” Will explained without taking his eyes off the Alpha fighting to keep his home pet free. To Hannibal, Nigel's laugh sounded like coffin nails being driven into a pine box.

"I will not have seven dogs running around my house.” Hannibal proclaimed in what he felt was finality.

“Screw you, Hanni." Nigel grinned, at last regaining the attention of their beloved Omega. Will could have said he owned a kennel and Nigel's answer would have been the same. Supporting Will in this endeavor meant he got to screw with Hannibal. “The doggies get to stay at your mini-mansion. It’s the ‘sacrifice’ you'll have to make if you want Will and I to move into your place.”

To his delight, Will joined Nigel in that shit eating grin, happy to have an ally on his side for once as the pair stared down Hannibal.

“They’re not to come inside.” Hannibal was willing to switch tactics and compromise when it was clear he was not going to win.

“It’s not your fucking house anymore, Hanni. It's our house. Yours, mine, and Will’s, and my darling and I want the dogs inside.” Nigel countered, taking a long drag from his cigarette. He smiled at Will when he felt a gentle squeeze of thanks from the hand he was still holding. If Nigel couldn’t have what he wanted, he was going to make damn sure Hannibal didn't either. The added bonus of Will's affection was nice too. It wasn’t showing on the surface, and Nigel doubted that it was leaking through between Hannibal and Will’s bond either, but he could feel the discontent pulsing from his brother. He really wasn’t happy about those damn dogs.

“Don’t press your luck, Nigel.” Hannibal warned, his voice steady and friendly enough not to spook Will. The inner workings of their shared mind palace was truer to his malice. “They stay in the backyard. I will hire a contractor to build them a comfortable living space, but they’re not coming inside.” He stated, returning his attention to the Omega he was doing the real bargaining with.

“Alright.” Will could agree to that. Knowing Hannibal, the dog's 'comfortable living space' would probably be nicer than his house was now.

“And you will clean up after them every day. Rain, shine, or snow." If he was going to lose his butterfly garden to a pack of mutts, the very least Will could do was keep the backyard clean of canine fecal matter.

“Agreed.” Will could understand that, Hannibal being a very neat man with very particular needs. Taking in that number of dogs was a real ordeal for him. If he was willing to let Will keep his furry family, Will would make it a point to clean up the yard every day.

“But I also get to keep my house.” Will said, going on to his next agenda now that the dogs had been sorted.

Hannibal sighed, resisting the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose. “There’s no need for it, Will. You’ve already agreed to live in Baltimore. To what purpose would you need a second home in Wolf Trap?”

‘To retain some sense of freedom,’ Will thought bitterly. What he said was “Because I like to fish, and having a warm place I can stay at if weather starts to turn or if I fall into the river when it’s cold would be a nice thing to have. I can also keep all my fishing poles and gear there. They tend to retain a fishy smell."

“He’s not planning on living there, Hanni. Let him keep his damn house. He’s going to need someplace to store his shit anyway. I already know you're not about to let either one of us start fucking with the decor.” Nigel was grinning again, loving each and every one of Hannibal's nerves being ground under his heel as they began their subtle sibling rivalry for the Omega’s affection. It didn’t go unnoticed by Hannibal, Will all but purring for Nigel.

“I suppose this means you’ll be keeping your job as well then, Will?" Hannibal said far too calmly. He was pushing a button he knew Nigel had been hoping to skip. For all his lax, devil may care attitude, his brother, oddly enough, was a traditionalist when it came to Omegas and their perceived roles in regard to their mates. Nigel would allow Will to have all the freedom in the world so long as he stayed at home to let the Alphas go to work and shared their bed each night.

“He hardly needs that.” Nigel scoffed, stubbing out the butt of his cigarette. He didn't know it yet, but he had already stepping into it up to his ankles. His mistake would be brought to his attention soon enough. Eventually, shit seeps through the shoe. “Hell, we don’t even need to work. You have enough money to support us. We throw in my half of the inheritance, and we can live on the god-damn interest alone.”

As interesting as it was to have a better understanding of just how wealthy Hannibal was, it didn’t change the fact that Will wanted to work. “I have every intention of keeping my job, Nigel. I have a mortgage to pay off and kibble to buy. I’m not about to put my bills on anyone, mate or not."

That obviously didn’t sit well with Nigel, the twin letting his other half know he wasn’t impressed with the idea of their mate going to work, much to Hannibal’s delight. Will wouldn’t take kindly to having his say on the matter ignored.

"And you have every right to continue to do so. If you ever wish to stop assisting Jack with his cases or teaching though, Nigel and I would be more than happy to provide for you." Hannibal said magnanimously, all while watching Nigel twitch in anger. "Don't feel you have to though for the income."

“No Omega of mine is going to work. He doesn’t need to.” Nigel growled at Hannibal who smiled blandly back at him.

“The times are changing, Nigel, Omegas work and provide for their families as much as Alphas these days. They are simply given a week off every quarter for their heat. That aside, they are treated with every equal opportunity as any Beta or Alpha in the workforce. Gone are the days of the home bound Omega." Hannibal said with a grin that was all teeth and no humor. It provoked Nigel to flash his own pearly whites at the other Alpha in warning.

There was a big ‘fuck you’ being passed back and forth between the twins in their more private bond, the equivalent of doors being slammed off their hinges and books being thrown to the base sounds of table flips and snarky comments.

It didn’t help matters either when Will decided to pull back his hand from his no longer favored Alpha to lean back away from either to consider them both. He wasn’t about to play one brother against the other, they were certainly doing that well enough all on their own, but he wasn’t about to stop either of them if they were going to try and win his favor by agreeing with him.

Displeased with the lost contact and feeling Hannibal’s mirth at having been the cause of it, Nigel relented. “Fine, you work. So be it. But I get to pick up my darling from the office every day.” Was Nigel's ultimatum in the matter.

“You really are a traditionalist, aren’t you?” Will griped, though he couldn’t help feeling almost excited about the idea of showing off the Alpha, his mate to others. No one had ever thought that Will would end up with anyone. He was too old to be taking on an Alpha of any sort, and most male Omega’s ended up dying alone anyway because they couldn’t produce offspring. Against all odds, he was sitting with not one, but two pure Alphas, both bonded to him. It made Will's stomach do an excited little flipflop at the thought of showing Nigel off, letting Jack and Alana and Beverly meet his mate.

“I’m quirky that way.” Nigel grinned. Whatever thought was making the Omega happy was sending out pleasant sensations, like feeling champagne bubbles bombard the skin to pop and tingle.

"Fine, you can pick me up after work.” Will rolled his eyes to hide how happy he was.

Pleased that the majority of their negotiation had been settled, Hannibal was the first to push himself off of the bed. “Then I suppose we are all agreed. Will gets to keep his dogs, house, and job, and we will all live together in Baltimore.”

“And I get a room.” Will quickly added, earning a sharp look of disbelief from Nigel.

“What the hell do you need a room for? Omegas sleep with their Alphas. End of discussion.” Will could tell that this was nonnegotiable with Nigel, and there was no way he was going to relent on it.

“Will has always enjoyed his privacy, He lives in a farmhouse as close to the middle of nowhere as he can feasibly allow while still driving to work every day.” Hannibal supplied in explanation for his brother. “He needs a place for himself to have the privacy he’s become so accustomed to.”

“Yes, you may have a room of your own that neither Nigel or myself may enter without your consent.” Hannibal told Will, despite Nigel's protests.

It was probably the first time Will was happy to have someone understand the inner workings of his mind. “Thank you.” He murmured.

Nigel wasn’t happy about the room and he wasn’t going to fake tolerability for anyone else's benefit either. Will was his Omega, his mate, and as his Alpha, he should have free access to him whenever he wanted. Be it to bend him over the nearest surface, or ask what he wanted for fucking dinner. “I don’t like the room.” Nigel seethed.

“And as his psychiatrist, I’m telling you that Will needs it. He gets a room, Nigel. It would be detrimental to Will’s psyche to take all privacy away from him.” Hannibal explained as he opened a drawer to produce a pullover and slacks.

Nigel turned to Will, the flames of their link still running hot, and he found it impossible to look away. "You sleep in our bed. Every night. Not that room.”

This was the possessive side of Nigel Will had only caught a glimpse of while in the hot tub, the Alpha letting a few of his truer colors show.

“As long as I get a room.” Will conceded, knowing he couldn’t get out of the bed sharing. He didn’t think either of his mate would force themselves on him, but truth be told, Will couldn’t see Hannibal letting him sleep on his own either. They would both be against him on that one.

“Also,” Hannibal smiled, feeling no threat towards his favored hobby, “Despite tradition, I would like to continue taking charge of the cooking.” Something traditionally considered to be an Omega’s job.

“No fucking shit.” Nigel scowled. He was still pissed and looking for a reason to pick a fight. “Hey,” That shit eating grin was back, the man tapping another cigarette from his soft pack. He didn't usually chain smoke, but it was either this or regrettable actions. “This mean you gonna introduce Will to your butcher?”

It earned more than a heated look from the other Alpha, a serious warning underlining those bloody eyes. “There would be no need, not if I’m the one cooking.” That certainly left Will to wonder about his ethical butcher.

“I hope you’re enjoying those, Nigel,” Hannibal gave a nod to the soft pack of smokes on the nightstand, his brother releasing a slow breath of smoke as his eyes narrowed. “Because you will not be smoking them inside once we get to Baltimore.

“You fucking wish, Hanni.” Nigel growled, “It’s my house too now, and I’ll smoke wherever I damn well please.”

“It’s not the most pleasant smell, Nigel,” Will added his own two cents to the argument. To his and Hannibal's surprise, Nigel crawled over to him to place his silvery head in Will's lap, looking up at the Omega with pleading eyes. Will had been expecting shouting, anger, and maybe even a fight, but not the Alpha to prostrate himself in his lap.

“Oh come on, darling, I gave in to your room, I’m letting you keep your job, and I helped you win with the puppies.” Nigel purred into Will's belly. “Please let me have my nicotine. I’m a much nicer guy after I’ve had a smoke.”

"I don't think you're a nice guy in general." Will told him, because it was true. This was like being head nuzzled by a tiger. Still, it was best not to ignore a cat, big or small, when they asked to be pet.

Feeling awkward, Will settled his hands on Nigel's head, his fingers sinking into the silk of silvery locks. The affection made Nigel purr, the sound of it deep and throaty, as his arms came to settle heavily around the Omega's waist.

"When I'm bad, I'm better, but for you, gorgeous, I can be plenty nice." Nigel rumbled, his words distorted by his purr and accent. They broke something wonderfully in Will's brain, a pleasant sort of numbness seeping in around his edges.

“No smoking in the bedroom.” Will sighed, giving into the man’s need for his drug of choice. He didn’t really want to deal with Nigel having withdrawal pains, and technically, it was his house too now. Hannibal was once again unhappy.

“That’s blatant manipulation.” Hannibal stated plainly. He was unamused by his twin's groveling, but would be willing to trade spots with him in an instant, not that he would ever admit that aloud. Will apparently responded well to an Alpha's purr, the Omega still petting Nigel's head.

“Fucking kettle, fucking pot, Hanni,” Nigel shot back. With one hand, he let go of Will long enough to flip a bird at Hannibal for emphasis. "You're just jealous you didn't do it first."

“You are not smoking anywhere near my kitchen or the dining room.” Hannibal added darkly. If Nigel had to smoke in the house, he wasn’t about to let him ruin his meals with it.

“You can keep your little sanctuary all clean and pristine. I won’t contaminate it.” Nigel promised, pleased to have finally won something in his favor. His current location was nice as well, the Alpha content to let Will continue running his fingers through his hair.

Selecting some clothes to set before Will, Hannibal placed a kiss to the Omega’s temple before turning to leave the room. “If no one is opposed to the idea, I’d like to take the first

shower. I'll begin breakfast when I'm done."

Will furrowed his brow at the pile of clothing placed on the bed for him. Another thought came to mind at the remembrance of an Alpha Omega tradition he could now clearly see Hannibal playing into.

"You've been dressing me." Will stated the obvious, looking from his clothes to the Alpha lingering in the doorway. That made Hannibal smile, the Alpha liking it when Will picked up on the little things.

"Yes, I have and I plan to continue." Hannibal said.

"I have my own wardrobe. I can pick out my own clothes, thank you. I've been doing so for a while now." Not that Will wasn't enjoying the soft, rich fabrics of brushed wool pants and cashmere tops. He just felt the need to fight and maintain as much of his old life as he could. Will needed to keep his identity because he was all he had to fall back on if this failed. One set of deep maroon turned on Will, the Alpha considering him a moment.

The other was too busy imitating a koala monkey baby thing to give two shits about what was going on around him. Will wondered if Nigel was going to pass out in his lap like this, their section of the bond a calm blue ocean.

"What if I took you out shopping with me? You could pick the styles you find more to your liking, and I would still have the satisfaction of providing and dressing my mate." Hannibal offered. He didn't feel like making this an argument or waste time doing so when it was obvious he was right.

"Let him keep his clothes, Hanni. Not everyone can pull off plaid like you do or wants to." Nigel chimed in, rubbing his face in Will's belly to make the Omega fall back on the bed. The Alpha went with the motion to lay his head on Will's chest, right above his heart. After a second's hesitation, Will resumed stroking his hair, his fingers straying to the sides of Nigel's face to gently caress it.

As comfortable as he was, Will felt ridiculous having a conversation like this. It kept Hannibal's eyes off of him though, the sanguine orbs currently bearing down on Nigel.

"You have no say in this Nigel. I've seen what you wear." Hannibal snapped, his mind cringing at the very thought of bowling shirts.

"Those are vintage." Nigel lazily shot back.

"I like my flannel." Will pointed out as well to feel Nigel laugh against him.

"Now I get why he wants to dress you." Nigel snickered, smothering the sound of it in Will's chest. A lock of hair was tweaked sharply by the Omega for that. Nigel only purred louder to make him do it again.

"Can't we do both?" Will ventured, trying to stay focused. It was harder than he expected with Nigel still purring on top of him. His weight was strangely comforting, and Will was

beginning to worry that perhaps he was one of those Omegas who liked something or someone on top of them. Weighted blankets were a popular item among his gender for a reason after all. "I keep my old clothes, but we can add to them."

“Alright,” Hannibal agreed, “But you’re not bringing anything threadbare or with a hole in it, and you’re not to buy anything ‘new’ made from subpar material.” It would mean he would have to wait a number of years before Will was finally be rid of his old atrocious clothing, but it was a sacrifice he was willing to make if it meant he'd get Will into nicer, more fitted, clothing.

The clever Omega saw through his ploy though. “You can add to it, I won’t bring home anymore and I won’t wear my old stuff out in public with you, but I’m not throwing anything away that I don’t want to.” It would mean a far longer wait, but eventually the garments would wear through and Will would be forced to dress himself in only that which had been provided for him. He didn’t like it, but Hannibal could wait until then. He was nothing if not a patient man. He also did the laundry, and was on very good terms with his dry cleaner. Accidents happened.

"Very well,” Hannibal relented with a barely there sigh. Things could have gone better in his opinion. "Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be taking that shower.”

“Wait,” was an unexpected request. Hannibal complied as he drew near to his mates again, watching as Will extricated himself out from under Nigel to crawl to the edge of the bed. There, he reached out to grab a hold of Hannibal’s hand and tug him back onto the bed.

The negotiations had left everyone more than a little stressed and feeling slightly sour, with the exception of Nigel. Will made a mental note to remember that the Alpha responded very well to any sort of physical contact.

The last thing that Will wanted to do was leave bad feelings between them all to fester as they tried to adjust to their new lives together. What he could do was show his mates that he was at least trying to be an active part in this.

Hannibal allowed Will to tug him back onto the bed, crawling back into his former place at the headboard as guided by the visibly nervous Omega. Curious, Hannibal remained still as he watched his hesitant mate crawl into his lap. Throat clicking dryly, Will swallowed hard before leaning forward to nuzzle Hannibal's cheek with his own, and in turn, mark his Alpha as his.

It was a ritual they had missed out on during the Omega's Heat, an ending that should have come when Will returned to himself instead of him kicking Nigel in the knot. It equated to the proverbial ‘I do’ of a wedding ceremony. This was the act of Will accepting and acknowledging Hannibal as his mate.

It left the Alpha frozen, watching with intrigue as Will rubbed his scent glands against him and mark what was his, accepting the claim that had been laid upon him.

Will almost jumped out of Hannibal's lap when Nigel came up behind him to do the same, nipping at the flesh of still healing scars as he nuzzled his face into Will's neck to partake in

the ceremony of marking and being marked in return. His innate nature and the bond would not let him stay still until Will and Hannibal were done scenting each other to combine their musks.

Being trapped between two Alphas only made Will freeze, the already nervous Omega unused to such attention and hesitant about having begun the marking himself. Nature told the Omega that this close, the two Alphas were going to fight each other, and he didn't want to be in the middle of that. Will gripped the soft fabric of Hannibal’s shirt, searching for reassurance and comfort as he tried to continue the task at hand of accepting his mate.

Nigel growled when a hand gripped him by the back of the throat to hold him still and away from their timid mate.

“Let him lead this, Nigel.” Hannibal warned, coaxing the man to take note of Will’s apprehension through their link. It had him sitting back, setting himself just behind the Omega with his hands on his hips as a vivid reminder that he was still there, waiting for his turn.

It was another long moment before Will felt comfortable enough to start this again, leaning forward to brush himself against Hannibal and nervously slide his hands through ashen hair, coaxing the other alpha to move and in turn, mark him back.

Offering a gentle reassurance to his mate through their bond, Hannibal leaned forward to nuzzle back, marking Will with his scent glands in slow gentle movements that still left the Omega tense as he accepted the marking.

Broad hands tugged, gently yet insistently at the tapered hips they held. Reminding Will he had another mate sitting right behind him, one who was feeling rather eager bordering on desperate for his attention.

With the help of many hands for balance, Will turned around to face his other Alpha, sliding himself from one lap to the other as he leaned forward to begin the same slow hesitant treatment with his more aggressive mate. Nigel was aware of the quiet coaching being fed to him through the bond, Hannibal telling him to hold still and let Will to do what he liked. The tight grip still on the back of Nigel's neck further enforced this.

It was a hard thing to do considering Will was pushed up against him, his soft lips trailing over sensitive skin. The Omega's tongue peeking out to lick at his glands, tasting the skin and pheromones there before giving a shaky nod to Nigel, giving the Alpha permission to begin.

Rolling his neck and shoulders to shake off Hannibal's hand with a growl, Nigel returned the marking. Even while trying to be gentle, he was more aggressive in the act than Hannibal had been, nipping at Will's skin sharply enough to leave it red and sore.

Feeling his brother's hand again on his neck, Nigel left off of Will to snap at Hannibal, only to have his chin caught and held in place. Sharp cheekbones ground against one another as Hannibal placed his face alongside Nigel's.

Still sitting between them, Will got to enjoy a front row seat, watching wide eyes as the twins claimed each other, Hannibal allowing Nigel a more appropriate outlet for his aggressive love. Will winced for Hannibal as sharp teeth clamped down on an earlobe to bloody it. He knew it was their way of letting their Omega know they were all in this together as equals on all sides of the triangle.

It made Will brave enough to join in, moving between them as they worked to completely claim each other.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudo's are playing dress up in soft expensive clothing, your comments are nuzzling Alpha's and hoping they don't bite.

Dogs make everything better

Chapter Summary

The bonded trio return to Baltimore, and Will gets his pack back.
Not beta read.

Chapter Notes

Hello! DarkmoonSigel here!
In the language of flowers, black roses mean obsession.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“A week in the Alps and we only managed to go skiing once.” Nigel chuckled, more to himself than anyone else as the trio entered their Baltimore home. He’d exchanged his return ticket from Bucharest to Baltimore, and had made Hannibal switch up his and Will’s seats for a set of three that would allow the group to sit together as well. It was a rare spectacle, letting the now bonded Omega to be seen tucked securely between his two mates.

Despite his downcast eyes and the flush that had colored his cheeks for most of the flight, Nigel knew deep down Will was loving it. Used to bringing stared at, the Omega was an interesting little bundle of nerves who wasn't used to people looking at him with want. Will's empathy made him overly aware of all the envious attention and mutters of shock at the strangely inverted male omega who had managed to land twins, two pure Alpha’s. It was scandalous.

“You could have had more time outdoors if you’d really wanted.” Will shot back at the Alpha, tentatively entering what would now be his new home. It was one thing walking into Hannibal’s house as a dinner guest, hanging up your coat and slipping off your shoes to sit in the dining room, or to keep the chef company sitting in the kitchen's leather seat until dinner was ready. It was another thing entirely of its own to walk into that same house, and know it was now his to explore at his leisure and live within the four walls of.

“Believe me, darling, that wasn’t an option. You made damn sure neither of us were going anywhere until you were good and done.” Nigel grinned, dumping his bags by the sofa before dropping onto the designer furniture like it was any other beat up couch.

Stretching out down its length, the Alpha knocked off the decorative black and white pillow with his bare feet, the Alpha losing his shoes and socks as soon as they got past the front door. That earned him a look and a sigh of discontent from Hannibal who stooped to pick it

up. He ended up having to do so quickly, Nigel unabashedly grinning and trying to kick the pillow across the room without getting up, his toes grazing the pillow to make it skid across the marble. Hannibal only deigned to give Nigel a cold look instead of retaliating as he relocated the pillow.

"I've decided to hate that pillow. You're never going to see it again." Nigel grinned, making himself sit up.

"I could say the same thing about your horrendous dog shirt." Hannibal said calmly as he positioned the pillow just so elsewhere.

"Keep in mind, brother dear, if anything happens to my clothes, I will start wearing yours." Nigel practically cooed the obvious threat, making Will wonder exactly what the Alpha had in mind. Hannibal apparently had a good idea, the man blanching a bit at the thought.

Once again feeling the awkward crawl of heat under his skin, Will turned his attention from the Alphas to the sitting room he had been invited to sip glasses of wine in a numerous times before. The grand room decorated in shades of green and animal bones suddenly seemed far more intimidating now as he edged farther into it. It was a predator's space, purely Alpha and Hannibal in design, giving the impression of a jungle's killing ground.

Not sure what to so with himself, Will took a stiff seat in the green chair, placing his bag beside him on the floor until he told what to do with it. The anxious behavior did not go unnoticed though, Hannibal approaching his mate to cup his face and bring their lips together in a gentle, chaste kiss. It was a nice gesture, but left Will cursing the bond.

“I would like you to relax, William. This is your home now.” Stormy blue met soft maroon in the quiet exchange of insecurity and reassurance. Growing up dirt poor had left Will with a certain resentment toward the rich, but also with a respect for expensive things. His posture and placement was reminiscent of a small child who had been told to stay put and not break anything. Will wasn't that poor, dirty child born and bred in the South anymore. He'd lost his accent, educated himself despite all opposition, moved far away from his wandering roots, and made quite a bit of money doing what he did. Try as he might though, some drilled lessons of childhood remained intact.

“I’m just…still adjusting.” Will offered in the way of awkward apology, tearing his eyes away from his Alpha’s to focus instead on the thin lips of his mouth. He didn't even know what he was apologizing for.

“Darling, there isn’t anything in this room you could break that can’t be replaced.” Nigel offered his own words of comfort from the couch. They made Will want to throw up, embarrassed that he was being so obvious. “Well, maybe not the paintings. Knowing Hanni, I'm sure there is an original or two in the mix."

That had blue grey eyes flicking around again to take in the numerous displays of the dead and other expensive items within the room which included a harpsichord of all things. It looked more like a museum that someone's living room...sitting room. Whatever the hell it was. It probably has a proper title of some sort, and everything in here had a history.

"For once, I find myself agreeing with Nigel. The only thing of worth is sitting before me. Everything else is extraneous." Hannibal said, drawing away to give Will his space even while his fingers lingered on the Omega's face.

Feeling the double flood of comfort and peace pushing through his bonds had Will meeting sanguine eyes once more to give a nod. He needed to make them stop. He didn't want to feel good or relaxed or whatever else they were trying to impress upon him. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Please do." Hannibal smiled, running a calloused thumb over Will's cheek to enjoy the feel of still smooth skin there. It pleased him to know Will's gene for facial hair growth was one of the weaker ones. It would make it easier to keep him clean shaven for the foreseeable future. "Now I'm afraid as much as I would like to stay and enjoy the rest of the afternoon in your company giving a tour of the house, I regrettable need to make a quick trip to my office."

Privacy was needed so that he could deal with Jack Crawford and other variables. The Alpha agent would not be pleased to learn that he might be losing his best profiler or have limited access to him. Hannibal had whisked Will away under the pretense of a malady. It would not go over well with anyone when they found out the Omega wasn't cured but bonded. Hannibal also had to contact Du Marier and let her know that her private practice of one was taking on another patient. Even before the bond, Hannibal believed that Will's mind was too precious a thing to entrust to some inept, hack psychiatrist.

The game board had changed considerably in a very short time, and Hannibal needed to switch his pieces around to compensate for all his losses and gains. The white knight he had been trying to elevate to a king was now his black queen. Endless plans and infinite moves were jarred when Hannibal felt a razor shard of worry and fear that was not his own run itself across his mind space. He really needed to teach Will about bonds and control.

"Nigel will be here with you, Will. He can certainly show you around the house if you would like." It was a perk to their shared mind space. So long as a door was left open between them, they could have access to each other memories. Hannibal impressed upon Nigel to keep Will away from the basement that wasn't supposed to be there to an answering glare of 'wow, no shit' from his twin.

Another push of comfort passed through their bond causing Will to try and stomp out the fear that was welling up in him. That was actually part of the problem. This was going to the first time he was truly alone with Nigel. Agreements in bed aside, the Alpha was a foreign concept to Will who didn't let many people in to begin with.

"I'll be fine, Hannibal. Go do whatever you need to do." Will's words came out more curtly than he would have liked, but he was too wound up to soften the edges of them. "And for the love of God, teach me how to suppress my end of the bond. I think I've made more than a fair contribution to my end of our deal."

"I suppose you have. We can start tomorrow. I think we'll have enough to worry about for one evening." Hannibal said with another one of those barely there smiles. If Will hasn't made them his focus, he would have missed it entirely.

“That’s fair.” He didn’t think he’d be able to concentrate on much that night anyway. He was too nervous about the new living arrangements to spare the energy or mental space, one of which meant he would be sleeping in the same bed as Hannibal and Nigel.

“I’ll see you both tonight.” Hannibal said in parting. With another kiss to his mate and a still surprising one to his brother, Hannibal left for his office and whatever work might be waiting for him there.

Licking his lips to capture the ghosting taste of his twin, Nigel hated to see Hannibal go but appreciated the view as he walked away. Turning his attention back to the man who’d been left in the room with him, Nigel was amused to see Will was still stiff as a board. The Omega was stubborn to a fault, his own and others, it would seem, and a few trite word of reassurance would do little to alleviate the engrained lessons of a lifetime.

From his perspective, Nigel couldn't blame Will's unease. The environment wasn't exactly Omega friendly with its killing ground theme. Even Nigel was less than thrilled by his surrounding. For someone who's hobby was murdering other people for fun and food, Hannibal's decor themes practically shouted 'look at me! I'm mentally unbalanced, probably to a dangerous extent!' with all its meticulously arranged displays of animal skulls, horns, and bones. Nigel found the wallpaper to be especially obnoxious.

"Relax. I know our surroundings border on pretentiously vulgar, but we will make do.” Nigel said, watching Will shift in his seat instead of responding. He followed the dance of flickering blue eyes move from the floor to his lips, and back again. Their Omega was not one for eye contact, not even when he was lost in the throes of his Heat. Will was avoiding his eyes like he had avoided them then.

“Darling, if you don’t calm the fuck down, I will break everything in this room just to show you how much Hanni and I care.” Nigel tried again, watching as Will took in a too quick breath. That wouldn't be a huge sacrifice on his part. He was dying to tip over one of the ridiculous displays.

That seemed to catch Will's attention, though not quite the way he had wanted. Instead of receding, the tension within the Omega ramped up, leaving Nigel with a nasty headache. Stress was coursing through Will and it was beginning to make Nigel feel sick. It was something would have to stopped unless he wanted his dear brother to turn his damn Bentley around and drive back to take their mate with him.

"Oh for fuck's sake." Nigel snapped, getting up and off the couch so fast Will didn't have enough to react as he was grabbed for and caught. Dragging the stiff man back to the couch, Nigel pulled Will down into his lap. Will proved to be resistant to the idea, pushing at Nigel's shoulders with his hands and locking his legs.

"I'm not going to hurt you. Just do me the courtesy of sitting near me." Nigel gave in as he put his hands up and away from the struggling Omega, Will about falling off the couch in his efforts when the Alpha's grip upon him was withdrawn.

"Then extend an invitation first." Will snapped, but stayed on the couch anyway. "I don't appreciate being moved like that, like I'm a thing in this room."

"If it will make you relax, I'll move anything in this room you want." Nigel sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. The headache was only getting worse the angrier its source got.

"Stop telling me what to do. I don't want to relax or remain calm!" Will was yelling now, much to Nigel's dismay as his head filled with what felt like glass shards.

"This is your home now. You're expected to live here, not just simply exist. You can make mistakes, accidentally break something, stain something, ruin anything. If fact, I encourage it. I know I'm eventually going to burn or break quite a few things soon, and probably with great intent. " Nigel told the Omega.

That could be a lot of somethings actually given his temper from time to time. Too much controlled order in one place drove Nigel up a wall, made him stir crazy. It was one of the reasons Bucharest and him had gotten on so famously. It was a filthy city of immense beauty, where centuries old churches made delicate looking by their mosaics existed next to a fragile urban scrawl decorated in its whorish graffiti. The perfect balance of orderly chaos.

And there in lied the difference between Nigel and Hannibal. When presented with something beautiful like a butterfly, Hannibal would carefully have it pinned behind glass and on display. In contrast, Nigel would rip its wings off to keep with him, hidden from prying eyes. The butterfly would owned, but in vastly different ways.

"So yes, stop worrying about it, and calm the fuck down. You're giving me a damn headache." Nigel sighed, rubbing his palms to his eyes to try and alleviate some of the pain behind his eyes. To his surprise and immediately relief, the migraine began to ebb away until it was completely gone.

"I can't do that. I don't like it here." Will said quietly, studying the pattern of the marble tile work. He hadn't meant to cause Nigel pain, felt bad about it. Will supposed it was just another lovely side effect of their bond. He could dole out his displeasure in the form of pain to his mates. Wonderful.

"I don't either." Nigel admitted to have the Omega glance over at him in surprise. For a second, there was a image placed in his head by Will, that of a girl mounted on a stag's head. The bond was telling him what the room was reminding Will of, and the thoughts it inspired were gnawing at Will's insides to wound and fester.

Nigel recognized the presentation, the style of it. He didn't need to be told by anyone that is was Hannibal's, though he worked to keep that observation to himself. His twins practically signed his damn work. You just had to know where to look for the signature. The extent of Hannibal's game with the FBI was unknown to Nigel, his twin secretively even with him about it. The fact that Will had this image in his head so clearly did not sit well with Nigel.

"Nothing of this place belongs to me. You say this is my home, but it doesn't smell like me. I know I'm supposed to live here, but that doesn't make it a home." Will side eyed Nigel as he spoke. He reminded himself that the Alpha beside him had been displaced as well and to a greater extent. He wondered what Nigel's home in Bucharest had looked like.

"It was a shithole, at least compared to this. You're not missing out on much." Nigel answered, letting Will know he had thought about it loud enough for the Alpha to hear. "I've never lived in one place for too long. As long as there was a decent cafe nearby, I was happy." The Alpha skipped explaining the reason of why that was, and Will didn't feel a need to pursue it.

"I don't want to be here." Will said which was a simple sentence with multiple complex meanings attached to it. He had worked so hard and for so long, come so far, to create a place for himself, away from and yet still in the world. His little house deep in the woods where he could be himself with his stream and his dogs. Now he was in what felt like a mausoleum, staring at semi-familiar walls and artistically placed animal skull.

Nigel has a way of smiling that made Will's stomach sink to hit bottom, and not in the good way "So let's make this place a little more like home. Where your dogs at?"

"We can't do that. Hannibal still has to hire a contractor for the backyard." Will said, paling a bit. He hadn't even seen Hannibal's backyard yet, and was already feeling horribly guilty about its impending demise.

There was an idea brewing in Nigel's head though, one that put a shit eating grin back on his face as he tapped out a cigarette and lit up. 'A bad feeling' didn't even begin to cover what Will was starting to experience.

"Guess we are off then. A bargain's a bargain, gorgeous, and Hannibal has to give the devil what he is due too." He blew out a puff of silvery grey as he got up off the couch and left the room, clearly excepting Will to follow him. "I think it's time to bring the doggies home."

OoOoO

The average drive from Baltimore, Maryland to Wolf Trap, Virginia took roughly an hour to an hour and half depending on traffic. Breaking so many laws, a few of them possibly being physics and the space time continuum because Will had no idea how they managed it, Nigel made the journey in a neatly impossible forty minutes.

"There's no way Hanni's going to let you keep this shitty car." Nigel was still grinned as he jerked the wheel to turn in too fast at the last minute into Will's driveway. The Alpha was loving the thrill that rolled through his gut as he felt the backend fishtail in a cloud of road dust and gravel before lining up with the road again to soar down the pathway that led to Will's house.

"It's not going to matter if you kill us!" Will yelled from where he clung on for dear life, praying to every deity he knew of and a few he had made up along the way here. His fingers hurt from keeping a white knuckled grip on the passenger seat for so long as Nigel skid to a stop in front of his little farm house. Will nearly threw himself out of the vehicle, grateful to have arrived in one piece. The bad man in the driver's seat was still laughing about it as he climbed out of the aged Volvo, a lit cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

"Hanni's not too fond of my driving either, but you'll get used to it, darling." Nigel shrugged as he admired the Omega's home with its weathered front deck. The place appeared aged, but

not run down, the property obviously cared for but not obsessively.

“You’re not picking me up from work if you can’t remember to drive the speed limit while on federal property.” Will grumbled, already imagining the look on Jack’s face when he inevitably met Nigel one way or another. Given the two Alpha's personalities, there was a future confrontation he’d like to skip.

“A deal’s a deal, my darling, but I’ll see what I can do.” Nigel grinned, pressing a smoky kiss to his mark on Will’s neck while the Omega was distracted unlocking the door to let them inside. He followed Will in, looking around the dog hair saturated home with its mismatched furniture and boat motor parts laying out on the floor. The Omega seemed to have a predilection of canine figurines, his shelves and windowsills populated with scattered packs of them. Nigel approved, slipping one into his pocket when Will's back was turned.

It was easy to tell just by looking that Will spent most of his time in the living room, going so far as to even sleep in the fish tank like room with his dogs, the large windows giving the Omega an open view of the world around him. Hannibal had said before that Will was ruled by fear. Nigel could see now that the Omega's fear ran close to a sort of paranoia that kept him sleeping in the room that would provide him with the easiest escape routes from danger as well as let him see anything that came long before it arrived at his front door.

Nigel decided that Will wouldn’t have to worry about that anymore, not with two Alpha’s sleeping atop him who were two very possessive killers, willing, ready, and able to shed blood to keep him safe.

“Thanks for the consideration.” Will scoffed, but there was none of the malice he had directed at Nigel before in it, just an exchange of casual sarcasm between lovers. “I called the kennel company Hannibal used before we left. They should be dropping off my pack soon. Just let me grab a couple of things and then we can leave after that."

“Whatever you need, darling. Hannibal's going be while." Nigel hummed, skimming the bindings of his lover’s books.

"How do you know that? He tell you?" Will asked, keeping an eye in the Alpha who seemed to content exploring his home with just his eyes. He didn't seem to have Hannibal's OCD need to touch stray items and align them to edges.

"In a manner of speaking." Nigel said, tapping the side of head.

"Your bond is that different from...the rest?" Will asked, unsure of how to word his question and have it still make sense.

"Depends. Tell me how you feel." Nigel said to get a choking sound in answer from the Omega. "What's with the funny face? Something I said?"

"No. Nothing. It's fine." Will tried to quickly tap down his amusement. He didn't want voice a cliche he was sure twins heard too often."To answer your question, I'm not sure. Whether by design or conception, the bond is a muted thing in my head. I have you on one side and Hannibal on the other with both of you whispering riddles to me in the dark, each in a

different tongue, telling me how to feel. Sometimes, it is just an impression of your individual states of mind. If you were to ask me about Hannibal right now, I would tell you that he feels pleased about something, though I couldn't tell you what about or why."

"It's by design. We are trying not to overwhelm you." Nigel admitted. Will was right about his twin. Hannibal was very pleased with himself about the half truths he was spinning to bullshit some man named Jack Crawford. Currently, he was trying to peek in on them through him so Nigel slammed a mental door in his face. This was his private time with Will.

"Then explain the bond, at least your version of it, to me." Will said as he got out another suitcase. He started to fill it with the few personal possessions he'd like to take with him back to Hannibal's. Yet another had his clothing piled into it, a small act of defiance that made Nigel smirk when he noticed.

"I believe Hannibal has already clearly stated that you'll have to earn that right." Nigel teased to receive a sour look from Will.

"You can't find it in your heart to be generous?" Will snorted, wondering why he had even bothered. He knew he was never going to get a straight answer from the Alpha. "What a shame. Gratitude comes with its own reward."

"How grateful would you be?" Nigel openly leered, drawing close enough to the Omega to grab the back of his shirt. He pulled Will by it with enough force so that the man's back hit his chest. Will didn't cave against him though, or curl into his chest like he should. Instead, he gave Nigel's chin a hard look telling the Alpha just how unimpressed he was with him.

"Right now? About as generous as you are." Will said, pushing at the Alpha to get away.

"You must think very little of me then. I can be a very nice guy." Nigel let the Omega place some space between him, but kept ahold of his hand.

"And a liar." Will scoffed, tugging to get his appendage back.

"Then allow me to apologize for my earlier behavior and whatever else I have done to offend you." Nigel said, sounding sincere enough to make Will pause and look over at the Alpha.

"We don't have time for that. Hannibal is one for punctuality. If you start now, we'll be late for dinner, or perhaps even breakfast for that matter." Will said, feeling more uncomfortable now than when he had been in Nigel's arms.

"Regardless, I do apologize." Nigel said softly, pressing Will's knuckles to his lips in a surprisingly tender gesture. Will stared back wide eyed at him, the Alpha letting go of him like nothing had happened to continue his perusal of the house.

Nigel paused in his exploration when he came to Will's desk, dropping down in the chair to examine the latest fishing hook being created with soft feathers, and bits of metal and leather to be wound in colorful string.

“You mentioned you liked fishing, but you didn’t tell me you made your own lures. Beautiful work." Nigel said, picking up one of the finished examples of Will's skill up from off the table, pressing his thumb to the point to draw a bead of blood to the skin as he tested its sharpness. There was a deadly point hidden amongst something beautiful, just like his darling William.

“You’ll have to take me fishing sometime. It's been years since I’ve done any hunting with a hook.” Nigel grinned, his tongue darting out to gather up that blood drop before he looked over his shoulder at his lover.
Will was watching him, laying out the shoulder bag he used for work to slide his laptop into it before tossing a number of books he needed for his class into his last suit case.

"You fish?” Will ventured, curious despite himself. He skipped dwelling upon the other implied meaning. He knew Nigel did business on the darker side of life, and he was mated to the man. He didn’t want to know more on that subject than he had to for the time being. As a bonded Omega, the law would prohibit him from testifying against his Alpha, but Will reasoned the less he knew, the better.

“There was a time in our lives where Hannibal and I only got to eat what we could catch.” Nigel rolled that hook in his fingers, placing the lure back to the desk in favor of lighting a smoke. “I caught more than just a couple of fish in those days.”

Will furrowed his brow, abandoning his bag to better face his Alpha, “What do you mean?” He’d known at some point that Hannibal had been an orphan, but that was about all he knew about the Alpha's childhood. Until the trip, Will hadn’t even known Hannibal had a brother, much less a twin. The pair really were private about their past.

Something passed through those bloody eyes, a darkness of old shadows and nightmares of a time long, long ago. There was pain buried there, deep and ragged and raw even now.

“Pardon me. I misspoke. Some things are never meant to be remembered, darling, or given voice to. Some secrets are best left in the dark where they belong." Nigel said very carefully, studying his cigarette instead of looking over at Will.

A moment of silence passed between them, the only sound in the room being their breathing and the movement of silver smoke between them. Before Will could attempt to find the right words to say, the sound of barking broke their silence, the pair turning as one to look out the large windows at the seven dogs trying to escape the kennel's company van outside.

Before Nigel had a chance to move, Will was already running out the door to greet his pack as they pulled free of their leashes, bounding toward their master. Curious, Nigel followed after the Omega, watching as Will raced to meet them, falling onto his knees in the dirt to pet each and every one of the mismatched mutts. There wasn’t one purebred between them, leaving Nigel to believe that Will had picked up the dogs as strays from wherever life had abandoned them.

“Are you his Alpha, sir?” The delivery girl asked. Nigel barely bothered to acknowledge her, too busy watching his Omega. Annoyed with the interruption, Nigel flicked the tail of ash from his cigarette before taking kennel woman's board to forge Hannibal's signature on some

line just to make her go away. He was too busy falling in love with the man losing himself to a pack of mangy dogs who were trying to lick him into the dirt. In that moment, Nigel wanted to be one of those dogs.

Will felt something within himself shift and change, the bond acting like tumblers of a very complicated lock, one that needed a series of keys to open it and one such key had just been used. Part of a door opened to let in a cloud of warmth, one that spread throughout Will like warm water was seeping into him, starting at his toes to work its way up to his head. It was unrecognizable at first to Will, this feeling of complete adoration and…love.

With Buster in his lap hamming it up for more than his fair share of pets, Will slowly turned his head to look up with Nigel, meeting his eyes. What he was feeling was the unique sensation of the Alpha falling for him, just a little bit, just the beginning of something. It was warm and welcoming and wanting and too fucking beautiful to be directed at him.

Before he could be swept up into it, Will reminded himself that he was broken, he was old, and he was unwanted goods. What had happened the night of his Heat had been an accident. No one had meant for it to happen. They were going to be stuck with each other for the rest of their lives, and had to find some common ground to make everything work and enjoy one another's company. It didn't mean that either of the Alphas now bonded to him ever had to love him.

This wasn't real. Will wasn't a child, and he knew dreams whispered in the dark didn't come true just because you wished hard enough on a star. He couldn't let himself believe it was real. It would hurt too much if he was wrong.

"Nigel?" Will found his tongue at last, useless thing that it was. It was an addictive feeling though, but it wasn't his moment, not really. It was Nigel's and Will was eavesdropping in on it.

The Alpha stepped closer than he really should have, crouching down to pet one of the dogs with a rough scratch behind the ear as he admired his lover seated amongst them. "I think I'm starting to fall into a terrible love with you, darling. Is it alright for me to say that?" Nigel said, killing Will softly with his words. Feeling suddenly numb, Will could only helplessly watch as Nigel crushed out the cherry of his cigarette into the dirt. He didn't wait for Will's answer, simply leaning forward to capture Will's lips, placing a tobacco flavored kiss to them.

Even in his shock, Will could still feel lingering touch of it, that flooding warmth that was changing to an all out heat. There was a tingling of something undefinable yet wonderful skimming and leaping inside of him. Will knew he didn't deserve it. He also knew he would never give it back because he wanted it and it was his. It was Nigel's gift to him, this awful and terrible love that was just for him and no one else. It was a tainted thing. Love came in many different form, not just one. This blossoming version of it was all midnight roses, black as pitch, and not a healthy red.

Wrapping his arms around the Alpha's neck, Will pulled Nigel in tighter, their kiss a rough meeting of tongue and teeth, the pair drinking in each other until they were only separated by desperation for air.

"Bed.” Will managed between gasping breaths before crushing his mouth back to Nigel’s again. The Alpha didn’t have to be told twice, lifting the lighter man to wrap his legs around his waist as they kissed in an awkward walk back into the farm house to fall onto the bed together, Nigel kicking the door shut to keep the dogs out.

They shouldn't be doing this, but Will couldn't think of any valid reason to stop now. Not with Nigel taking off his clothes and then his own so quickly to be lost somewhere in the room. Will expected their first time together alone to be on his hands and knees. He was surprised when Nigel flipped him over onto his back.

"What are you doing?" Will asked, feeling adversely empty and too full at the same time. It was a stupid question, he knew it was, but Will couldn't help but ask it

"Partaking of the arts. Care of the soul." Nigel said, kissing the curvature of Will's hipbone and sounding amused as he did so, damn him. Impatient as ever, his fingers were already at Will's opening, the tips of them wet with slick. It was nowhere as much as produced in Heat, but it would suit their needs. "Do you want to be fucked on your hands and knees like an animal?"

"No..." Will shook his head, confused and worried. He wasn't a normal Omega. He wasn't a normal anything, confused in mind, body, bond, and soul.

"Would I be so cruel?" Nigel mouthed sweetness and thinly veiled threats into Will's skin. He rose up to nip a path to the Omega's mouth.

"You can be. You are cruel." Will said without hesitation and immediately regretted it. There was the reason he had never gotten laid. He couldn't even pretend that this was role play or he had meant that in a flirty manner. "You're a very bad man."

"You already know me so well. Tell me, my darling. Will I be to you?" Nigel spoke softly against Will's lips letting his words slip into the Omega's mouth as his fingers slid in further, past knuckles to be hilted at hand. The kiss was gentle in nature but firm in application. Too sweet, too kind, and too everything that Will was not. He turned his head to make it stop.

"Let me be kind to you. Give me this." The Alpha whispered, hoarse and his words mangled by his accent. Nigel's free hand upon him made Will stay in place, the Alpha cupping the side of his face. Will whimpered at the forced eye contact, begging silently to be let go so he could look away. Nigel's eyes were too soft for the likes of him, the Alpha gazing at him as if he were a precious thing.

"Hush, darling. What are you so afraid of?" Nigel said, removing his fingers to reach down to help guide himself into Will. He entered the Omega with one smooth motion, eased by the slick. Breached, Will gasped out and Nigel breathed in, both growing still but for different reasons.

"You can't love me. That's insane. You don't know anything about me." Will said desperately, not knowing what to do with his damn hands. Running them up and down Nigel's sides, Will lingers on the Alpha's left, his fingers tracing over the thick twisted scar there.

"Why not? Love makes me insane." Nigel growled, lowered himself to make Will move his hands to settle on his back. It caused his hips to shift, moving forward into tight heat that gripped him from leaking tip to knotting base.

"I'm...wrong. I wasn't meant for this." Will was trying to be good, explain to Nigel why it was wrong to care for him, about him. He was unstable and if this was all foxfire lies, he would shatter and take his mates with him.

"Who says?" Nigel tried to remember to speak in English to be understood. It was getting hard to focus, to not fuck hard and fast into his mate. Will's head space was not ideal for it though, his forts still standing against his onslaught.

"Everyone. They pity me or fear me." Will stubbornly tried. He needed to keep his head straight, not become delusional and lose himself. This was just sex.

"I don't pity you and I'm not afraid of you." Nigel was saying to him, his voice low and deep enough to make Will's resolve quake. He was moving at a slow, steady pace now. Fast enough to build up this momentum inside of the Omega, but slow enough so that he was feeling every shift and move the Alpha made.

"You don't know what I've seen." Will reeled, arching his back to tilt his hips, his legs wrapping around Nigel's waist. He canted into the motion, trying to get the Alpha to take him quicker, make Nigel come so that they could end this conversation.

"You have no idea what I've done or the things that I will do. You're not special." Nigel leaned in to trace his mark on Will's neck with the tip of his tongue.

"Sweet talker. What am I then?" Will sighed, finally relaxing. That's what he needed. Indifference, a reminder that this was just pheromones and biology. None of what he was feeling was real.

Too bad life never gave Will what he wanted from it.

"Mine." Nigel whispered, the word having the impact of a choir as Nigel let Will into the part of his link to make the Omega's bone forts fall into ruin.

Obsession was its own special breed of devotion, and Nigel was its avatar, his reverence filling Will up like he were a cup to overflow with it. The Alpha had been searching almost his entire life for someone to love, to replace someone nameless he had lost to horror and death. Will could feel every aspect of that sorrow but not know its source, it was buried so deep. Nigel wanted someone to love with a ferocity that would raze entire cities and let the world burn to obtain it, to keep it safe.

A want that burned bright like a comet of crazy impacted a black hole of need to be consumed, absorbed into an eternal night.

Omega's teeth were not sharp like an Alpha's own were. An Alpha's teeth were slanted and sharpened a certain way by nature to rend flesh in neat lines and mark a mate's throat. Even

an Alpha's saliva aided in this by alleviating pain and promoting a version of healing that would leave behind a permanent, satiny white scar.

So when Will bit Nigel's neck, it hurt. It hurt a lot, the Omega's blunt teeth sinking into the Alpha's flesh messy and ragged. It was going to scar and it wasn't going to be pretty.

Nigel came harder in that moment than he had ever before in his life.

OoOoO

Hannibal was just about to lock up when it hit him, like a physical blow that drove him to his hands and knees. Grateful that he was alone and not with a patient, Hannibal reached for the meat between his legs, his cock so suddenly hard it hurt. He was being overloaded by his mates, their bond like untethered sails flapping about in a storm, their proverbial boat lost at sea being tossed about on waves created by Will and Nigel. The Omega's empathy was increasing everything tenfold to create the perfect storm of bonding.

His body moving on its own accord, Hannibal thrust into his hand, driving his hips frantically forward into a body that was not there. He could feel echoes of it in his mind, duel pulses unsettling his own. Touches upon his skin were shadows, cool as liquid, chilling his body in places underneath all his layers, his erection the only part of him exposed. The head of it was sodden wet and slick, clear sticky liquid dripping out of his slit to pool on the hardwood.

When he came, Hannibal roared like it was being stolen out of him, his pleasure a rush like a punch to the gut. It was enough to make him lose his balance and fall into his own essence, staining the front of his waistcoat. Gasping for air, Hannibal basked in his mates' afterglow, away but still very much apart of it. Regaining some strength in his limbs, Hannibal sat up to look down at his ruined suit, his engorged cock and inflated knot standing out proudly away from his body, reacting to a mate that wasn't there as spent continued to pour out of him and further ruin his pants.

Gripping his still twitching cock with a sigh, Hannibal decided to make Will's bond training a priority.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments take all of Will's puppy figurines. Your comments try to make fishing lures.

Unwanted Help

Chapter Summary

A morning with the boys and a visit from Alana.

Chapter Notes

Hello all, SKU here~<3

I would like to again thank you all for your patience over the long wait. We love the comments and we love to hear how eager you all are for updates and chapters, know that they're coming~<3 We're working our little butts off and have up to chapter 14 part way written but DarkmoonSigel is working off her cell phone and I write at work so things can be delayed at times.

Again thank you all and enjoy the show~<3

We own nothing.

Written loved and beta's by us!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Much to Will's dismay, the chosen positions of their little puppy pile remained consistent with Hannibal on top, Nigel in the middle, and Will, of course, on the very bottom. At first, he wondered if the Alpha's might have decided upon a turn based system to soothe egos and instincts. That was until he noticed Hannibal grabbing a pair of sweat pants Will hadn't thought the Alpha ever admit to owning every morning to disappear from the room. Upon Hannibal's sweaty return, Will realized that the departure was for some sort of exercise regime the Alpha seemed to religiously partake of.

Being the first one up on a regular basis, Hannibal was simply claiming the top position to avoid wasting time and the hassle of disengaging himself out from under still slumbering bodies. In turn, Nigel let him be king of the hill, not wanted to be thrown off in the early hours of the morning and rousing their Omega with the inevitable argument that would come after.

Morning rituals aside, Nigel didn't seem to have any problem with his place in middle, the Alpha often whispering to Will to go back to sleep before burying his nose in loose curls again to emphasise his opinion on the matter. With those strong arms still wrapped around

him, the soothing sensation of Nigel's warm breath ghosting over his neck, and the heavy weight atop, it was becoming easier and easier for Will to drift off and stay asleep that way.

This morning was no exception. When Will awoke, it was to the sound of his alarm and the smell of breakfast wafting up from downstairs. As per usual, Nigel was covering his body with his own, close by his side with his fingers curled into Will's nightwear as if to keep him there even in sleep. The Alpha's nearness made Will's body resonate with an answering hum of pleasure inside and out.

“Good morning, gorgeous.” Nigel purred, rolling onto his back to take the Omega with him, Will laying messily sprawled out on top of the Alpha. "You’re feeling good this morning.” He leaned in to nip at the shell of Will’s ear, sliding a broad hand down his side to run along the curve of his hip while the other slid up to trace the healing scars on his neck.

“Are you referring to our bond in general or do you mean physically?” Will smiled despite himself, turning his head to nose at the hand on his neck until he could kiss his mate's palm with his lips and teeth.

“If I say both do I get to keep you in bed a while longer?” One of those large hands slipped from his hip to the cheeks of his ass, going in-between with his fingers to part the flesh there so that cool air hit gathering slick. Swatting grabby hands and invasive fingers away from his opening, Will lingered long enough to press a kiss to the Alpha’s thin lips before rolling out of bed to try and beat Nigel to the shower.

“Not today, I’ve got work.” Will told him, ignoring the trickle of slick that ran down his inner thigh. Lying in bed like this with Nigel was starting to become a morning ritual of sorts, one Will found that he could become quickly addicted to.

“Tease.” Nigel said as he grabbed an ankle, pulling Will back into bed. With a lazy grace, the Alpha rolled the Omega beneath him so that Will's belly was being pressed into the mattress, Nigel firmly keeping him there with the Alpha's morning wood nestled between the soft mounds of his ass. Will's own was grinding its length into the bed, desperate for friction.

"Nigel..." Will growled. It was going to be his first day back to work since the bonding. He had taken more an enough time off. For someone who rarely ever took a vacation besides enforced hospital stays, two week seemed excessive to him.

"Looks like you're going to be late." Nigel grinned, nipping at Will's neck as he pushed their nightwear down and off their legs. Feeling up the cleft of Will's ass, Nigel found the slick he smelled there upon waking, had grazed with his fingertips. It was a pleasant discovery to find that they both tended to be horny first thing in the morning.

"I don't have time." Will struggled, trying to focus on getting up and out of bed when everything else was telling him to stay a long while, and revel in the exchange of body heat and the press of flesh. Will couldn't deny that he was turned on, his own body giving him away on that. If he could smell the sweetness of his own slick, Will knew that Nigel definitely could.

"It won't take long. You know we won't." Nigel whispered, licking a wet trail down the Omega's nape to his spine to press persuasive kisses along the knobs of it. Their part of the bond was taunt with a gripping need, ready to snap deliciously with a wealth of pleasure that would fill them both to the brim.

"Don't tie us together. Keep your knot out." Will grunted as his own hips canted and flexed into the mattress, his own urges driving him forward. Nigel was a terrible influence, feeding into Will's skin hunger and need for touch. While he still could, Will very carefully blocked his part of the bond with Hannibal the best he was able to. The last time they had indulged in something like this yesterday morning, Hannibal had ended dropping a carafe of juice. The Alpha had not been pleased with either Nigel or Will for that indignity.

"Anything for my darling." Nigel rumbled above him, raising his hips up off enough to place his fat cockhead to Will's moist opening, shining wet with slick. He slid fully in with little resistance, coming to hilt and halt with a delicious shudder as he was sheathed. That hadn't been an exaggeration when he said this wouldn't take long. Will was already there right on the edge with him, penetration making the Omega clench his fingers into the sheets and mouth obscenities into them. Will felt deliciously full in mind and body, his toes curling from the effort not to come right there and then.

A few slow, deep thrusts and Will was pushed over his edge, staining the sheets wet and sticky with his seed. With the heavy weight of an Alpha at his back bearing down on him, the friction and pressure within and against Will was more than enough.

"Liar." Will keened through his pleasure. Even as his mind reeled and spun, he noticed a tight ache in his nether regions as engorged flesh plugged up his hole keeping Nigel's flood in him, hot and full. He felt the Alpha's knot sealing them together on a deep level, gasping from the sensation of the Alpha emptying himself into Will's space.

"Your fault." Nigel gasped, bliss making his mind ping and pop pleasurably. There was nothing like morning sex in his opinion, the Alpha settling himself in as deep as he could within the Omega, his knot barely able to shift due to Will's tight passage, all swollen and flush around him. In his opinion, this was better than coffee, more heady than a joint, and more relaxing than booze. Ignoring Hannibal's open distain for lack of control, Nigel went limp on top of Will, covering the Omega's body with his own.

"Shut up and keep still." Will growling, turning his head to nip at what he could of Nigel's smug face. His teeth clicked sharply as he snapped at the Alpha.

"I have time to make it up to you now." Nigel grinned, lifting his head up and out of harm's way, all while keeping Will pressed securely to the mattress. He smothered kisses into the Omega's chocolate curls to be head butted for his affection.

"You can make it up by letting me have the shower first." Will said with a sigh, ignoring the chuckling Alpha. He made his passage relax, resisting the urge to clench down and keep Nigel in him for another round. He wondered how the hell his life had come to this, him lying in a pool of his own spent with a purring Alpha on top of him, one that was unrepentant about misusing his time. He could feel Hannibal was irked about it as well, among other things though Will couldn’t even begin to decipher those yet all on his own. Since Nigel was being

decidedly unhelpful today, Will resisted the urge to ask him. Feeling the knot deflate from all his restrained efforts, Will wiggled out from underneath the now dozing Alpha to give him a well-placed kick to the side.

"Cruel." Nigel called out with a smile, watching as the door closed behind Will. The Omega was pleased to note that the Alpha was curled up on his side from the kick.

"Merited." was heard over the shower spray, making Nigel snort in amusement even as he rubbed his sore ribs.

When Will emerged fifteen minutes later toweling off his hair, it was to a yelp of surprise as the towel around his waist was unexpectedly stolen. It was quickly replaced with familiar hands cupping his ass with a firm squeeze and a deep kiss that left the Omega breathless. Just as quickly as the amorous assault began, it ended with Nigel moving quickly away to take his own shower and avoid being kicked again.

“I’m taking a turn dressing you today, darling. You can choose between what I have laid out for you or Hanni's.” Nigel grinned like a shark before closing the door.

Enjoying the more vulgar attention being given to him now that a new connection had been established with Nigel, Will approached the walk-in closet to see what his Alphas had planned for him to wear today. As he’d expected, there was a set of clothing laid out for him by Hannibal, a cream colored shirt darkening to a deep navy at the hem and cuffs with dark chocolate suit pants and a jacket to match. The Alpha had forgone the formal tie and matching vest to appeal to Will’s more casual tastes. The Omega knew without even touching the materials that they would be heavenly, all brushed wool and soft silk. Hannibal was playing straight into Will’s biology with the shameless manipulation of texture. It only made Will want to fight and keep his few remaining garments more.

Next to the rich fabrics, Will noticed some of his old clothes were laid out, a green flannel shirt he’d worn to the office on more than one occasion and a pair of dark colored khakis in a mocking semblance of the neatly folded suit to their side.

Will couldn’t suppress the smile as he slipped into his too big khakis and familiar flannel top. Nigel was trying to play him as much as Hannibal was, but at least he was doing it with something to make Will feel more at home. The difference in the fabric was noticed immediately, the old well-worn clothes that Will had found so comfortably warm before and soft enough to keep his Omegan needs satisfied were suddenly rough and chafing to his skin. After spending weeks wrapped in only the softest fabrics money could buy, returning to his old wardrobe made Will feel as though he’d been dressed in a full body sweater knit by some evil grandma who used the itchiest, scratchiest wool she could find in her little wicker basket. He might as well have been wrapped in the fucking wicker basket.

Sighing, Will admitted to himself that Hannibal was going to win this clothing war without even really trying. Determined to live at least a few days in his old garments, if only to get his point across, Will forced himself to turn away from the greater comfort of smooth cool silk and form fitting pants to head out in search of his breakfast instead.

“He’s been gone too long and hasn’t answered any of my texts or phone calls. I’m beginning to grow concerned.” Will heard the soft voice of the beautiful Beta, Alana Bloom, even before he reached the bottom of the stairs. The last time they’d spoken he’d asked her out to dinner in a phone call that had ended more than a little awkwardly with her refusal, citing that his unstable mental health was a deciding factor. They hadn’t had a chance to speak since then thanks to his Heat and weeks away from home. Will reasoned that must have seemed like he had been avoiding her when really Hannibal had just made it a point not to pack his cell phone. Will had found it where it had been left, the device long dead with the battery drained from being left unplugged for so long. He had a bad feeling when he turned it back on there would be a hot mess of messages waiting for him.

“Do you know how he is doing?” Alana's voiced concern brought Will back to the present.

“I’m fine. Thanks for asking.” Will smiled, coming around the corner into the kitchen. Hannibal was pulling something that looked like a giant omelette pie from the oven, the Alpha greeting Will with a smile that quickly devolved into an unappreciative look at his chosen attire.

Next to him, Alana was sipping coffee, leaning against one of his marble counters in a fitted purple dress as though she belonged there. Will tried not to think about how the Beta looking far more comfortable in Will’s new home than the Omega did himself.

“Will, I’ve been worried about you.” Alana said, relief bleeding into her face and tone. It made Will begin to feel guilty.

“It was a pretty sudden decision. Hannibal took me on vacation with him to give me a break from all the stress I've been dealing with lately. We left my cell phone behind to keep me from temptation and Jack at arm's length." Will shrugged, resisting the urge to apologize for something he had no control over. There was no reason to go into detail or cast blame about. While Alana's concern was appreciated, it still rankled, making low things inside Will twist in a painful manner. He hated being treated like he was something so breakable. Whether due to his gender or strange abilities, he knew that Alana would always see him as something fragile, like he couldn't make choices on his own.

“I'm glad Hannibal was able to convince you to finally take some time for yourself.” Alana smiled, all soft and friendly and warm and everything Will had ever wanted to be his since he’d first met the beautiful Beta. “Do you know when you’ll be coming back to work?”

Alana paused mid-sip of her coffee as laughing blue eyes fell upon something noteworthy, their mirth disappearing in an instant as dark brows knit together. She left her cup on the counter, taking three short steps to Will’s side, and nearly startling the Omega as she invaded his personal space to closely examine the bite mark peeking out from under his shirt collar. Concern shifted into rage upon noticing its matching twin on the other side of Will's neck.

“I can’t believe you.” Alana turned on Hannibal in an instant, placing herself between Will and his Alpha as her own inborn Beta instinct to protect the Omega kicked in. She narrowed icy eyes at the man carefully slicing into sausage and sundried tomato omelette pie to serve on decorated plates. “You bound him? Are you insane?”

Her sudden rage caught Will by surprise, the Omega having never witnessed the Beta truly mad before, never mind the borderline fury she was omitting on his behalf now. It was an anger he would have appreciated more than a week ago when he'd first come around after his Heat. Now, it was just tiring. It seemed all too little too late.

"You're his doctor and you've mated him! You can't do that, Hannibal! This goes far beyond just unethical. As a patient, Will's reliant on you, depends on you to give him emotional support and you've bound him to you? Damn it, Hannibal! What were you thinking?!" Alana yelled, stalking toward the Alpha who appeared more concerned about his pie's presentation than the accusations being directed at him.

Hannibal was very still as he allowed Alana to unleash her rage upon him, drawing closer until her hands lay on his counter and her face was far nearer than it should have been. "I have never officially been his psychiatrist, Alana. Will and I have only ever had conversations, both in and out of the office. What happened between us maybe unethical on some level, but I have not breached any medical boundaries. We were friends before we became mates." Hannibal corrected. He didn't feel he owed the Beta any explanation about how this relationship had come to pass. Some things were private and not meant to be privy to other people's assessments, but he would allow her some inkling of knowledge if only to appease her.

"I have already found another psychiatrist to take over Will's therapy, one he will be taking on in an official capacity." Hannibal said. Despite the calm he was wearing on the surface of his person suit Hannibal did not appreciate the Beta's outburst in his kitchen or the barrier of her body between him and his mate.

Though nothing was showing on the surface, Will could feel something possessive and protective coiling within his Alpha, ready to lash out. If Alana didn't watch herself or in any way implied a threat towards the still sensitive bond being set between him and his mate, Will knew bad things were going to happen. He just couldn't tell what or the extent.

"Official or unofficial that doesn't make it okay, Hannibal! And the possessive violence," Alana sounded appalled. "Not one bite, but two? Were you so lost in Rut you were trying to mutilate him?"

Feeling suddenly self-conscious, Will brought a hand to his bonding marks, his fingers tracing the lines that had once been rendered by sharp Alpha teeth. It hadn't hurt as much as he'd been expecting, the incisions more like the sting of a glass cut than the open wounds they had been. The healing and numbing enzymes in an Alpha's saliva had helped with that. Once the initial bite was over, the pain eased and the wound would begin healing with the added lapping of a broad Alpha tongue. They would eventfully resolve themselves into fine, white lines of satiny flesh.

"If this was brought to the board, you would have your licence stricken. In fact, you should." Alana seethed the words through her teeth like weapons.

"Alana," Will tried to interject, suddenly gaining the attention of both blazing eyes, the Alpha's sanguine burning with an irritation that came with being attacked in his own home.

Alana's raging skies were laced with undertones of something else entirely. It took Will only a moment to realize what that something else was.

Whether for the missed chance at Hannibal or himself thanks to a professional distance she's kept from both men, Alana was riddled with regrets. In that moment of clarity, Will felt that it didn't matter. As far as Will was concerned, Alana was being fueled not solely by her concern for him, but by her anger about missed opportunities and jealousy. Will felt his own bubble of rage swell up with that knowledge.

In the past, Will had laid his heart out on the table for her and she'd been so quick to dismiss him for being unstable, probably with the subconscious belief that he would always be there for her thanks to no one else ever wanting him as their barren, unstable Omega. She'd never anticipated for Baltimore's most eligible bachelor to take an interest in a broken man. She'd just lost her chance at not one but two good mates, and on some deep level whether she acknowledged it or not, it was killing her.

Suddenly Will didn't feel like trying to placate anyone anymore. "Back off. It's fine. It doesn't matter now about what would have been best anymore. What's done is done. Hannibal is my mate now." Will snapped, coming alive with a refreshing amount of anger. Not all of it was his own, but it still felt good flowing through his veins. That anger's true origin appeared soon enough at his side.

"Our mate, darling." Nigel corrected, strolling into the kitchen to see what all the commotion was about, barefoot and half naked, dressed only in faded jeans with his ashen hair still damp from the shower. He grinned in greeting as he wrapped his arms around Will's tapered waist to press a possessive kiss to his mating scar, showing Alana just how much more truly complicated this whole shit show was.

"Nigel Lecter. I'd say 'it's nice to meet you' but you're pissing off my mates. Not the best way to make a favorable first impression." Nigel smile was more teeth than any real welcome, the expression sharp and feral.

Alana was left stunned with even still more disbelief when she noticed a far rawer marking on Nigel's throat, the dark bruising around the healing scar on the Alpha hinting towards an Omega's blunt teeth as its cause. As a general rule, Omegas didn't get to bite their mates. It didn't work that way, ever. Alphas were generally too proud to stroll around displaying a mark, admitting to the world that they had submitted to their Omega. It was something usually only found in old Shakespearean plays and fairy tales. More modern romance novels tended to avoid the concept under the principle of how unrealistic it was for an Alpha to allow such a thing. Will could tell that the strange purpled marking on the Alpha's neck wasn't really her concern. The one Nigel was claiming on Will's neck for his own was.

"A double bond?" Alana finally voiced her thought. She slowly turned back to Hannibal, completely at a loss with the three men in the room. "You created a double bond with your brother and a mentally unstable Omega? Hannibal are you trying to kill him?"

"There have been no negative side effects with the bond thus far," Hannibal said patiently. He was trying to remain civil despite being yelled at, he really didn't appreciate having the Beta get in his face. "A true double bond made by two Alpha's has never been attempted before, or

at least the results of which, have not been well documented. Death was only a possibility, and a slim one at that. Nothing we have ever read before on the matter can be applied here as a guarantee."

"You're risking Will's life and his mental stability based on speculation you could have never known to be true." She protested again to be met with a wave of power from the forgotten Alpha in the room. Nigel was clearly done dealing with the Beta talking shit about his mate. He was starting to see where all Will's bad ideas about being too broken to love may have come from.

"Don't speak of Will's disposition so carelessly." Nigel was beginning to get pissed, acutely aware of his twin's rolling anger, and his mate's displeasure and insecurities about being discussed like he wasn't in the room. Will's self-loathing was making a whole lot more sense now. Nigel had thought his darling Omega had been exaggerating when he said people thought he was too unstable to love. The Alpha hadn't been expecting anything like this, for people to really think that Will was too broken and damaged to be cared about. Nigel made damn sure Will knew otherwise by pushing a wave a warmth through their link, his possessive need to comfort and protect kicking in as he flooded the man in his arms with the obsessive want that raged from deep inside him.

"Do you have any idea what he does for a living? What effect it has on his psyche?" Alana turned on Nigel, not yet ready to give up the fight she was destined to lose. "It's bad for him and this," She turned back to Hannibal, locking eyes to make sure her point was being made crystal clear. "This is bad for him too. Both of you are."

"This is one of the best things to have ever happened to me." Will spoke up for himself, "I finally have emotional and physical stability. I have acceptance and understanding, and I am grounded. In the time I've been bound to Hannibal and Nigel, I haven't suffered lost time, night sweats, sleep walking, or bad dreams. This is probably the most stable I've ever been."

That statement seemed to make Hannibal ponder, the doctor tilting his head ever so slightly as he considered the information provided. Will hadn't been suffering any of his usual inflictions. It was as though his Heat and their bond had been the cure for them, but that left the question of why. He would have to take some time to think about that answer later on.

"Do you honestly believe this is good for you, Will?" Alana asked Will, looking worried as though she wasn't sure whether or not Will actually knew his own mind. All things new and old considered, the Omega found it more insulting than endearing at the moment.

"Yeah," He laid a hand over Nigel's linking their fingers over his hip as he leaned back into the comforting solid heat behind him. "It's the best I've been in a long time." The flood of thanks at his own realization feeding though the link had both Alpha's turning to him. It was a real acceptance, a true acknowledgement of how good their bond had become. "I don't want you to take this to anybody, Alana. I'm happy with what has happened, and more to the point, it's working."

Still unhappy but willing to cave for her friend's request, Alana nodded her quiet agreement. "If that's really what you want Will." She cast another look to Hannibal before picking up her

coat to leave, a quiet state about her being to let the Alpha know that this discussion was far from over. “I’ll see you at work, Will. I am sorry for interrupting your breakfast.”

Alana saw herself out after that, leaving the three to consider what else may come to pass before the end of the day as their relationship was brought to light. There were caresses being passed through Will’s and Nigel’s bond like feather kisses to his mind, Nigel passing on a comforting reassurance that Will was not as mentally unstable as Alana may have liked to believe, and even if he was, Nigel didn’t give a fuck. He had fallen into a terrible love with the Omega, and there wasn’t a force on this earth that was going to take that away. Will was receiving similar reassurances from Hannibal, all soft strokes of cool wind through his being like fingers through his hair, soothing away his rage and promising Alana’s own frustrations were misguiding her.

“She was only looking out for your best interests, Will. Alana doesn’t know the full story of what has come to pass between us.” Hannibal soothed as he joined his mates, Will leaning in to nuzzle the pair back as he basked in their soothing natures. For now, he let the Alphas flood him with calm and do as they saw best.

“I know.” Will whispered, brushing his face against theirs in turn to scent mark the Alphas. Squeezing the hands on his waist, Will made himself pull away from the comforting pair despite wanting nothing more than to cover himself in his mates' scents and light touches until all the bad feelings had passed. Will chided himself that he was a fully grown man, not a child that needed to be coddled. “She’s just has my best interests at heart.” He said, making a show of investigating the plated meal.

“You know that is not true. Don't believe in delusions to make yourself feel better. There will be more of this type of hostility when you return to work tomorrow, Will. We will have very few allies in this relationship.” Hannibal warned, taking the plates from beneath Will’s nose to set the table before the Omega could get any bright ideas about eating while standing or, God forbid, with his fingers.

“What do you mean 'tomorrow', and when did I agree to see a new therapist?” Will frowned, following the food. He was feeling hungry enough to keep his appetite for a change. Nigel dropped into a chair next to him instead of across like proper etiquette dictated, the Alpha reaching across the table to grab his plate and cutlery to re-set for himself in the seat of his choice much to his brother’s dismay. Noting a distinct lack of caffeine at the table, Nigel left the table with a mouth full of well-seasoned food to fuck around with his brother’s coffee machine until something hot and caffeinated came out. Hannibal pushed a reminder to the delicate workings of said machine and how to make it properly function for the best cup of coffee without breaking it. The instructions earned him a devious smile before his other half disappeared. Shaking his head, Hannibal returned his visible attention to that of his unimpressed mate.

“I’ve made the point of us taking an extra day off from work to help you learn how to control your side of the bond. I believe Jack can wait one more day for his top profiler's return.” Hannibal said, giving his mates a hard look, whether they could see it or not. At least Will had the decency to look guilty. The 'no fucks given' coming off of Nigel could be felt all the way from the kitchen. Though he was pleased Will and Nigel had made their peace with one

another, Hannibal could not risk a more public repeat performance during one of his many social functions or a therapy session going terribly wrong with one of his patients. When Franklyn had come vividly to mind, Hannibal made the call to Jack, letting the agent know that Will needed one more day.

His curiosity had also been piqued since viewing the bloody, bruised mark on Nigel's neck. Will's teeth had left behind a ragged wound, especially when compared to an Alpha's. It was obvious though from its healing that Nigel had smeared his saliva into the wound. His twin wanted it to permanently scar.

The part of the bond that was all Will's and Nigel's hummed with a refreshing vitality as well. Peeking in on it from where he stood in his mind palace's many balconies, Hannibal was amazed to see something unexpected and new in their shared space. Streams, clear and sparkling as liquid diamonds, now ran through Nigel's dirty city, turning walkways into bridges and streets into waterways. It reminded Hannibal of Venice in a way, the Alpha pleased by the change in aesthetics until he noticed there where none in his own kingdom. The scrawling city that lay outside his dark walls glittered like a rare gem with its new addition, and the once admired view made Hannibal retreat inward to avoid looking at it.

"Guess you could have stayed in bed a little longer after all." Nigel purred in a manner that made Hannibal press his lips thin and tight together to keep from saying something unfortunate as his twin emerged with three cups of fresh coffee.

Setting down the cups before taking a sip of his own, Nigel knew he already missed Bucharest for this alone. The coffee in Baltimore just wasn't the same as the delicate dark brews he had grown used to having in the morning at the quaint tables of the local cafés he favored there.

The Alpha's sigh followed by a flicker of homesickness was enough to make Will not tell Nigel to shut up, though he wanted to. He decided to turn his ire upon the other mate in the room, the one who had altered his schedule without permission or consult.

"I don't appreciate you making that decision for me. I am willing to acknowledge that we need to test our connection's limits and poke toes over boundaries, but I have no interest in taking on an official psychiatrist." Will picked his words carefully, feeling how they worked past his clenched teeth. "My reluctance to work with you should have given adequate insight about that matter. If it hadn't been for Hobbs, I would not have graced your office with my presence."

"But you did and you've benefited greatly since. I think it is important that you continue your therapy, Will. As your Alpha, I will always be available to you for physical, spiritual, and emotional support, but I believe that continuing with treatment that is professional and uninvolved would still be best." Hannibal answered in a matter-of-fact manner as he cut into his breakfast.

"You're sending him to your shrink?" Nigel grinned. He knew he was, it would be Hannibal's way of giving Will what he needed to the public eye while keeping it all under his thumb. Nigel didn't give a flying fuck, would let his brother get away with whatever he wanted so

long as long as he didn’t hurt Will in the process. As soon as the Omega's physical or mental well-being came into question though, there would be hell to pay.

The Alpha realized belated that he must have felt this very strongly, Will casting a questioning glance at Nigel before returning his attention back to Hannibal. To both Alphas' delight, Will didn’t stop eating like he had a tendency to do in the past when stressed. The fallout from that was the Omega's hunger would be passed on to his Alphas instead of being personally felt. Nigel and Hannibal did not like the feeling of starvation, their own or Will's. It brought back too many ugly memories with its presence.

"If I was to continue my...therapy, who would be my psychiatrist if I did go?” Will asked, taking his time with breakfast now that he could.

“Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier, the same therapist that I myself see." Hannibal said. He paid no mind to his twin or the suspicious look he gave him. Nigel didn’t need to know every move he made with his pieces on the board. Here in Baltimore, his twin was so far in the dark he couldn’t even begin to guess what game was being played. “She is discrete, Will. I believe you will like her, or at the very least, be able to tolerate her. I’ve already spoken with Dr. Maurier regarding taking you on as a patient. As a great personal favor to me, she has been agreeable to the concept despite being retired. Your first appointment will be Saturday morning.”

Will could feel Hannibal's feelings begin to seep through the bond like a warning. This was non-negotiable and even more so, needed. They both knew that he would not be allowed to return to work without an appointed psychiatrist in charge of Will's mental health. Hannibal was telling him not to fight this as gently as he could. “I didn’t think therapists generally worked weekends. One of the perks of the profession." Will ventured instead.

“She’s agreed to make the exception due to contrasting availability and the impact of recent events. I’m sure a more regular schedule can be negotiated and maintained at a later date.” And then Will got it. This would be killing two birds with one stone to both protect Hannibal and his career in what had come to pass between them all. It would also provide a source of support for Will that would have no strings attached or pressure.

“Does she understand what kind of therapy I need?” Will decided to ask instead, accepting the idea of a new doctor as he finished his omelette pie. He hadn't tasted a bite of it, could have been eating ash for all he knew.

“Dr. Du Maurier is well aware of your particular dislike for typical therapy.” She will endeavor to accommodate you." Hannibal reassured, sipping his coffee. He almost spat it out when he tasted salt, glaring at the source of this trickery. Nigel grinned wickedly back at him in answer.

Despite its childish nature, there was a quiet warning there.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are throwing quiche at each other while your comments are spiking the coffee.

The authors are sleeping in guestroom beds.

Dreams, Nightmares, and True Wakings

Chapter Summary

Hannibal, Nigel, and Will further explore the bond between them.

Chapter Notes

Hello all! DarkmoonSigel here. Sorry about the belated updated, but my computer is a piece of shit that is refusing to work with me. I'm working off my phone so things are being delayed because of that.

Anyway, there is the latest chapter, chock full of metaphors cause of Will and company and reasons.
As always, not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Hannibal agreed to teach Will about his side of the bond and controlling it, the Omega admitted to himself that he hadn't known what to expect. Cliche visions of sitting in lotus position style meditation and attempting breathing exercises as methods to finding one's inner self came to mind at one point, earning snorts of laughter and waves of mirth from Nigel. Such shared thoughts only served to remind Will that he was still an open book to the Alphas, especially Nigel, needing to mind his thoughts if he didn't want running commentary from his mates.

"It's nothing like that, darling, though I'm sure Hanni's pretentious enough to try his hand at yoga at least once or twice in the past." Nigel mused, an odd smirk on his face. They were in one of Hannibal's favorite sitting rooms, the space almost a mirror of his work office, except with more comfortable chairs with deep cushions meant for lounging instead of analyzing. One entire wall of the spacious room was dedicated to books alone, its second level reached by a small sliding ladder leaned up against and along the shelving. There was also a fireplace, a commonplace fixture it would seem to be in the Alpha's house, and one Will had come to expect. Decorative aesthetics aside, Will observed that the Alphas did not care to be cold, though each dealt with it in their own way. Hannibal surrounded himself with fireplaces, and wore a certain style of clothing for its multiple layers. Nigel seemed to prefer to use others for their body heat.

"I don't expect you to appreciate an art meant to discipline both body and mind, Nigel, or to understand the true concepts behind it." Hannibal offered back with the slightest of smiles to his twin, the younger of the two by precious minutes. It was during moments like these that

Will could truly see the siblings in them, that slight back and forth that spoke volumes about their familiarity, the comfort and sense of boundaries with one another. It was something he had witnessed numerous times before with other people and families, but never his own. Loneliness and solitude were the only siblings life had ever chosen to give him.

Nigel shrugged, tapping out a cigarette. “I understand it plenty. Discipline is boring. I much prefer to have fun, and enjoy the finer things in life.” He grinned, the expression much broader than his twin's own. Will thought it sat far more comfortably on Nigel's face, open and fierce. Will only realized he had been staring when Nigel tilted his ashen head toward the Omega, a flirtatious smirk corrupting the mirth of his grin.

“If you’re ready,” Hannibal chose to ignore Nigel and his thoughts about Will or what he'd like to do right now to him. He turned one of the armchairs to better face Will as he took a seat across from the Omega instead. Will found that he could not stay still for long no matter how comfortable the chairs were. Maroon eyes tracked Will as he wandered about the room.“I’d like you to focus on me and our portion of the bond. Are you able to individualize them or do I need to ask Nigel to close his part off for this?”

“No, they’re very distinct. I may have had some difficulties telling who was filtering what emotions into me in the beginning, but I’ve always been able to tell you two apart.” Will shook his head. As much as he was able to tell the twins apart physically, he did so internally as well. Searching through himself, Will pushed past thoughts of flooding warmth and flickering fires of lust to the back of his mind. Evil bastard that he was, Nigel was thinking about him, about pushing him down into those plush cushions and mounting him from behind. The Alpha was also very vividly recalling the feel of Will's flesh around his knot, making slick begin to pool between Will's legs.

Ignoring one mate in favor of the other, Will instead focused on the feeling of cool steel brushing against feverish skin, the sensation all Hannibal to Will. On his part, Hannibal found that information rather interesting. Will’s sense of their bond was stronger than he had anticipated, especially for recognizing it so early on. It had him wondering if the quick adaption was more to do with the strength of his and Nigel’s own bonds or Will’s peculiar empathy and vivid imagination. “You’ve always been able to discern our bonds? What do they feel like to you?”

That seemed to catch Nigel’s attention, Will becoming very aware of another pair of maroon eyes focusing in on him. Despite his infamous impatience, Nigel insisted on being a part of this learning experience, the subject matter of which too intimate to abandon to Hannibal's version of care alone.

“It’s like the sun vs the moon.” Will realized it sounded cliche as soon as he said it out loud, but it was accurate in his mind. Since the beginning of this, Hannibal was shaded sterling silver, his connection soothing cool to the touch. Adversely, Nigel was dry heat rolling off of scorched asphalt, the tricky movement of air that deceived thirsty eyes. He was the burn, the trickle of heat in the gut that signals the presence of the best or worst idea of your life. Hannibal was more like the chill of realization for better or worse after you had done either. As hazy as his memories of Heat were, Will clearly remembered the moment of their bonding. Their becoming was of frigid cold and blistering hot that had cracked through him

like a perfect storm, hitting him with enough force to send him reeling between conflicting winds that threatened to tear him apart.

"I'm not the only one who finds you cold and lifeless." was whispered soft and voiceless through their bond, a stern look turned toward its source to remind the peanut gallery it was welcome to leave at any time.

"It is your temper that makes you run unbearably hot, Nigel. In comparison, my control is a soothing balm." Hannibal said, sounding smug while looking completely even about it. Will admired the Alpha's gift for the stoic.

"Is that what you call that?" Nigel mocked back. "Cold burns worse than heat cause you don't expect it to."

“What do you feel like to each other?” Will interrupted after a moment of concentration. He had just caught on that this exchange was being done internally, the Omega breaking their silent conversation with a question of his own.

“It’s…more complicated than that for us.” Nigel volunteered, snubbing his smoke in one of the recently acquired ash trays. “We’ve been at this for a very long time. Our connection has grown far beyond just feelings and figments.”

“You told me before it was a muted understanding of sorts. How does it get more complicated than that?” Will's real question was why couldn’t it be easy? Even a little, just this once. Hannibal was the one to answer the pondering Omega this time, reclaiming control of the situation much to Nigel's open amusement.

“Before, it had been to an extent. Since our triad though, our bonding has developed into something...interesting.” Hannibal chose his words carefully. He hadn’t planned on describing his or Nigel's mental structures this early on in their relationship, but even the best laid plans could run amuck from time to time. Clear headings were further muddled by Nigel who was actively directing the course of the conversation into uncharted waters. “Our bond goes beyond just that of emotional communication, but I believe that is only because we have developed a place within as a way of storing and organizing our memories.” Hannibal explained as simply he could to the Omega. “It is by no means a physical plane, though through imagination it could almost be considered one.”

“With our more in depth understanding of one another, those places can be called ‘mind palaces’. You'll find that Hanni has taken to that concept quite literally.” Nigel supplied, not so soon to be forgotten as he lit a smoke much to Hannibal's chagrin. "His place is a fucking maze of endless halls and wings. If anything, mine's more like Bucharest.”

“Winding back alleys and side streets connected by a series of archways and rope bridges in an ever changing labyrinth of chaos.” Hannibal said with no small amount of distaste. The state of Nigel's urban scrawl neighboring his more orderly setup only reinforced his opinion regarding his brother’s lack of discipline. “Before our bonding, we could only gaze upon our respective kingdoms, but never venture in. Now we are able to explore and cross over borders that were once out of reach. Nigel has even gone so far as to set up his own wing in my palace.”

"Like I haven't had more than a few French bakeries pop up here, there, and everywhere. You have a disturbing fascination with baguettes. You should talk to someone about that." Nigel sighed. “Hanni’s been able to tap into my memories and experience them for himself. I have found I've been able to do the same to an extent." Nigel hadn’t missed that, Hannibal’s exploration of his city, taking his time to sip at the superior dark roasted coffees found only in the hidden dives of Bucharest's cafés and hideaways.

As novice as he was to all this, even Will grasped how impossible and unlikely that should have been. "How is that even possible?”

Nigel shrugged, “Whatever is going on with this three way bond of ours, it is unique. I’ve never tried half the dishes Hanni’s dined on before, but I can tell you exactly what Balut tastes like now."

“Did you like it?” Hannibal asked with an arched brow, the bizarre dish of 17 day old boiled fertilized duck egg not meant for the weak of stomach or heart.

Again Nigel shrugged, “Not my poison of choice, but not bad either."

“Could it be due to my empathy?” Will supplied a theory to an otherwise unanswered question. “Alphas are affected by their Omegas and vice versa, but unlike the two of you, I have no control over what I’m passing through our bonds, or really my empathy for that matter.”

“It is possible that we could be experiencing a portion of the empathy you live with on a daily basis, and have done so for your entire life. It would explain our new abilities to experience and empathize with our pasts and memories.” Hannibal mused, wondering how much more bleed over into one another there would be, what they would eventually become. His main concern was whether or not this relationship could even be sustained once Will found out, or more accurately, let himself see what he had known all along. Once Will learned some control, gained power over his own portion of the bond, everything would change. Hannibal was unsure of that particular outcome, could not predict what would happen. The thought of it both thrilled and unsettled him.

Nigel could hear all the thousands of intricate gears turning in his brother’s mind, the Alpha already processing and applying the theory and information to pre-existing knowledge. His own clockwork worked in a similar yet counterintuitive manner. What was truly enchanting though about their mate was that Will could hear the dual symphonies, and was fine with both playing in his head. Even while he looked at Hannibal, Nigel could feel a part of Will observing him as well.

“In the past, you have mentioned a good portion of your empathy has less to do with a disorder and more to do with an overactive imagination and motivations sourced from fear. When that fear drives you to hide inside yourself, is there a safe place that you like to go, one where you can hide from all the monsters?"

“When I lose time?” Dark brows knitted in thought over the question as Will considered his unique problems in life. "I don’t ‘go’ anywhere. I just wake up hours later wherever my body decides to take me.” Like to Hannibal's house in his underwear at five in the morning.

"I believe those episodes of lost time and fever were due to your biology, not your mental state. Your body's way of telling you that you needed a mate. It was an extreme reaction, but then you have made it a detrimental habit to ignore what you need." Hannibal said. "Rest assured, I think it is very unlikely you will ever experience that sort of affliction again."

"Yeah, I don't think that's going to be a fucking issue anymore for you." Nigel grunted. Will could feel a concern coming off of the Alpha for him. Nigel was not pleased that he had suffered in the past or could have been injured. The presence of such a concern, especially when it was directed toward him, warmed Will from the inside. He had never known anyone who wanted to protect him before like Nigel did.

The sentiment was further enforced when the Alpha rose from his seat to stand behind Will, the very bad man from Bucharest catching the Omega in passing to link an arm around Will's waist. In the past, Will would have typically shied away from this sort of contact, so intimate and close, Nigel so near to him his breathing ruffled finer curls. Now Will felt no need to pull away, to put space between himself and another person. Nigel felt like a missing piece of self being slotted back into its rightful place, Will leaning back into the Alpha to feel the press of his back to a solid front.

“You’ve never turned in on yourself in comfort or for escape?” Hannibal coaxed the Omega's attention back to him, Will beginning to lose himself in Nigel. If he could have, Hannibal would have sent his brother elsewhere until they were done. “Ever taken your mind to places more pleasant than the killing grounds Uncle Jack likes to bring you?"

Stormy eyes met maroon causing a brief image of rushing water to pass between them, the feeling of chilled currents sweeping past their feet and the tug of river bass on a fishing line as they fought for their life after a moment of greedy hunger. It was easy for Hannibal to deduce where Will preferred to be in his own head. All the Omega needed was his stream.

“When was the last time you went to your river, Will?” Hannibal pushed again, curious about when Will had last thought to find escape inside himself. If Will was being honest with himself, he hadn’t had time of late. On the plane, he’d been too distracted by whispers of jealousy from other people, and hum of pleasure coming in and out from the two Alphas on either side of him. They had enjoyed his unease at being the center of so much attention, and that had driven Will to some distraction.

"Not for while now." Will admitted at last. The closest he’d come to checking in on the river that ran through some woods was during his soak in the hot tub and that had been interrupted by Nigel.

“I would like you to visit your river now, Will, but I’d like you to put down your fishing rod for a moment. Instead, explore the surrounding area.” Hannibal suggested, favoring a whim. He had a feeling something very interesting was about to happen. Whatever that something was, he wanted it to grow to its fullest, to blossom into something new and glorious. Closing his eyes, Will let himself slip from the warmth of the sitting room and the body behind him to the cool quiet of his riverbed, the chilling splash of water on his waders and continuous pull of the stream. Unbeknownst to Will, Hannibal did the same, a pointed look to Nigel letting him in on the plan.

From his balcony of carved black marble, Hannibal viewed his twin easily enough navigating the swinging bridges of his city. Nigel had practice at this, but was encountering new obstacles with Will's latest additions of waterways and flora. Hannibal was pleased to see forests not of his own making starting to encroach upon his own gardens and the palace's inner grounds. Pools of clear water full of fish were beginning to form right before his eyes. As he had hoped, Hannibal had been right in his guess. They were all joined and still joining. Will truly was an unpredictable creature, marvelous in his design.

OoOoO

His rod bent in a graceful arch as a bite pulled his fishing line taunt, a river bass fighting to get away. Will held its life in his hands, secure on his hook. Looking around, Will was surprised yet pleased to find how well defined his inner space had become. Before being mated, all there had ever been was the stream, bordered by some nondescript woods and nothing much else. Now, Will could see a city lay beyond his forest and fields, an urban scrawl of color, light, and sound that held a castle at its center, a tall spiraling affair of black stone and shining diamond like glass.

Intrigued by the new view as unexpected as it was, Will released the reel and watched the line spin loose, the idea in the shape of a fish escaping for now. Will let the pole drop into the water, watching with only mild interest as it was swept downstream. Though everything looked and felt so very real, Will knew deep down that was all an illusion, something made by his mind and thus malleable to his whims.

The sudden warmth of breath ghosting over his neck's nape startled Will from his observations, the Omega turning to find a massive black stag standing over him. With its crown of ebony antlers, the beast easily stood seven or eight feet high, its pelt a strange mix of raven's feathers and fur. Its eyes were oddly enough the bloodied earth he'd only seen before belonging to his Alphas. As he stood there watching the stag, Will felt no malice or ill intent coming from it. Despite the unnaturally sharp points of its antlers and looming presence, this beast meant Will no harm. As if reading Will's thoughts to answer them accordingly with action, the bizarre creature knelt down, invitimg Will onto its back. On his part, Will didn't hesitate as he approached the stag and mounted the creature with ease, sliding his fingers through the thick silky fur to steady himself as it rose to its cloven hooves. With a supernatural grace, the ravenstag walked Will out of the river and away from the place he'd always remained in before.

As unnerving as it was to leave behind his little riverbed, it was even odder still to feel the powerful muscles of the beast moving beneath him as they roamed past the borders of his fields and forest. Will didn't know at what point his outfit had changed from his waders and other fishing gear to the comfortable clothes Hannibal had purchased for him, but part of him wished he had held onto the concept of certain self a while longer. He was entering foreign soil here, and anything could happen now. Proper attire should be the least of his concerns at the moment, but when one was riding barefoot in a cashmere sweater and dark slacks on a strange animal, it was taken into consideration. That and the occasional brush of feathered fur tickled his toes and arches of his feet.

“Where are you taking me?" Will asked the creature who tossed its head in quiet, unhelpful answer. His brows knitted together as he watched the forest floor began to disappear, the trees thinning out as cloven hooves clicked against cobblestone streets that curved around bends and turns, dividing a chaotic mixture of modern ghetto and ancient medieval architecture. Gothic churches made of timeworn stone yet still glittering with stained glass stood beside hovels composed of brick and barely held together by graffiti that hid back alleys and side streets that led nowhere. Tiny cafés were little oasis of civilization, their spaces filled with music and the white noise of conversation.

There were rivers running through this city, making its numerous archways into impromptu pathways over them. As if to complicate things further, there were odd swinging rope bridges as well, connecting one mismatched building to another. Water had flooded more than one of the streets, even going so far as to take over what had once been a main road, one that came up to and wrapped around the massive castle at this city's center. Unbothered by the water or its currents, the Ravenstag waded through the streams with ease to stop just outside the castle's walls, making Will crane his neck to gaze up at it. As far as he could tell, there was no entryway, no visible way in or out of that dark castle with its many spiraling towers and turrets from the ground level.

“Keep looking at it like that and you’re going to get a crick in your neck, darling. There is no need to feed into his ego by doing so." Was spoken from nearby, Will turning to see Nigel as the man sauntering up the cobblestone street with a lit cigarette in hand. He calmly regarded the river that had damn near flooded parts of him out, divided yet united his city much like it did in Venice. Trees grew now where there had been none before as well, great oaks attempting to crowd out buildings with their presence.

“What the fuck is that?” Nigel asked, gesturing to the creature Will rode with his cigarette. The animal huffed misty air at him in answer, its breath holding the chill of winter within it.

“It’s a ravenstag.” Will answered to the best of his abilities. He had no idea what he was riding so he hazarded a guess. The beast had simply appeared and he’d climbed on because that had seemed like the best thing to do at the time. Finding Nigel here was more of a surprise than the ravenstag though, especially when Will had been expecting Hannibal. "What are you doing here?”

“I exist here. This is my ‘mind palace’.” Nigel snorted, just as the other twin joined them from seemingly out of nowhere. “And that” he indicated the imposing structure of glass and stone that towered over them with his cigarette, "is Hannibal's. I warned you that he took this concept literally."

“I believe you were correct in your theory, Will. Your empathy has allowed what has been solely ours in the past to connect and grow together. It would seem that your lands have seeped in to act as a mortar between Nigel and myself.” Hannibal said, stopping before the stag. There was smile daring to pull at his mouth's corners as he examined the ravenstag. He seemed more pleased by its presence than Nigel, the Alpha even going so far as to reach out to stroke the creature's muzzle. "He’s beautiful, Will. Did you create him to keep you company while you’re here?”

“No. No...At least I don't think so, not intentionally." Will answered more honestly than maybe he should have, but if their mind spaces were actively merging together, he supposed that it would be best to warn them now rather than let them find out his kind of crazy later on. "My imagination can take on a life of its own if I don't tend to it properly."

“A noble beast of your own design,” Hannibal seemed genuinely happy, proud even as he let his fingers comb through the feathered fur. brushing back until they found Will’s own buried in the satiny pelt, Hannibal dug them out like burrs to intertwine their lengths together. The Alpha already knew that the ravenstag would not let Will fall or do anything to intentionally harm him. "He’s beautiful, Will. You should be proud of your creation.”

“Does it bite?” Nigel asked as he examined the creature from where he stood. He made no attempt to move closer to it though.

“It’s a physical manifestation of our bond with Will, Nigel. This is a method of coping.” Hannibal explained for all parties present as he met the ravenstag's gaze. He recognized the unique shade of them as Nigel’s and his own.

“Hell of a way to cope. You couldn’t have just thought up a dog?” Nigel questioned, flicking his cigarette away. Will noticed that the refuse disappeared before it even had a chance to hit the ground.

"This is a physical manifestation meant to represent you and I, Nigel, and I am no one’s dog.” Hannibal said to be met with an incredulous look from Nigel. In the Alpha's opinion, if the creature was a representation of them, then it would most definitely bite.

“Well, I suppose it's comforting to know I’m not crazy.” Will murmured more to himself than the other occupants of their shared headspace

Nigel gave the beast another once over before stepping toward it, the Alpha stretching his own hand out to run his knuckles over inky fur. “So who’s Bambi and who’s the fucking bird?” It was obvious that he wasn’t finding any of this flattering.

“Not Bambi, Nigel.” Hannibal sighed in aggravation. On his part, he was still in awe of the beast Will had created to represent them. “I find it more reminiscent of great horned God of the Hunt, Cernunnos, his antlers a crown to his majesty. The stag has been revered as the symbol of the hunting gods for centuries. I choose to believe that the raven in it is meant to represent Huginn and Muginn, the pair of ravens who were Odin’s eyes. They represented memory and thought.”

“When I see the black fur and the horns, it makes me think of wendigos.” Will admitted quietly, letting his eyes unfocus as he stared down at the beast's pelt.

“Yeah?” Nigel arched a pale brow, “What the hell’s a wendigo?”

Something he’d been seeing far too often since Hobbs though Will refused to voice that concern aloud. Seeing as they were having this conversation in their heads, Will felt that they had enough to contend with at the moment. "When a man devours the flesh of a loved one, they become a cursed beast, the Wendigo. It's their punishment for committed the taboo of

cannibalizing one of their own.” Will's voice sounded empty even to him as he recited what he knew, turning stormy eyes to find two pairs of maroon watching him closely, though each reflected something different back. Hannibal's were filled with interest while Nigel's held concern. “They spend the rest of their existence eternally hungry, never satisfied no matter how much flesh they consume. It is their curse.”

Silence filled the ensuing void between them. Will found himself shivering, the heat of this place leaching out as the temperature plummeted. A winter's wind kissed them all, drawing reactions from both Alphas.

“You’re the stag.” Nigel growled, breaking the silence first. He glared at Hannibal before stalking off down narrow streets, all humor gone from his face. It left only a predator in its wake, one that disappeared in the dark before Will got a good look at it. Hannibal as well held the look of a man who was done with this exercise, a rigid mask being held in place. Will hadn't realized just how much of it had been removed until it was fully restored. Its existence and renewal worried him as much as what could lay beneath.

"I think it is best that we be done for today."

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Will could still hear Hannibal's words echoing in his head, but it didn't mean everything obeyed the Alpha down to the letter. Sleep proved to be their downfall after a carefully maintained day of limited interaction. Each had taken it upon himself to give each other space for a time to mentally regroup. Hannibal holed himself up in the kitchen to make strange little appetizers of carved vegetables and bits of animal that no one felt like eating. Nigel kept company with a bottle of expensive scotch in the library while Will stayed with his pack out in the yard.

That night, they dreamt as one, the pathways of their minds all leading into one another now.

The sensation of being cold was how Will became aware of it. In a waking that could only occur in dreams, Will opened his eyes to find himself in a forest, inky black and bitterly winter. Cast in shades of shadow and bone, this frozen land was illuminated only by the huge moon overhead, the celestial too big for its intended sky to be real no matter how chilled Will felt. Beyond the cold that made his fingers and toes stiff with wicked hurt and numbness, Will perceived that he was in motion. Looking down, he was not at all surprised to find himself in the ravenstag's back again, though his outfit gave him reason to pause. Dark furs were worn as a cloak all about him, a heavy sword of iron at his side was well. It's weight was strangely familiar to him and that made Will wonder as he breathed out warmth that crystallized into dragon's breath.

The silence Will equated to winter and its long nights was nonexistent here, this space of wood and moving shade filled with brutal sound. Mistaking it at first for wind, Will let that hope die, recognizing the high pitched noise that tore through the branches and underbrush as a child's shrill screaming. It was a pure sound, starting untainted as terror and pain before descending into irrevocable loss. It took Will a moment longer to realize that screaming was being emitted from more than one source.

Nudging the Ravenstag' sides with his knees, Will rode into the wind, face forward and determined to experience everything that this place chose to show him. Will was an old hand at nightmares, and he thanked the nameless that he was as the ravenstag entered a clearing.Creatures in the rough shape of men crouched in the snow around what would have been a person at some point. Now it was just lumps of meat and smears of blood on snow. It was the milk teeth standing out starkly as pearls in pools of blood that told Will that this meal had once been a child. The things that fed upon her...and it was a her Will somehow knew like he knew his own name... her remains were brutish things were ugly and gruesome creatures with faces like the twisted combination of pigs and people. They disgusted Will on levels he didn't realize he had before recognizing that they were not his own. These hellish things that fed on flesh belonged to his mates, were terrors embedded in their heads.

This felt all too real to be imagination morphing into nightmares. With a sickness that began to well up in Will's belly, he knew this, that this place was real though it may not exist anymore, and that these piggish horrors were taken from memory. Though it was presented malformed and colored in by time, this had been experienced on some level by Hannibal and Nigel, whatever this was.

The pig men noticed Will's presence, rising up from their meager feast to meet him with bloody maws agape, hungry for more. They were greedy, evil things intent on taking his life. Will felt nothing but contempt and hatred for them. A fair amount of that reaction was even his so it didn't surprise him in the slightest how easily it was for him to slide off the ravenstag's back and cut the pig men down with his sword. He was the god of the gallows, the ravens Memory and Thought making him see visions of the past, and it filled Will with a blind rage and an endearing anger that felt old to him. There was a thick brew of emotion that was not all his own, but he used it to hack off limbs and gut monsters that he knew to be long dead. He was fighting ghosts that dwelled here.

When all the pig men were dead, Will cleaned his sword off on their uniforms though he couldn't place their origins. The howling of the wind had stopped at some point, the shrill screaming from the dearly departed quieting down. Left in its wake was a dull sobbing, a deep sound that was drawn out and bone tired in pitch. Turning to find the ravenstag gone, Will sheathed his sword, leaving the clearing and the dead where they lie. They were worth no burial or time wasted to ease their way into the underworld. Hell took care of its own that way.

On foot, Will trudged through the snow, following the sound that made snow begin to fall from a fathomless sky devoid of stars. The moon here kept no other company it would seem. It made Will feel lonely and alone for it. He was grateful for it presence though, the stark silvery light the only reason he was able to see the children in front of him. Knee deep in snow and not dressed properly for it, a boy with dirty blonde hair stood in his path, his thin mouth a grim mute line. On his back, he carried his twin, the one who was crying and giving voice to the wind. These children were waifs in the truest sense of the word, obviously starving.

The one being carried by his brother wept for them both because he could. Instinctively, Will knew the other would not make a sound, at least not with his voice. His maroon eyes did all the screaming for him, Will feeling himself bleed internally for these children who weren't

human anymore in some sense of the word. When the crying twin looked up at him, Will knew that his presence was not expected, the boys looking back at him with something akin to horror. This was a secret, a truth, a private matter, and a defining moment meant only for them to suffer. It was horrible, but it was theirs and Will was intruding upon it.

"I'm sorry, but I killed those men. I don't think I should have done that now. I think you were always meant to do that." Will spoke softly, letting the night's sighing bring his words to them. The silent twin only stared back at him, his feral eyes void of anything intelligible. He let his brother down off his back, the little boy with the tears freezing to his skin more openly regarding Will. Whatever he saw in Will, he must have deemed safe, the little boy reached out a too thin hand to catch Will's own. The other tried to grab his brother's hand back, but it was too late. A chain of rose gold snapped into existence and into space around their wrists, connecting Will to the child. When the silent twin tried to take his brother back by force, a chain of silver linked Will to him in the same way.

That was when the world erupted all around them. Will found out that the twin of silence could scream with more than just his eyes, the entirety of the night reacting around them like a storm of shadow play, ice as sharp as knives, and wind that tore winter apart by its seams. Everything was breaking apart and Will didn't have the faintest clue how to save them all. The boy's freedom, or a concept of it, was obviously a breaking point for him, Will struggling to take off the silver chain that bound them together. The fumbling of Will's fingers were stilled though when a small hand was placed over his, the brother was was cuffed at the wrist in rose gold making Will look over at him.

Sanguine eyes held his own, an eerie sort of calm held within them as the world fell apart all around them in ragged pieces. "How do I fix this?" Will asked.

"You don't." Nigel smiled sadly back at him as Hannibal lost himself, his break threatening to take them all with him into insanity.

A note, clear and low, sounded somehow over destruction of self, and was heard. Someone was playing a cello off in the distance, Will turning toward the music as the tempest seemed to hold its breathe for a second, stilling all around them like a moment frozen in time. Scooping up the twins so that he had a child in either arm, Will took advantage of Hannibal's distraction, striding as quickly as he could through knee deep snow banks toward light, sound, and movement ahead of them. The obstacle of packed snow thinned out so abruptly Will almost fell forward onto uneven cobblestone streets, the sudden warmth making Will feel almost ill, the humidity of this place like a wet towel to the face.

The child version of Hannibal panted in exhaustion against his chest, glaring at Nigel and Will in turns as the Omega carried the twins through foreign streets, following the cello like it were a siren's call. His cloak and sword were gone, Will noticing he was in far more modern clothing though still not his own. Like this place, the white bowler shirt and dark slacks had to be from Nigel. He was taking control of whatever the hell this was and giving them a way out, grounding the trio through sheer force of his will and wanting to live. Hannibal still felt resentful for it, but seemed to be easing out of his destructive moment, tension leaving his body until he was leaning up limply against Will.

"I'm sorry." Will apologized again, still as unsure as before for what exactly.

"He won't talk to you when he's like this." Nigel sighed, moving out of crook of arm. With some maneuvering only small children could manage with heights and limited handholds, Nigel settled himself on Will's back by climbing up to sit on the Omega's shoulders. The new position forced Will to shift Hannibal to his front, tucking the reluctant boy under his chin. Taking small revenge, Hannibal amused himself by pinching Nigel's legs who good naturally tried to kick his twin in the head. Will put a stop to both as he tried to keep his balance.

"I won't ask you what happened. You can tell me in your own time." Will told them, making the boys grow very quiet and unnaturally still. "It changed you. In time, it will change me as well."

"That's already happened. You're ours." Nigel whispered from above, his little hands digging into Will's curls as the gold cuff dug into the back of the Omega's head.

"I know. You've changed me, but I've changed you as well." Will said. He was wandering now, aimlessly with only the music as his guide as the three traveled down endless streets of a different night, one of Nigel's making. It was humid, so much so sweat slicked their skin like a fever. The moon here was bloated fat and yellow from it, though there were still no stars to keep it company.

"You think you have." Hannibal muttered into the Omega's chest. His challenge sounded weak even to him, the Alpha staring at the heavy silver proof of it round his wrist. A shift made Hannibal look up at Will, the Omega smiling gently down at him.

"I know I have."

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Your comments give Hannibal's appetizers a weird look that rivals Chilton's own. Your kudos cozy up with Nigel in the library and help him polish off that bottle of scotch.

And then there's these assholes...

Chapter Summary

Will goes back to work.

Chapter Notes

Hello! DarkmoonSigel here this time!
late update is late.
Sorry about that but my computer is garbage. I'll get a new one eventually.
Not beta read.

To answer an inquiry of 'what am I reading on AO3'-

1) I am currently obsessing about 'Bread and Music' by peppermintquartz, and can't hit the 'please update' button fast enough for that one.

2) geneticallydead is writing a tailor AU which is amazing, called 'Clothes Make The Man'.

3) 'Pattern Break' by Ningengirai is a canon divergence AU and it really cleverly written.

4) 'Table 5' by infandomswetrust is a restaurant AU with Will as a waiter and I am loving it.

5) 'Seek Your Enemy' and 'Wage Your War' from the 'A Fine Piece of Real Estate' by Della 19 is fucking fantastic enough to make me ignore the m-preg aspect of it so that should tell you something right there about its quality.

6) Anything written by Silverfeathered_Angel is written beautifully, but I adored their story 'To Love A Monster' so go check that out.

7) I am living for the update on 'Shark Tank' by xzombiekittenx. It's seriously one of the best prison AUs I have ever read for this fandom.

8) Madni's 'Anatomy of a Monster' series is one of the most solid pieces of writing I have ever read for any fandom from beginning to end. All her stories are excellent though so I highly recommend checking her out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I hope you’ve enjoyed your vacation, Will, because I needed you back in the field yesterday."

Will was still packing up after his last lecture of the day when the heavyset Alpha entered his classroom. Power flowed freely from Jack, the Omega made to clearly feel his ire. It was a rude gesture on Jack's part, meant to make a lesser Omega cower and be submissive to suggestion, even if that Omega was already bonded. "We had two more killers turn up during your unexpected absence. A lot of trouble could have been avoided if we’d had our best profiler on hand. People died because you decided to be reckless.” Jack snapped at him by way of greeting. On his part, Will wondered how his absence correlated with serial killers popping up, like him taking time off was the direct cause and effect to the East Coast attracting insane murderers.

"People die everyday, Jack, and my recklessness equated to taking a much needed vacation, a normal thing people do every day." Will muttered, the Alpha's power washing off of him like water off of a duck's back. That was interesting. Apparently having a double bond meant he was immune to such fluctuations in power around him, his own empathy having more of an internal effect than Jack's play of power over him. He could feel the press of energy and smell the anger pheromones being dumped into the air by Jack's body, yet felt no urge to placate the Alpha or humble himself to Jack. That could prove useful later on as Will made a mental note about this observation. He had a feeling Hannibal would want to know about this advantage, Nigel as well. Perhaps it would get the more possessive Alpha to lighten up on his protective instincts.

Stuffing the last of his papers into his satchel to quickly shoulder it, Will tried not to feel guilty as he turned to regard Jack. The time away hadn't been his idea yet he was being browbeaten for it. Glancing as high up Jack's cheek the best he could, Will didn’t miss the Alpha's rising indignation as dark eyes settled on the matching scars of Will’s throat.“You never mentioned you were planning on taking a mate, Will. In fact, I remember you being vehemently opposed to the subject whenever anyone brought it up. When I got the call from Lecter that you would be leaving for an emergency sabbatical, I wasn’t expecting you to come back bound. Is this a conversation I should be having with your Alpha?” Jack arched a questioning brow at him.

Sighing, Will found himself resented the implication, the reminder of limitations still set upon him and other people of his gender by society. He would have to resign himself to hearing that question a lot from now on. After all the fresh hell he’d been through the past week trying to adjust, adapt, and evolve, Will resented the spiteful comment being thrown in his face.

"Whether I work or not is my own choice, Jack.” Will spat out his words, eyes more grey from anger than blue. "I can do what I want, when I want, and that includes refusing offers I don't feel inclined to take on.” Will was being aggressive and he knew it, but he was sick of Jack pushing him around. A temper that was not all his own was seeping into his veins as well, setting parts of his mind on fire like strange poison. Will felt more free to voice that sentiment now that he was mated, the bright pink scars standing out starkly against his pale skin. In a way, the marks' presence was freeing. He no longer had to fear lingering looks of

Alphas seeking him out to take on a secondary mate, the claiming scars acting as a sort of shield.

“I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that.” Jack growled, making it perfectly clear that he wasn’t about to beg someone he saw as beneath him, Omega or not, to do their damn job.

“I’m not.” Came accented words that rung with a power all their own, the source sounding not too pleased to see his mate being cornered by another Alpha, one who standing between the Omega and the only door. Recognizing it for the subtle bullying that it was, Nigel knew how to play the game of intimidation and dominance, one where an Alpha threw his weight around to get what he wanted.

Jack turned in time to watch Hannibal’s bizarre double saunter into the room, long legs taking lazy strides to walk right past the other Alpha and take his place by Will's side. Taking the Omega's bag to hang over one of his own broad shoulders, Nigel slipped his hand around the curve of Will's waist like it was the most natural thing in the world to do. Rounding out all the textbook possessive gestures of an Alpha, Nigel pressed a chaste kiss to one of the bonding marks on the Omega's neck, letting Jack know he held no power or right over Will.

“If my darling doesn’t feel like diving into some sick fuck's head, he’s not going to. You should be grateful he’s even here to grace you with his fucking presence. I had every intention of keeping my angel home and away from this hellhole." Nigel was smiling but it couldn't be deemed friendly by any variance of the word. The display of crooked teeth was wide and predatory. It practically begged the other man to try and fight him on this, to even whisper anything that could be misconstrued as a threat toward his mate. Nigel knew his rights as an Alpha like he knew the feel of his old tokarev TTC semi-automatic in hand. Boss or not, Jack certainly wasn’t allowed to force anything on Will. Hell, he was barely allowed to even ask. Anything regarded as a change in the Omega’s duties would need to be cleared by Hannibal or Nigel first, a fact Will would have to come to terms with, and apparently, Jack as well. Not that either of the twins would be telling Will 'no' to something he really wanted if they wished to remain in his good graces, but Jack didn't need to know that.

Jack narrowed his eyes at the new Alpha imposing on his territory, posturing like he owned the place and Will. "While your concern is probably appreciated by your twin, you have no right to dictate what his mate does. I’ve already had this conversation with Dr. Lecter about Will." he stated, obviously missing something vital.

“And now you’re about to have it again with me.” Nigel would be lying if he said he wasn’t enjoying this. He was. He liked that he could get under the other man’s skin so easily, liked that he was an unknown variable in the equation of manipulating his mate. It was always a pleasure to have the element of surprise, to knock a guy flat on his ass with an unexpected sucker punch to the throat.

"My darling William has two Alphas. My word is just as good as my brother's own. So let’s talk.” Nigel drawled, the words heavy with connotation coming off as light and airy from his silver tongue. Devils had to be paid their due before bargains were struck, and Nigel was not above carving a pound of flesh out of Jack before everything was said and done.

Taken aback by the truth of the matter, Jack worried for Will as he warily regarded the new Alpha holding all the cards he wanted. He'd thought it was bad enough having to deal with Hannibal in order to gain access to his number one profiler. Now he had to deal with this unexpected development smelling of cheap cigarettes and looking like the type of people he put away for a living. It was a small miracle that Will was even alive right now, much less standing there with them looking more grounded than he had in months. Not that Jack was surprised about the Omega's durability. Will was a hell of a lot stronger and more resilient than most people gave him credit for. It was one of the reasons Jack kept coming back to tap him for his 'talent'.

"My apologies. It would appear we started off on the wrong foot, Mr…" Jack left an opening for Nigel to fill. Hannibal had not mentioned a brother or any living family member before. Jack hated being the last one to know key information.

"I'm Nigel." The Alpha offered up magnanimously. Will resisted the urge to roll his eyes at Alphas being ridiculous with one another.

"Nigel," Jack continued, deliberately dropping the use of a proper sir name, keeping this exchange casual, friendly even...to an extent, "I'm Agent Jack Crawford, head of the Behavioral Science Division of the FBI here at Quantico."

Too bad for Jack, Nigel didn't want to be friendly. "That is certainly a lot to live up to." He didn't need to say 'your title means shit to me' aloud. It was implied clearly enough to make Will wince.

To Jack's credit, he swallowed his ire and continued, "Will Graham is my best profiler. He been assisting me with cases for nearly a year now. Over that time, I have come to consider him a friend."

Will had to give credit where credit was due. Jack was trying to work all his angles at once to reason with an Alpha who looked like he couldn't have cared less. Nigel had walked in on him all but threatening his mate, and now Jack knew he had to play beggar if he wanted to win Nigel over and Will back. "With his select skill set Will has managed to put a number of high profile serial killers behind bars. He's also our best bet at catching the Chesapeake Ripper. Your brother has already approved Will's continued employment at the FBI as a Special Agent and profiler with only a select few restrictions. If it's alright with you, I'd like to continue with that agreement."

"You've spoken with Hannibal?" Will frowned, reminding the room that he was still very much in it. He'd been wondering what 'work' had pulled the Alpha away when they'd only just got back from overseas. It had seemed odd that Hannibal would have any patients within hours of their return, but a private phone call to Jack would make sense. "What sort of 'restrictions' has he laid down?"

"Nigel and I will have full access to you at all times, regardless of when and where the crime scenes are. If we wish to accompany you, we are permitted to do so, and if we feel that certain stimuli is too much for your current state of mind, we have the sole authority to pull you off the case." Came the smooth reply from Hannibal as the doctor entered the room, joining the pair of Alphas. He chose to stand on Will's other side and regard Jack who had

somehow been roped into a second negotiation. To the Omega's dismay, Hannibal's hand found its way around Will's waist much as his brothers had, palm resting possessively on the curve of the Omega's hip.

"That is, of course, if Will so chooses to continue working for the FBI at all. Nigel and I have left the decision up to him." Hannibal said, making Will sigh in response. That explained why Jack had ambushed him. Jack couldn't risk Will unwilling to return to work after being bonded. The stereotypical response of a newly mated Omega was to become a homebody. "Nigel and I would prefer it if Will focused on teaching, but we are open to the idea of giving him the freedom to resume whatever he chooses."

It took a moment for Will to realize it, but under the combined weight of the Alphas' stares, Will understood that the ball was entirely in his court. They were waiting for an answer from him. "You have a body you want me to look at?" Will asked more to prove a point than actually wanting to.

Jack nodded in response, very carefully keeping his focus on the Omega. The Alphas had already stated their positions so Jack knew connecting with Will was his best bet. Ignoring his Alphas, Will disentangled himself from them.

"Show me."

OoOoO

"Now there is something you don't see everyday. Couldn't have called that if I tried."

Those were the first words to leave Zeller's mouth as he took in Will and the two Alphas who followed him in tow. If he'd ever been asked to put money on it, Zeller would have easily bet a grand on Will staying single forever. It was nothing personal against the guy. Will was just an older, anti-social male Omega with some serious issues that left most people leaning more toward the idea of deranged makings of a serial killer than a cuddle bunny mate.

A quelling look from Jack had the Beta offering up a shrug of apology before returning to his work. Price didn't seem deterred by any of it. "I have to agree. Two pure Alphas? That has got to be a record. Good for him."

"Katz. Beverly Katz." The feisty lower level Alpha smiled, already up on her feet and offering her hand in greeting to Nigel. He took it with a grin of his own, shaking the firm grip from the rare female Alpha with approval. He liked her already, Beverly pointing around the room to name the other people in it for him.

"Nigel." The Alpha grunted in return, his response muffled by the cigarette in mouth. It was stolen by Will before it could be lit, a warning glare from the Omega that smoking while they worked was not permitted, especially in the lab.

"If you're all done playing meet and greet, we have a killer on our hands to catch." Jack reprimanded the room, gaining looks from all as they quietly returned to their tasks. Beverly sought out Will's eyes to give the Omega an appreciative smile and a cheeky wink, letting

Will know she approved of him snagging a pair of thoroughbred Alphas. It left him with a warm flush crawling under his skin as he followed Jack to examine the latest victim.

“You might want to take a moment to prepare yourself. This isn’t pretty.” Jack announced to all though his eyes were locked on Nigel, the agent clearly viewing him as the least experienced in the room.

Smothering a snort of amusement, Nigel ignored his twin's muted lecture trying to be heard through their bond. He doubted anything Jack had to show him could compare to the art Hannibal or himself had created. “I think I can handle it.” Nigel said easily enough to set Jack's teeth on edge. For a moment, the agent thought he might have had upper hand. He didn’t know how sorely mistaken he was. Gritting his teeth, Jack pulled open the drawer, rolling out the latest horror. Nigel could admit that it wasn’t quite what he had expected, but it wasn’t turning his guts over either. In all fairness though, not a whole lot did anymore.

“The fuck’s wrong with his throat?” The calm, almost bored sounding question wasn’t the reaction Jack had been hoping for.

“His name is Douglas Wilson. He was a member of the Baltimore Metropolitan Orchestra brass section, trombone player. He was killed shortly after his last performance, blunt force trauma to the back of the head. We found him sitting in a chair on stage with a cello neck protruding from his mouth." Jack growled, vividly remembering the staging of this victim.

“It would seem our killer meant to put on a show.” Hannibal supplied his own helpful insight, examining the artistic work of chemically treated vocal cords. Will gave him a look of 'no shit Sherlock' before returning his attention back to the corpse and the pictures Beverly handed over. “He’s treated this man's vocal cords in much the same way cat gut string was once produced.”

“This isn’t going to work, Jack.” Will announced, flipping through the stack of photos presented to him. “You know I don’t work my best with pictures. I need the scene if you want me to create a proper profile of this killer.” Will shook his head, brow furrowing as he tried to place himself in the space and moment the killer would have stood in. In a dimly lit auditorium filled with empty seats facing the brightly lit stage, he would have played the dead man's throat to made it sing sighing notes, the surreal sounds produced by stolen meat and treated tendons filling the void.

“The only thing I can tell you about this design is that what he did was the only way to get a decent sound out of this guy. He wasn’t impressed with the trombonist's performance. This is his way of both punishing an ongoing insult to the orchestra as well as fixing the brass section.” Will rubbed his eyes, trying not to see too much blood and sinew while he was still such an open book to his Alphas. He was doing his best not to inflict his nightmares on others.

Despite Will's best efforts, the twins saw their Omega standing confidently center stage in their shared mind space over the musician, playing him like the instrument he had been crafted into. It was one of the most beautiful sights Hannibal had ever seen, the Alpha committing Will's effortless movement and serene look of deep concentration to memory. Nigel mused if he was the devil, Will would have won a fiddle of gold from him for his

performance. With that vision came the coiling fear that always followed Will wherever he went though when it came to Jack Crawford and the monsters he made him seek out. It spread out from Will blood in water, diluting into the Alphas to make them feel nauseous from it.

“I have an amendment to this agreement you’ve made with my brother.” Nigel announced, his hand finding Will’s back to slide comfortingly down to the small of it where his palm settled. It was just enough contact to remind Will he was there, the Omega anything but alone in this as he dealt with the darkness of the monster playing melodies in his mind.

“If you want Will to resume his hunting, you’re going to have to hire me on as his bodyguard.” Nigel stated in a tone that brooked no argument, Hannibal working to keep his mask in place. He knew his brother would be looking for work once they’d all become settled, but he hadn’t expected him to find a job chasing after their Will. He wasn't sure how he felt about that, and feelings of uncertainty always bothered him.

“That’s not acceptable.” Jack stated firmly, unwilling to yield on this. He didn't like the idea of letting this thuggish Alpha cross a toe past the police tape of one of his crime scenes.

“Then you can’t have Will.” Nigel said with a definite finality, letting both Hannibal and Will know that this wasn’t up for debate with them either. They could throw all the little curve balls and tantrums they wanted at him. He rather risk being exiled from their bed and company than allow his mate to drown in alone in fear while others looked on and did nothing. "I get that you think I’m ignorant Euro-trash scum and I'm fine with that. Unfortunately for you fucks, I’m not." Nigel growled. "When it comes to my darling Will, I always have an ear to the ground. I've been reviewing his work under you, Agent Crawford, and I've found your careless mishandling of my beloved's safety disturbing."

"Will is a capable agent. He doesn't need his hand held by me or anyone else, including you." Jack snapped, making the room wince as his power cracked like whip.

The twins and Will remained unaffected though the Alphas subtly moved to place their Omega between them. "I know my darling is ever the total package, but he'll live longer with someone capable protecting his back." Nigel said, titling his head to the side to grin at the angered agent who found the expression odd to behold on such a familiar face.

"And you think you're that someone?" Jack growled

"I know I'm that someone. I've been going over the cases you have pulled Will on so let us start at the beginning with this Shrike fellow. Will walked right into the house of a cannibalistic serial killer, and was forced to shoot him dead. I’d say that’s pretty fucking dangerous, but that’s just one instance, so let’s move on. We could talk about the pharmacist who had a penchant for growing his mushroom garden on other people, and how he became fixated on Will, seeking him out. If Will hadn't shot him too, I shudder to think what would have happened.” Nigel said, counting off the incidents on his fingers all while watching the other Alpha almost visibly shrink under the weight of the evidence against him.

“You could tell me that’s just coincidence of course, but why don’t we discuss the Lost Boys mother Will tried to go one on one against? To my understanding, that could abruptly with

Will's death if dear Beverly over there hadn't stepped in to take out the bitch. By the way, thank you for that, my sweet." Nigel dipped his head in a nod of gratitude to the other Alpha, Beverly grinning back despite Jack's sour look. "The latest incident involved sending my darling mate, an unmated Omega at the time, into the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane to evaluate an insane Alpha with grandiose delusions of being the Chesapeake Ripper after he butchered a nurse."

"Gideon was back in his cage and under better security by then." Jack countered but he could see where Nigel was going with this.

"Yes, because the administrator's decisions in that matter beforehand had proven themselves to be foolproof. You'll forgive me if I find very little comfort in that." Nigel snorted in disdain. "Will is my mate, and I have every fucking right to protect him. It's a package deal now. If you want him, you're going to have to take me with him, or find yourself another profiler, because this isn't up for debate."

"I will take your offer into consideration." Jack said through gritted teeth, everyone including himself already knowing his final answer. The Alpha saw Will as his key to capturing the Chesapeake Ripper. He would move heaven and earth if need be to keep the Omega in his employment.

"You do that," Nigel grinned like a shark, letting the whole room know he'd already won, "Oh, and maybe next time, you shouldn't be so quick to give anyone an axe to grind against you. They just might be a genius, or a psychopath."

"Or both." Was murmured quietly by Will. Though he couldn't risk breaking eye contact to look at his mate, Nigel's warmth seeping through their bond. Will might not like being owned and controlled, but he recognized what Nigel was trying to do for him, and he appreciated it. It strangely nice sometimes to know just how much he meant to the Alpha, to be wanted and valued.

"You seriously want me to put you on the payroll." Jack didn't spit the words, but he came pretty damn close to. The agent was seething all while trying to seem like he wasn't.

Nigel shrugged, "I'm not about to work for free. You don't have a problem compensating Hanni when he's assisted you in the past. I think there is more than enough room in the FBI's budget for guarding a valuable asset."

"Hanni?" Was the ignored laugh from Zeller, though the amusement earned him a sharp elbow from Katz who didn't want to risk missing out on a moment of this. The sassy science team was enjoying the power play, Price and Zeller wishing that they had thought to place bets on the Alphas beforehand. From his own point of view, there were days Hannibal truly enjoyed his twin's company. Watching Nigel toy with Jack Crawford was making this one of them. Dark eyes sought out his own out, Jack to him for a different opinion that might suit him needs more. Hannibal wasn't about to give him his support though. "Nigel would make an excellent bodyguard, having a certain expertise for it." Hannibal told the agent, vouching for his twin all while enjoying how hope withered and died in Jack.

“Fine, but we’ll have to discuss protocol and you’ll have to attend a few workshops and a number of defense courses. I also need you licensed to carry a firearm.” This time Jack did spit the words, his own fury turning the sounds venomous.

“Which will be paid and provided for by the FBI.” Nigel added without hesitation because he was not above kicking someone while they were down.

Jack almost growled, “Fine. We can further discuss the stipulations of your employment later. I’ll have our lawyers draw up a contract.”

“Excellent, you can have it faxed to my lawyer.” Hannibal smiled, answering for Nigel. They had won a great deal in a very short amount of time. They could afford to gloat about it later, though Nigel was already doing more than his fair share. The Alpha was currently grinning like a piranha in a tank full of goldfish.

OoOoO

“Dr. Lecter, I had no idea you could dress so…casually…or smoked." Nigel looked up in surprise at a skinny man in a suit, one that sauntered up to him like he knew him. The little man obviously thought he was some sort of big fish in the pond of life. Once glance told Nigel that he was actually a minnow trying to be a shark. He wasn't impressed, and was becoming quickly annoyed when it became apparent the man had no intention of being quiet or leaving any time soon. Nigel had been enjoying a cigarette while he waited for his mates to return, Will having forgotten a folder he needed for his lesson plans and Hannibal going along with him to detour anyone who wanted to hinder him along the way. Still preening from his exploits, Nigel hadn't expected his victory smoke to be interrupted by an idiot,. " Is this a some sort of disguise? Does Agent Crawford have you working undercover for one of the FBI’s cases?” the irritating man leaned in to stage whisper conspiratorially.

“You don’t like it?” But NIgel played along anyway, mimicking one of Hannibal's more controlled smiles and subtle head tilts of feigned curious interest as he turned to speak with the man, “Jack seems to feel a complete change of wardrobe was needed.” Nigel made a show of indicated his neck, the dancing girl of ink stretching from under his ear to nearly his collar.

“Well, you certainly look the role of a ruffian, especially with that distasteful tattoo. It looks so real as does the cigarette.” the weaselly little man said all while trying to look wise. Nigel wondered who the hell would bother to make fake cigarettes.

“What? This?” Nigel chuffed out smoke as he dangled the cigarette from between his fingertips. “No, it’s a blend of herbs from my own garden. You’re quite welcome to try it if you’d like.”

“Always so careful with what you put in your body, Dr. Lecter. You should learn to live a little.” the offensive little man smiled, taking the half-finished smoke to examine it as though it were a wonder.

"It’s interesting. Smells exactly like a real cigarette. What did you put in it?” He brought it to his lips, pulling in a deep breath of smoke to choke and sputter as he hacked it out.

“When do you think Chilton will figure it out?” Will asked, leaning into Hannibal as the pair watching the humorous display of Baltimore State Hospital’s administrator ruin his lungs on one of Nigel’s cheap ass cigarettes.

“Soon enough. Nigel is becoming bored and that's never good for anyone.” Hannibal supplied with a smile, watching as the Beta handed back the cigarette still coughing, and excusing himself in a hurry to pass through the doors looking a little green around his edges. He saw Hannibal and Will standing there, looking clearly amused with him, especially when Chilton turned back around to find Nigel waving at him. Will had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing as Chilton turned an interesting shade of red, the Omega ducking his head as he followed Hannibal out.

“Who the fuck was that and how often to do you talk to that piece of work?” Nigel asked disdainfully in greeting. Chilton had obviously left a bad taste in Nigel's mouth, who seemed to have that effect on people.

“Only as often as politeness dictates given our shared field,” Hannibal offed in response, letting his hand settle on the small of Will’s back to direct their mate to the Bentley. The day was turning out to be a rather eventful one. They didn’t make it more than a couple of steps before the soft click of a camera had all three turning their heads to see a less than welcomed ginger snapping unwanted photos, the deceptively delicate looking Alpha seeming all too pleased with herself as she examined the stolen images.

“Well, well, well, Mr. Graham. I never thought I would see the day you were mated. I can only imagine what that must have been like.” Freddie Lounds looked as though she was about to offer her condolences instead of congratulations to the Alphas. She barely had the chance to open her little mouth before the expensive camera was pulled free from her hands, Nigel turning his back to her as he began thumbing through the photos.

“Hey, you can’t touch that!” Freddy growled, reaching for the device just as Nigel lifted it away out of reach He sidestepped a swift kick to his shins from the enraged journalist.

“You put my face in it, so I’ll fucking touch it as much as I fucking want.” A warning look had Freddie pausing in her tracks, survival instincts letting her know that the lion was more than just in the room with her. It was there right with her and it was getting pissed. “There a reason you have so many pictures of my darling Will in here? Have you been stalking him?” The question was rhetorical, Nigel not bothering to wait for an answer as he popped the camera's base open to slip out its memory card. He put it into his pocket before handing the camera back. As much as he’d like to see how much of it he could ram down her throat, Nigel was standing in front of his future place of employment so some restraint was called for. To his amusement, Freddie presented a demanding palm for the memory cards return as though Nigel would actually give it to her.

“That card, and all the footage on it, belongs to me. I’m a journalist and I have rights. There’s nothing wrong with taking a photo in a public space so I’ll be taking it back, or I’ll be taking you to court.” Freddie insisted, ignoring how Will snorted in disdain when the word 'journalist' was uttered .

“I don’t fucking think so.” Nigel smiled back, tapping out a fresh cigarette to ignore the fuming Alpha. His good deed done for the day, Nigel let Hannibal take over to light up and finish the smoke that had been interrupted.

“Ms Lounds,” Hannibal picked up without missing a beat, “I would have given you the benefit of the doubt to having missed William’s recently acquired bonding marks or the change in his scent, but your greeting has clearly proven you to be more than aware of his change in status.” He began in that still, calm fashion Nigel recognized to be the quiet before the storm.

“Will is now mated, Ms Lounds. If you do not conduct yourself properly, my brother and I will be forced to take out a very detailed restraining order, one that would be detrimental to your profession. An Alpha stalking a mated Omega is no light matter, especially one of Will's rarity and value. The time alone you would serve in prison for the number of photos you have already illegally taken would add up to a life sentence,” He offered a dramatic pause for theatrical purposes, letting the weight of his words truly sink in. Despite all her faults, Freddie Lounds was a very clever woman, she could more than just read between the lines. “There’s no need for either of us to pursue such drastic measure of course.”

“No more stories, no more photos, and no coming anywhere near our sweet William, or you’ll find your pretty little ass in prison playing Omega to one of the bigger Alphas locked away for something a little worse than stalking.” Nigel finished, the pair letting just enough of their masks shift to let the real predators peek out at the Alpha pursuing their mate. The ginger looked from one monster to the other before turning on her heel, taking clipped measured steps back to her car. To her credit, she didn’t run but it wasn’t a slow walk either.

“You think she’ll behave herself?” Nigel, asked blowing out a mouthful of smoke.

“Perhaps, at least for a small while, but then again, I have a very good lawyer,” Hannibal said as the took the memory card from Nigel, placing a kiss to his cheek as he did so. “I believe with the right warning letter something could be drawn up guaranteeing her silence and her digression.”

“This, Jack, Freddie, you didn’t have to do any of that.” Will tried to protest as the pair lead him to the Bentley, Hannibal turning back to study Will. Judging by the touch of embarrassed flattery fluttering through their link, he would have to guess that they had surprised Will a number of times that day. While still a touch indecisive about how he felt about it in the end, the Omega was in a monumental mood due to the protective nature of his Alpha’s winning battles on his behalf and for once in his favor.

Nigel almost laughed, crawling into the back with Will, leaving Hannibal alone in the front. "Yes, darling, we did. You’re our mate. What kind of Alphas would we be if we allowed cunts to take advantage of you?” Nigel said soft and sweet as he pulled Will into his lap, burying his face in the crook of the Omega's neck for nipping kisses.

“Separate seatbelts, Nigel,” Hannibal chided, giving Will the chance to wriggle free and buckle up while Nigel glared at his twin.

“He’s not going to want to once we get home.” Nigel sighed, flicking his cigarette butt out the window as the Bentley pulled out.

Will frowned, not liking the sound of that. “Why won’t I want to?”

“It’s a surprise.”

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Your comments snicker about Hanni and your kudos sneak cigarettes.

Oh and if you want to find Sku or I on Tumblr, we are there too.
http://sku7314977.tumblr.com/
http://darkmoonsigel.tumblr.com/

Kitchen Fight

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Hannibal have a disagreement in the kitchen.

Chapter Notes

Hello darlings~<3

Sku here, I could waste a lot of this apologizing for the wait but I think the main thing here is that we're updating again and the story has not been been abandoned. So, late or not, we hope you enjoy the chapter and hope to follow it with another relatively soon.

Thank you all for being so patient with us and to anyone who decides to continue reading this after such a long hiatus.

We own nothing.

Beta read by diedofennui, the wonderful woman who has agreed to deal with my (sku's) shitty grammar.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The surprise turned out to be a new car, opera tickets and a doctor appointment. The car, because Hannibal had finally deemed Will's old vehicle less than reliable and too much of an eyesore for his mate to be seen in. The older twin was left less than pleased however when the younger insisted on keeping the clunker for himself. It meant that despite Hannibal's best efforts, the old car was still sitting in his driveway, leaking oil and, well...existing in general. Given Nigel's driving or more accurately "barrelling about with no fucks given to other drivers," Hannibal decided it was probably for the best that his brother's car be inexpensive. Hannibal could sense through their bond that Will and Nigel were feeling very smug, but each for different reasons. He told them that they were being childish, and choose to ignore them both.

Despite his misgiving about the expensive present, Will was pleased to find that the car chosen was both stylish and practical, made to suit his more simple tastes while still displaying his rise in social status. Still, it was a little much for someone from humble beginnings. He was feeling a little light headed from suddenly finding himself with everything and not knowing what to do with it all. Since Nigel's 'conversation' with Jack... if he could call the two men throwing their weight around a conversation... Will had gained a

better understanding of why Hannibal felt the need to follow storied traditions and dress Will in the best. He and Nigel hadn't just come from an old family or a country that still appreciated the old ways beyond the turn of the century, it was a way of life that was ingrained into them along with their titles and old money.

It was something he could have been reading in a bad romantic paperback, not experiencing in his waking life.

But fate seemed to love throwing curve balls, and at least this one was being thrown in Will's favor for a change, not that he wasn't still waiting for the rug to be metaphorically pulled out from under his feet. Nothing good ever lasts, at least not for him. Whatever this thing happening in his life was, he would just watch and wait, the fruit fermenting into wine, and eventually...the moment it would all turn to vinegar.

But this thought was still not entirely his own due to the bond between he and his mates, and Nigel continually reminded him that it wasn't going to happen. The Alpha opened doors in his mind that lead into rooms filled with an overflowing, obsessive love, all fashioned especially for him. If that wasn't enough, Nigel had started smearing his scar-inducing Alpha saliva on the mark Will had left him, a silent reminder that he wasn't going anywhere.

Waking up surrounded by all the warmth and protection of dual Alpha's sleeping atop and around him seemed to help drive the point home too.

"I've programmed the GPS for Dr. Du Maurier's home," Hannibal said. "She'll be expecting you at noon, so if you leave now you should arrive with plenty of time."

He smiled, and smoothed down the collar of Will's shirt. The Omega had agreed to wear something Hannibal picked out since this would be his first meeting with his new psychiatrist, incidentally Hannibal's former one. He didn't want to embarrass his mate by wearing any of his worn clothing. It didn't help that his preferred clothing was becoming increasingly less desirable the more he wore his newer fashions, the softer fabrics winning over his sensitive Omegan skin.

"I'm almost surprised you're letting me go on my own," Will sniped before he could stop himself, but his mate didn't seem offended, merely amused.

"I am your Alpha, not your sitter. Nigel seems to have volunteered for that position," Hannibal chuckled softly, putting a few last finishing touches on his mate.

It earned a scoff from the other Alpha in the room, Nigel keeping his nose buried in his paper, coffee in hand. It still amused Will that Nigel was not a morning person, he needed coffee to function properly.

"Following him to a crime scene for his protection isn't the same as stalking him to a doctor's appointment," came the mumbled response. He was obviously lost in an article and concentrating on infusing his blood with caffeine.

"Perhaps if this was your first visit with someone I was not familiar with, I would have accompanied you to reassure myself that you were in good hands and assess the doctor for

myself. However, I am well acquainted with Dr. Du Maurier." Hannibal said, ignoring his twin. "I believe you'll find her company to your tastes as well."

He captured Will's lips in a kiss longer than was necessary and enjoyed the way the Omega's fingers gripped the fabric of his sweater to pull him closer. Hannibal combed his fingers through unruly chocolate curls before allowing the Omega to offer a similar goodbye kiss to Nigel. The exchange ended with an audible ass-smack and a playful huff from Will who rolled his eyes at the Alpha.

"How long do you think he'll be gone?" Nigel asked when Will had closed the front door behind him. He put his paper down to finish his coffee in one long gulp, listening as the quiet purr of the engine sounded from outside.

The sudden question spiked Hannibal's interest: Nigel was up to something. His twin had slammed down coffee but skipped his morning cigarette.

"A few hours at most, nothing too long." He considered his brother with curious interest. "Why do you ask?"

"Because we haven't had a chance to work on our side of this bond. I want to do it without an audience in case it turns into a fucking shit show," Nigel growled, leaving his seat with a mission in mind. Hannibal remained still as Nigel approached, setting his hands on his twin's hips to pull a near identical body against his own. The lions were courting.

They were brothers, and against all odds they had turned the bond of twins into the bond of mates – lovers. But none of that changed that they were Alphas, and an ocean of blood could still be spilled if some common ground wasn't established between them. Neither were about to volunteer as Omega for the other. The effort of their bonding would require careful movements if they wanted to establish something before the next ménage à trois. They didn't want it ending with an Omegan call and someone losing an ear.

Dark maroon eyes considered their twin gaze for a breath, calculating unseen moves. Setting his hands around his brother's waist Hannibal leaned in and captured identical lips in a possessive kiss – his consent to begin.

Already turning to blood, Nigel pushed back against the dominating kiss and earned a skin breaking nip. Sanguine eyes flashing dangerously as they meet their mirror and the kiss broke, both men pulling back, tongues licking up the stain of red.

"I believe the previous agreement will not be applicable here," Hannibal purred, savouring the taste of copper and coffee.

Nigel growled, roughly grabbing the hem of Hannibal's sweater to pull the soft cashmere over his head. "I don't think it fucking applies anymore."

"In that case we should keep this out of the bedroom. Spare the sheets."

He accommodated the movement, returning the abuse to his delicate sweater by taking Nigel's own shirt in hand and pulling the unsightly fabric apart. Buttons flew to bounce off

the floor and under the fridge as the ugly dachshund print ripped.

“I liked that shirt,” Nigel warned, wresting his mate back against the wall with more violence than charm to work the fly of his pants open, nose buried in the crook of his neck to scent and nip the flesh there. Calloused hands pushed fabric off broad shoulders as an identical pair moved brushed wool and satin over well-toned hips.

Hannibal combed his fingers through his brother’s messy silvering hair, jerking Nigel’s head back to capture his mouth in another bruising kiss.

“A tragedy I’m sure.” He twisted the locks in his grasp, making his twin growl, grinding his teeth as roles were reversed. Nigel pressed now against the kitchen island, a knife seemingly finding its way into Hannibal’s hand and to his throat as he continued to press bloodying kisses against his brother’s skin. “I’ve always hated that shirt.”

“That mean I get to burn a fucking suit? Nobody looks good in plaid.”

He hissed as Hannibal’s fingers tightened again, cool metal sliding down his flesh to hook into the hem of his pants. “You really hate my sense of style don’t you Hanni?” Despite himself, Nigel laughed at the sound of his jeans tearing, the sweep of steel against his skin making all the blood go straight to his cock.

They were Alphas. They were predators and they were killers. This was the sort of violent love-making they couldn’t presently share with their sweet William, but it was more than welcomed between them. They had nothing to hide from one another. Eventually, they would have nothing to hide from Will either, but the Omega would have to be eased into it.

“You don’t really seem to mind,” Hannibal smiled. He dropped the knife to grip his twin's full cock instead. It dragged a moan from Nigel that momentarily had him believing he’d won the upper hand – a mistake. Nigel’s forehead slammed into his own, sending him stumbling back. Nigel had never been a man for fair play, not in love or war. He took advantage of the opening, tackling Hannibal to the floor. Braced to take the fall with shoulders and not his head, Hannibal made to rise and was instead met with another violent kiss.

They rolled, each fighting for dominance with biting teeth and guttural growls, all the while kicking their way out of pants and grabbing for the hardening flesh between muscular legs.

“I mind,” Nigel snapped, looping an arm under Hannibal's knee. He jerked the powerful leg over his shoulder and found the too tight entrance with a spit slicked finger, “But time is of the essence.” He grinned, red-stained teeth and dark humor, “You understand.”

Despite the thin slick, Hannibal hissed as he was penetrated, the digit pushing past the tight ring of muscles into his body. “My suits are worth a good deal more than your atrocious bowler shirts.”

He laid back, relaxing as he felt another digit push inside, allowing his muscles to loosen and accommodate the intrusion of Nigel. He closed his eyes and steadied his breath as the Alpha worked him open and searched for his prostate.

Nigel didn't trust him, and let as much be known, climbing between Hannibal's thighs and hooking his other leg around his waist to make any escape a touch more difficult for his twin as he pushed another finger inside. Impatient as always, he already felt the burning desire to bury himself inside.

"I told you before Hanni, they're a classic." Spitting into his palm he gave his cock a quick slick as he pulled his brother closer, lifting his hips to press his swollen head to Hannibal's entrance.

As he pushed to breach the tight ring of muscles, the metal door of stainless steel fridge swung out to send him sprawling. Hannibal was too quick after that, using the sudden momentum to push Nigel down and find his place on top.

"Cunt!" he cussed as his arms were quickly bound with an all too convenient apron. He snapped at the hands winding them, but teeth missed flesh as the skilled killer made quick work of the bindings. Nigel looped his bound arms around his brother's shoulders in an effort to try and drag the other Alpha up his body and away from between his legs.

No luck. Hannibal forced his way between Nigel's thighs, seating himself between them with a pleasant smile curving the corners of his lips. "Language Nigel," he chided, taking him by the thighs to lean him back, effectively folding him in half.

More affectionate kisses tore sensitive skin as the pair licked their way into one another's mouths. Hannibal reached for a bottle of olive oil on the counter that he had been planning to use to garnish their lunch. He slicked his fingers, and with more force than medical precision, pushed them into the man beneath him.

Nigel grit his teeth against the intrusion but couldn't stop the groan Hannibal forced from him, arching off the floor and into his brother when fingers found his prostate. Hannibal relentlessly assaulted the bundle of nerves with a play of fingers that left Nigel panting for more.

"Cheating fuck."

"Kettle and pot."

Long fingers were soon replaced with something more, a guttural moan dragged from the usually quiet doctor when the tight heat of an Alpha wrapped around his cock. Nigel hissed, his body not made to accommodate the length pushing inside him.

"I understand your enjoyment in this, Nigel," Hannibal smiled, enjoying the pained pleasure he could inflict on his brother while his body was gripped like a vice.

"Yeah? I can see why you bitched."

Nigel moaned again despite himself, licking his lips as he tried to relax around the girth growing within. It seemed to be enough. Hannibal's movements become easier as he pushed deeper, not stopping until he was seated to the root. He paused only long enough to take a

breath and memorize the feeling of such tight heat around him before withdrawing in a single fluid motion, nearly to the tip, and plunging back again.

Their pace soon quickened, Hannibal finding rhythm and angle to pound Nigel's prostate with every other thrust, dragging ragged moans and foreign curses from the man beneath.

"So, we're all in this as equals? A triad of lovers?" Nigel managed to rasp between thrusts. He rocked back into the motion to meet every jerk of his twin's hips and keep what little control he could.

"Yes," Hannibal panted into his shoulder. He was eying the mark left by Will; it was healing far more quickly than expected, accelerated by the Alpha saliva. Hannibal hadn't been able to find the memory associated with the mark's creation – the door to that hallway sealed to him, the moment a private one between Nigel and Will – but it stirred a sense of want within him.

He brought a hand between them to capture Nigel's girth and pump the heavy flesh, bringing the other Alpha as close to the edge as himself, and laid his mouth over the unbitten flesh on Nigel's other side. It was marred by a tattoo, but Hannibal would still see his own branding bite on his brother's throat. He licked the salty skin, a broad, warm stroke of tongue, and felt his twin grin against his own throat with mirroring intentions.

"Then we should probably make it official," Nigel said between gritted teeth. Hannibal's pounding slowed as his knot began to swell, the pulling and pushing into Nigel's body no longer an easy task as swollen flesh tugged within his unaccommodating passage. He wasn't built for this. Not like Will. But it was a pain-filled pleasure that had Nigel finding climax all too quickly, seed spilling between them as he rent flesh with teeth and marked Hannibal for his own – tearing into his throat to create a mark of faux bonding.

Hannibal was only moments behind, sinking teeth into skin like his own as he came, emptying his heat deep inside as hot spurts streaked his chest and stomach, smearing between them with the last of his shuddering thrusts.

Nothing changed between them in that moment. The bond of their own making was already formed through the natural link between twins and the increased empathy of their shared mate. This was for Will. They were mates, the three of them, each wearing the mark of the other. Not two with one, but three together.

Hannibal was still missing the ragged, claiming, amethyst bruises of their mate's blunt Omegan teeth, but Nigel didn't think that would be the case for much longer. He could feel Hannibal's jealousy and ache for the matching scar, and knew he would see the canvas of his skin painted with it soon.

Teeth still buried and breath panting, they remained locked together for several quiet moments, catching their breath as blood ran in slow streaks from broken flesh, broad tongues catching drops as their biting turned to cleaning of the claiming wounds. It was only courtesy that Hannibal unbound Nigel's wrists before collapsing on top of him, their bodies relaxing into a slightly more comfortable position on the kitchen floor. It would be at least

another ten minutes before his knot deflated enough to allow him to slip free without causing unnecessary damage to them both.

“We need to start carrying proper lube,” Nigel announced. He glanced around the kitchen to see exactly how far away his pants and their contents were. If he was going to lie there for the next fifteen minutes with a knot up his ass, he wanted a smoke.

Hannibal saw his intention and tugged the remaining denim nightmare a fraction closer just so he could toss it farther out of reach. A deal was a deal after all, and that meant no smoking in the kitchen.

“I suppose so,” he agreed to Nigel’s earlier comment, greeting the glower from the bottoming Alpha with a sensual kiss. “I’ll find us something discrete.”

Nigel didn’t doubt that it would also be imported and organic. God. His brother could be such a princess.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are making a puppy pile with naked killers, your comments are putting a fire under the writers ass.

Oh What A Night

Chapter Summary

Our boys attend the opera.

Chapter Notes

BAM! Look at us, updating like a couple of bosses!

Thank you everyone for keeping with the story, we hadn't expected so many readers to return to the story after so long between updates, it was a bit of a shock really. Also, thank you all for the awesome comments and warm welcome back. They were lovely and very encouraging. <3 <3 <3

Enjoy the update.

We own nothing.

Beta read by us.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He didn’t know when Hannibal had time to order him a tux, or had him fitted for one. As far as Will could guess Hannibal had just eyeballed the measurements based off their time during naked entanglement to make the damn thing a perfect fit.

“Why do I have to wear a tie?” Will didn’t whine, but he would have if it would spare him the neck piece. “Nigel isn’t wearing a tie.”

"Nigel is a thug with substandard tastes in apparel." Hannibal sniffed as he fixed the Omega's tie and smoothed the wings of his collar, adjusting the piece to lie with exact precision.

"I'm standing right here. I can hear you." Nigel arched a brow at his twin. He was currently wearing the same measured black Canali tux as the rest, but without the damn bowtie to irritate the still healing marks on his neck.

"And if I were saying anything untrue, you would have reason to worry." Hannibal said as he looked their darling mate over from head to toe, appreciating the fit of a well-tailored suit to Will’s shapely form. He already wanted to take it off, remove each piece with his teeth and hold the slighter man beneath him as he took him slowly in their bed, filling him until all else was forgotten.

The smoldering look in his sanguine eyes seemed to give it all away, Will's cock giving a stir before turning his attention to the other scoffing Alpha in the room.

"Substandard taste?!" he explained, almost laughing his indignation, "All you wear is plaid for fuck's sake with paisley!" He barked, "Which don't go no matter what you tell yourself or other people!" Nigel gestured to the rainbow wardrobe as proof. Will had to admit it was a lot of plaid.

"You wear bowling shirts," Hannibal shot back as if that stumped any argument Nigel could possibly come up with regarding his wardrobe. "Made of polyester. Polyester, Nigel!"

Hannibal snapped, somehow making the name of the trashy material sound perfectly vulgar.

Will slapped his hands over his mouth in time to keep from laughing aloud; he didn't want his mate turning his attentions to his own wardrobe. He already had a sneaking suspicion how he felt about that, especially with two of his own shirts gone missing.

"My shirts are fucking classic and it's a reliable blend." Nigel teased, sliding a few of his cigarettes from their soft pack into an elegantly engraved metal casing made for ten and a rather nice zippo. It pulled a little smile to the Omega's lips watching him change out a bit of himself for his brother, Will not the only one receiving aesthetically pleasing presents he was expected to start using in public. Or at the very least at special events such as tonight.

The look Hannibal offered in response could be described as nothing short of flat deadpan. "I don't believe I have the words to grace that statement with an appropriate reprimand. I know you're better educated than to honestly believe that polyester is a 'reliable' anything. If you sincerely feel that way, I will gladly provide you with a psychoanalyst to root out the source of your delirium."

"You're a fastidious ass, you know that?" Nigel growled, tucking his aristocratic cigarette case away. He adjusted the blood colored pocket square of his suit with a flourish for emphasis.

"Since birth," Hannibal smiled, satisfied with everyone's appearance as he led them out. "Excellent timing, the limo is here." He turned back to his mates, appreciating the stunned look on his Omega's face as a chauffeur opened and held the door for the trio.

"He rented a limo?" Will felt lost as he watched Nigel lead the way, wincing for some reason as he climbed inside and slid across the seat.

"You're not really that surprised are you? We just got done watching his royal nibs breakdown over fucking polyester." Nigel quipped.

"But it's not his usual thing if that's what you're wondering." He further explained, looping an arm over Will's shoulders as he settled by his side.

"Hanni's making a show of us tonight." Nigel's voice dropped to a husky whisper, his words curled by a heavy accent in a way that did things to Will, "It's not his wealth or his social

prestige he’s parading around tonight, darling. He wants everyone’s attention because he wants all their eyes on you.”

Will didn’t ask, couldn't bring himself to. He only turned his head to meet eyes with the other Alpha sliding into the car, the underlying gleam of pleasure and pride held in his gaze as he took in Will.

The omega could almost see himself as Hannibal saw him. Nervous, almost shy and feeling very much out of place, too aware of himself as he sat in a velvet lined limo dressed in a suit he would have never dreamed of wearing while attending a performance that was invite only for Baltimore's elite. All that and still completely oblivious to how beautiful he was.

To Hannibal, Will was a rare wonder meant to be revered and honored. Nothing so trite and limited as 'arm candy', though Hannibal was sure there would be more than a few sour looks shot at Baltimore’s most eligible bachelor for being claimed.

Hannibal knew that there would be more than a few lesser Alphas looking as well, hackles raised in jealousy and want over his claimed prize. Cupping the soft curve of Will’s face in his hands Hannibal captured soft lips, parted in surprise, in a passionate kiss. Now that they were bonded, Will wore his emotions openly, giving away everything that he was. How could Hannibal not lose himself in the beauty presented so freely now to him?

How could he not love the sheer astonishment that coursed through Will as the omega saw himself as Hannibal saw him?

“William, it is time you stopped seeing yourself as damaged goods. You are unique, not broken.” Hannibal murmured, kissing Will again soft and sweet, “More importantly, you are mine. I would parade you before God himself so that he may be jealous of our bond if only I could see his face.”

“That’s very ostentatious of you.” Will mumbled back against his lips, feeling another familiar set press up to the nape of his neck.

“You really shouldn’t be surprised darling. Like I said before, polyester.” Nigel snickered into Will's curls.

OoOoO

They arrived at the Lycra Opera House too soon and not soon enough, the twins more than enjoying themselves with a little preshow of flustering their Omega with nipping kisses and teasing hands that refused to touch nearly enough to make it count.

It wasn’t until Will was exiting the limo, flustered with honey sweet warmth seeping under his skin and the dampness of his slick threatening to ruin his new suit that Will realized what the twins had done with great and terrible intent.

They had gotten him excited, made him produce his damnable pheromones. Bonded or not, the sweet scents of them would be potent, a silent siren's call. Hannibal was looking for heads

to turn and the scent of a pure Omega, untainted by the use of heat suppressants or birth control would be like an alluring perfume to all the Alphas present, bound or no.

Wishing the ground would open up to swallow him whole, Will sighed as he took Hannibal's offered arm, glaring daggers at the smirking alpha. He allowed himself to be led into the imposing opera house.

Next to Will and keeping in step with the pair, Nigel was already loosening his shirt. After popping the top two buttons to let his collar hang loose around his neck, Nigel claimed Will free arm, proudly showing off his duel bonding scars to the world. His hand settled on the small of Will's back, flaunting his place as a secondary Alpha to a shared omega be known.

Will leaned into Hannibal's side, but Nigel chose not be offended. This was after all his twin's court, and he needed to show off to the plebeians, show them how class was done. For tonight, Nigel could take second seat to let his brother shine with their Omega, especially since he was still more than a little sore from their earlier engagement.

Inside the old place, it was nothing short of grand. With a towering cathedral ceiling and chandeliers that looked as though they were raining down crystal, casting a light that gilded every surface it reached into color of spun gold. Where it wasn't covered in red velvet carpet, the floor was dark polished wood, its grain surface holding a mirror shine to it. Much to Will's dismay, all the furnishing looked as though it had been pulled straight from the eighteenth century, much too delicate to deal with or sit on. The red glow of the 'exit' signs and the reality of front desk's very modern computers seemed almost surreal next to the traditional surroundings.

Hannibal handed their tickets to one of the men behind the counter receiving a number of programs for their show while Will continued to study the details of the room to avoid the faces that filled it. He couldn't help but notice that there wasn't one man or woman dressed beneath a formal attire. Evening gowns and expensive tuxedo's seemed to be the only thing allowed at the black tie event, Nigel seemingly the only one who'd decided to arrive without a tie making the Alpha stick out like a sore thumb.

It was only with some luck and possibly pity for the Omega who was feeling more than a little overwhelmed that Hannibal allowed them all to find their seats and save the mingling for the time spent during intermissions, the trio turning more than enough heads as they filtered down the aisle to their appointed seats.

The main room of the theater was, if possible, even more impressive than the entry had been. There was the stage, the main floor and three tears of seating rising above. A number of private boxes lined the walls, available to be rented to anyone willing to shell out the money for the extra privacy and more expansive seating.

As he took his seat Will noticed that one box in particular held no one inside, the back curtains drawn to show it's close despite its distinct lack of inhabitants. It was a very odd sight next to the remaining seven boxes that were already filled with their patrons sipping wine that would not be permitted to the attendants seated in the offered three tears or main floor.

“Why is that Booth empty?” Will asked rhetorically, not expecting either Alpha to answer. It was nearly as odd as Nigel’s tieless collar

Hannibal didn’t need to look to see the box that Will had noticed, a perk of their shared bond. “The boxes are auctioned for quarterly rental.” He explained, ignoring the turning head of one particular man a few rows back he hadn’t expected to encounter and hoped to avoid. “They are exclusive to the bidder, whether that patron chooses to attend the program or not. Though, that booth in particular is my own.”

“If you own a box why are we taking a floor seating?” Will didn’t know if he would have preferred to be hidden from the crowed in the high box or tucked amongst the masses. While his empathy would suffer less in the privacy of the booth he was equally sure that Nigel would have him watching the show from his lap.

Nigel snorted. “You’re smarter than that darling. This is your first show. Hanni wants you to see it, up close where you can appreciate the show without fucking squinting.” He ignored the silent reprimand for the coarse language from his brother.

“It also serves the better purpose of displaying you.” Hannibal finished for his obscene twin. “As much as I enjoy this houses rendition of Madama Butterfly from the privacy of a booth, tonight is about you.”

The confession was enough to render Will silent as the rest of the audience filtered into the large theater, finding their seats before lights dimmed – rendering the room silent as curtains drew and the stage lit. An unseen orchestra coming to life as the first actors stepped onto the stage.

It was nothing like watching a movie. The energy of the actors, setting and music effecting Will in a way the silver screen never had. He was being swallowed by a world painted in shades of orchestra, opera and acting.

The music was passionate, rich in sound and vibrant with feeling. Will could have lost himself to their notes alone, but the voices that danced with it – the call of emotion sung out from artists across the stage – Will was drowning in it. Before the bonding Will would never have known what rung out across the stage. His only inkling that which his empathy could derive from the raw emotion of the actors…but as he sat between his Alphas – the men seemingly versed in every given tongue – Will found himself comprehending the performance unfolding before him uncannily.

It was beautiful.

Better still, the careful guard Nigel and Hannibal usually help upon themselves eased with the unfolding of the story, usually safeguarded emotions moving more freely into the susceptible Omega. While Nigel had lost himself more readily to the intensity of the orchestra, Hannibal’s focus had fallen almost entirely on the emotion and call of the singers themselves, their voices flooding him with emotion that looped and mirrored and fed back into Will. With his empathy and their bond, he had no choice but to take it all in – a receiver to amplify the overwhelming beauty of the act with all with his being.

He had no idea to what extent he projected these amplified feelings back upon his Alpha's.

Hannibal had never known such intensity with human emotion, not since Mischa. Will was feeling into him like a vein, pulsing the life, drama and emotions of the theater into his veins.

He had never felt more human.

Will truly was a gift.

OoOoO

Intermission came with the drop of velvet curtains and a standing ovation led by Hannibal himself. Will was taken by surprise when he stood for the applaud and was taken into the Alpha's arms for a kiss. It was deep and passionate and had him leaning into the hardened body of his mate for support, the older man all but stealing the life from his body.

Pulling back Will was blessed with one of the truest smiles he had ever seen grace the usually stoic man. His cheeks streaked with the damp line of tears. He gazed at Will as though he were the holy grail.

It made Will wish he knew what he had done to earn such esteem. Whatever he'd done he wanted to do it again.

"You must be thirsty," Hannibal smiled, turning his elated look from one mate to the other. Even with his back to Nigel Will knew the man was wearing a grin, amused by Hannibal's public display affection judging by the feeling of his own elation leaking through the link, "Let me see if I can find us a half decent wine."

Will silently nodded and followed the pair out into the main room with the rest of the filtering crowd. He felt raw, overwhelmed by the sea he had been drown in. Hannibal was right, he wanted a drink.

"I'm out for a smoke." Will nearly jumped, Nigel copping a feel as whispered his escape against the Omega's still smooth jaw. His smile was nothing short of salacious, the devil himself sauntering out into the night.

"We are in luck." Hannibal announced his return before Will could mutter profanities after the cocky mate. "Our host has surpassed my expectations." He said slipping an elegant champagne flute into Will's hand, "Taittinger was among the selection tonight."

Will assumed by the bubbles, glass and Hannbal that it was champagne and not sparkling wine. Though he honestly wouldn't have been able to tell the difference unless told.

"Thank you." He sipped the pale liquid, tasting the subtle flavors of bubble and alcohol because that was the extent of Will's palate when it came to the delicate beverage. Hannibal, however, was picking up so much more. His sensitive nose and experienced palate detecting sweet hints of citrus and green apple. Will wasn't sure if the bleeding knowledge was deliberate or the lingering effect of Hannibal's ease from the play.

“You’re quite welcome,” He smiled, giving his mate a chaste kiss. “If there’s anything else you’d like all you need do is ask.”

“Do you think you might extend the privilege to the rest of us Hannibal?” An elegant older Beta asked in greeting. Dressed in gloves as dark as ink and a droop necked evening gown the color of pomegranate seeds she smiled with the faux crossness of an old friend. “It’s been too long since you’ve properly cooked for us Hannibal.”

He turned to her, the affectionate smile he had been sharing with Will turning to one of social charm. “Mrs. Komeda,” he offered the slightest incline and even that simple gesture seemed as though it were a sweeping bow from Hannibal. “Good evening.”

“Good evening,” she turned her appraising gaze from the Alpha to the Omega, taking Will in with the sweep of her eyes and an inquisitive look. “And who might this lovely Omega be? Have you finally settled down Hannibal? After all this time?”

“I’m afraid I have. Mrs. Komeda I would like you to meet my mate, Will Graham.” A familiar hand settled on his back and Will almost downed his drink like a cheap shot, an effort to make himself believe the feeling of butterflies was bubbles.

“You’re a lucky man Mr. Graham.” Her smile was polite but sincere, “Hannibal is quite the catch.”

“In our case I would be the other way around. My William is quite the wonderment. He’s both a professor for the FBI Behaviour Department as well as a profiler for psychoanalyzing high profile criminals.” The champagne wasn’t fooling anyone and he couldn’t make his eyes focus on anything but the rim of his glass. Will wished he had his glasses to hide behind, he still couldn’t find them and was getting the sinking suspicion they may have met the same fate as his Old Spice cologne.

“That is quite impressive. I suppose it should come as no surprise that a pure Alpha would choose such a successful pure Omega.” She seemed as though she was truly impressed, catching Will’s scent in the air easily thanks to Hannibal and Nigel’s earlier antics. Hannibal was slowly building Will into the hidden treasure he had made him out to be.

“It’s more like he picked *us* actually.” Nigel said as he rejoined the group with a stout glass of amber liquid in hand. “Our darling really is a catch though isn’t he?” he leaned into the silence stunned Omega, stealing a kiss as he turned to the Beta, “Nigel Lecter, pleasure to meet you.”

The sudden arrival of a second Lecter rendering Mrs. Komeda momentarily silent.

One Omega. Two Alphas. It had never been heard of before, and the bite eagerly peeking out over Nigel’s collar – it was beyond scandalous!

“Nigel, this is Mrs. Komeda, she’s a friend of mine. A regular guest to my dinner parties.” Hannibal introduced, allowing all to regain some composure at the social shock of the duel bond and unknown twin.

“Yes,” she said, pulling herself away from thought of the rumors that would soon be spread, “and you used to throw such exquisite dinner parties. A performance in itself.” She accused. “That’s right, you heard me. *Used* to.”

“Come over and I will cook for you.” He offered smoothly, an effort to sooth her disappointment. It didn’t work.

“I said properly Hannibal. That means dinner and a show.” She quipped.

Despite the demand, Hannibal couldn’t help but preen as he was put in the spotlight for an attribute all of his own. “You can not force a feast. It must present itself.” He ran a hand from Will’s shoulder down his spine, pulling the slighter man closer to him despite Will's look. “But I believe inspiration has recently struck. You should soon expect an invitation.”

Dread washed Will and Nigel simultaneously as they watched Hannibal beam at the social elite who actually applauded and cooed at him, though for vastly different reasons. One hated boredom and 'proper' attire while the other feared socialization, all of which the event would bring with it in spades.

“A celebration of your mates? This should be your best performance yet.” Mrs. Komeda challenged, raising her glass. Hannibal met her with his own in a quiet toast and acceptance of terms, the bar officially raised. He would be sure not to disappoint.

“Doctor Lecter,” a portly Omega entered himself into their conversation without permission from anyone by withering looks of it. Will almost felt bad for the man over the faux pas. "Good evening.”

Distain, acidic enough to turn all their mouths tart, tarnished the warmth that had been flooding through their shared link. It was a sharp pulse running through their bonds before that particular emotion was suddenly muted, Hannibal’s filters and iron control returning to what it was as soon as he realized. Nigel snickering into his beer helped, Will rolling his eyes at them.

“Good evening Franklyn.” Hannibl greeted cordially, at least that how it would appear to an outsider. Despite his practiced charm and impeccable manners, it was easy for Will to read the Alpha’s disdain. This was not an Omega or any person in general he wished to converse with.

“It’s so good to-” his eyes darted from one twin to the other, “G-good to see you.” Apparently, he liked what he saw. If Will could scent the pheromone release so easily, it would be a pea soup fog to Hannibal and Nigel. Hannibal had the good graces to ignore it, but Nigel's lips curled in open disgust. The expression went unnoticed though, the Omega in such a daze, already extending a hand to Nigel, “Franklyn Froideveaux. I-I had no idea Doctor Lecter had a twin.”

"A secret he kept from us all, the naughty boy.” Mrs. Komeda supplied, her smile polite but her dark eyes dancing with suppressed laughter. Will could tell why Hannibal liked her.

“Probably one of his better secrets.” Nigel said, masking the pheromone assault by drowning it in alcohol as he stole someone else's whiskey from a passing waiter. Will debated the idea of swapping out his empty flute for Nigel’s glass, wanting a stiffer drink too. He had a bad feeling he was going to need it sooner rather than later.

“I don’t know about that. Doctor Lecter is a very impressive man.” He said enthusiastically, beaming as he bum rushed his way into the conversation. “Oh, and this is my friend, Tobias.”

With the introduction, an Alpha standing off to his side this entire time inclined his head in a silent greeting. Will had assumed he had been watching the free show, but was rapidly changing that opinion. This Tobias's dark gaze gave equal measure to Nigel and Hannibal, as though he were sizing the pair up.

“A pleasure,” Tobias said. The tone and inflection of his voice made something inside Will stand up and notice him, and not in any good way.

It was a silent challenge, as though he thought there might be some future competition for the round Omega between them. Will barely managed to smother a laugh in time, his humor fueled by the twins realizing this concept as well.

Both reacted in his own unique way. Hannibal mentally eye rolled so hard it was a miracle he didn't have a stroke from it while Nigel was deeply amused that there was someone for everyone. Neither twin was interested or impressed, and they couldn’t have faked it to prove their innocence in court.

“How do you know each other?” Mrs. Komeda asked. She was obviously curious and not shy about stirring a pot. Will was beginning to like her too.

“They don’t. Or if they do, I’d venture it’s not by choice, at least socially," Nigel supplied his own two cents. Ignoring Tobias and his stare, he gave Franklyn an ugly look that more than spoke of his opinion about the Omega's unwelcome stink and presence among them.

"I’m one of his patients.” Franklyn corrected. His obtuseness made Nigel wanted to hit him. Hard. Until it stopped feeling good....For Nigel. Franklyn missed the hint entirely, if Will could even apply that term to Nigel's remark. Apparently his survival skills landed closer to nil.

Despite Mrs. Komeda's polite “Oh,” to Franklyn’s ridiculous admittance, Will couldn’t say too much against him other than he didn’t like him following after his mate like a bitch in heat. He had started out a patient of Hannibal’s as well, not that he was about to start bragging about that here and now. Will knew he was socially inept but Franklyn had his own level.

Trying to salvage some dignity Hannibal ventured a new, safer direction of conversation, “Did you enjoy the performance?”

“I did, I loved it, every minute.” Franklyn beamed, loving the attention like a two hundred pound puppy.

Will couldn't tell who wanted him to leave more, Nigel or himself, Nigel for being annoyed by lesser beings or Will for wanting the Omegan competition to go away. Bonded or not, instincts were instincts. Alphas often took on multiple mates, though Will couldn't see Hannibal chasing this Omega in particular, he couldn't help the possessive spike of jealousy at seeing how blatantly this man was fawning after his mate.

"His eyes kept wandering," Tobias supplied, at last joining in the conversation like a normal person instead of staring everyone down. His voice was eerily steady, nearly monotone. "More interested in you than what was happening on stage."

"Are you his Alpha?" Will ventured, smiling at the man who made his skin crawl. There was something lurking within his eyes and it was screaming violence and blood to Will when he forced himself to meet them. Gone were the days of Omega's keeping their eyes to their feet and he wouldn't let this Alpha believe he had the right to stand above him.

Franklyn was the one to stammer in the answer, his weak voice cutting off his friend before the Alpha could supply a ruling verdict on the matter.

"Oh no, no we're just friends. We haven't, I'm not bonded to anyone yet." Franklyn said, looking hopefully over at Hannibal. Will hadn't known three people could share the same sensation of nausea until now.

The look that took Tobias face said otherwise. Franklyn might not have been mated, but he was very much owned but very unaware of it. The trio hoped in different measures that that would change soon.

"Don't say too much," Hannibal was enjoying the possessive gesture of Will taking his arm, all while leaning a step closer than perhaps he'd intended to before. It was ridiculous, but Will felt threatened, even if only on some subconscious level, and was defending his territory. Hannibal wanted to see more of that possessive behavior, wondering how he could carefully cultivate it.

"You must leave something for us to discuss next week." Hannibal said, coming to a decision as he shook their hands in farewell. It was a gesture even Franklyn couldn't miss or ignore. "Franklyn, Tobias. Good to see you but we must bid you adieu."

Hannibal missed their reply, sending a quiet message to his brother, a polite request. *"Find something to do after the show. Tonight he's mine."*

OoOoO

"Where did Nigel go?" Will asked, his words muffled by a pillow. He had fallen onto the bed as soon as they had entered the room. He was tired from payments due, his empathy taking its usual toll upon him from dealing with so many people and a surplus of raw emotion from his mates and even stage's performers.

Frowning down at his mate as he watched Will abuse the tuxedo, Hannibal tugged at Will's pant legs, making the owner of them groan but give up the articles of clothing. Hannibal appreciated the view as they properly hung up for dry cleaning later.

“Nigel had a few calls to make with some business associates. His time and attention are needed in Bucharest at the moment. He'll be joining us later.” Hannibal informed Will. If he had it his way, Nigel wouldn't be back until breakfast, bond or no bond. Nigel choices had been 'later' or 'not at all'.

His brother hadn’t bought the threat of it, Nigel let Hannibal know as much. With a wicked grin that Hannibal rarely allowed on his own face, Nigel copped feel before he wandered off to handle some business with a man named Darko, someone Hannibal had no interest getting to know.

Stripped down to his boxers, Will considered making love to the bed and forgetting all about his mates. He was so happy to be rid of the suit's complex layers. Even Omegan made with a softer blend, the material simply wasn’t as pleasant on his skin as his normal everyday wear, or more accurately, the clothing Hannibal had been buying him.

“How late is later?” Will asked, lazily watching as Hannibal stripped himself down to nothing. Enjoying the show while snuggled down in their pillows, Will noted the physical differences between the twins.

Obvious lack of tattoos aside, Hannibal had a slightly softer stomach than Nigel did, rich food and office job getting the best of even him. In direct contrast to that though, Hannibal carried surprisingly more muscle in his arms, shoulders, and back than Nigel which suggested far more lifting.

Hannibal was obviously pleased by the attention, Will left only slightly surprised when Hannibal didn’t stop at his undergarments. Stripped down to his skin, Hannibal revealed the beginnings of a very impressive erection as he stalked toward the bed.

"Would you prefer his company?” Hannibal asked, crawling into bed to join Will there. In a rare show of silly humor, the Omega had hidden himself under their pillows, making Hannibal dig under them to find Will. Both were willing and wanting so it was an easy task, Hannibal taking a smiling Will into his arms so that he could lean him back against rich fabric for a kiss.

“No,” Will spoke against thin lips, lifting his arms to wrap around those broad shoulders, thick with muscle that served an unexplained purpose. “And it’s childish of you to ask that, Doctor Lecter."

“You were certainly experiencing your own bout of jealousy this evening. Am I not permitted to express the same?” Hannibal said, nipping Will into an open mouthed kiss. He plunged his tongue inside the new hollow, attempting to consume what he could without harm. Hannibal savored how Will shivered under his light touch, teasing fingertips skimming down Will's sides to slide down to his underwear, edging beneath it. Lifting his hips to help, Will allowed its removal without breaking their kiss.

“Not when they’re your mate too,” Will corrected, swallowing down his nervousness as he lay beneath his other mate, naked and very aware of it for the first time now that he didn't have a kiss to distract himself. Hannibal was touching him in light caresses of exploration, memorizing the curvature of his thighs and ass, the pebbling of his nipples, and the velvet

softness of his sack. The influx of information through their bond made Will swallow hard enough to make his throat click.

The sensations were beginning to overwhelm him, Will pressing himself back against the mattress in an attempt to ground himself. He didn't want to freak out over nothing, not after the evening they'd had, everything going so well for once.

His mind as treacherous as ever, Will knew Hannibal was well within his rights to request Will's body at any point in time, the laws still outdated and unfair toward his gender when they were bonded. Setting that aside for now so he wouldn't dwell and become bitter, Will reminded himself that if he asked, Hannibal would stop. Nigel too for that matter, Will realized with a note of surprise.

Their bond was something new, peculiar, and unique. It was also all due to his heat and pure pheromones, but Will knew these men would never force themselves on him. They would be bastards and tease the hell of him, but never past a certain point without his consent.

Will very much wanted it now, but was feeling very much like the virgin he knew he wasn't. Here and now with Hannibal, Will felt unusually guilty as his body was lavished with attention by Hannibal. Before fantasy had become improbable reality, Will had often found release, imagining Hannibal doing this to him.

"You are nervous," Hannibal noted, scenting the growing sour undertones in Will's

usually lovely bouquet of peaches and honey. The pickling effect fear had on it wasn't a smell he wanted present during their real first love making alone. "Why?"

Cursing at himself, Will turned his head to scent Hannibal back, breathing in deep to let the odors of spices and cedar ease some of the tension from him. In direct answer, it encouraged his slick to drip down his legs, the moisture thick with all of its delightful fragrant properties. Will watched with relief as Hannibal's eyes darkened, the Alpha's nose being pleasantly assaulted. "We haven't done this since heat. Of course, I'm nervous."

"You needn't be." Hannibal murmured, feeling deliciously light headed from being so close to Will as his Omegan body gushed out chemicals. He pressed a chaste kiss to soft lips seemingly stained swollen pink, "Perhaps it would help if I clarify something with you before we begin."

Searching out restless stormy eyes, Hannibal waited until the elusive blue met his own before he continued. Will obviously didn't feel like discussing anything, the Omega even going so far to press himself up so that their bodies met fully. In turn, Hannibal answered by becoming dead weight, letting Will know he wasn't going to escape this so easily.

"I've been interested in you for quite some time now, though my purpose for taking you with me was by no means meant to claim you. I have since viewed this as a 'happy accident'. If I am to be completely honest with you, I had hoped to one day take you on as my mate regardless." Hannibal said as he played with rogue curls. Those stormy eyes that saw too much and yet still not enough in the case of him were searching his face for lies. Amused, Hannibal barely avoided from preening, knowing they wouldn't find any, at least not in this

so he continued “You being barren has never decreased your value to me. Your unique mind has drawn me to you since the day we met. Unlike others, never to study. I would never waste my time with you by doing that, not when you are meant for so much more."

First Nigel and now Hannibal, it left Will feeling lightheaded. As though he were experiencing a miracle. He would always be wanted by his mates. It was more than he could have ever asked for, had ever dared let himself dream about. Pennies in ponds and star wishes usually didn't come true and yet, here he was, at the center of it all.

Slipping his legs around the Alpha’s tapered waist to pull the broader man tight against him, Will used his body to express himself, not trusting his mouth. He tended to ruin tender moments such as this with words. Instead he carded his fingers through silver streaked ashen hair, Will using his useless lips to devour his mate with a kiss.

“You are still feeling nervous,” Hannibal noted, slipping his arms around his mate to better hold Will to him. The moulding of their bodies allowed his cock head to press up against Will's sodden entrance. It made the Omega shiver in response at the imminent threat of breach.

“It’s still our first time,” Will retorted. It wasn't like he'd been having sex on a regular basis before having two mates. Even now, their three day marathon was a foggy memory. "But I am feeling motivated.”

Shifting his hips abruptly, Will pushed himself down on Hannibal's cock, making the Alpha sigh in pleasure as he was surrounded by liquid heat.

Working against his need to plunge into the yielding flesh of the mate beneath him, Hannibal eased himself further inside. He waited for Will to adjust around him as the Omega dug his heels into the small of his back. Hannibal particularly enjoyed the sensation of Will's nails leaving bloody crescent marks in his shoulders, Will holding onto him as if he were drowning. Perhaps Will was, the bonds between them taking a life of their own. Nigel echoed back to them, adding his own essence to their coupling.

The swell of his thick head was buried deep in Will, pressed up against the Omega's prostate. It made Will squirm around Hannibal in the most delightful was as he adjusted, still unused to heavy meat of his cock.

Grabbing Will's hand, Hannibal pressed the palm of it up against where they were joined. Shuddering, Will gasped and struggled as he was split further open, Hannibal easing himself further into his body, Will crying out as the Alpha finally bottomed out. Will had no idea how the hell he had managed both Nigel and Hannibal inside of him, the twins generously endowed and identical in that particular area. Will mentally glared at the amusement that was coming off of Nigel, wherever the hell he was.

Jealousy was a beautiful thing in the matter, Hannibal stealing back Will's full attention by setting his pace now that Will's body was beginning to relax around his girth. Slow and steady to win this race, Hannibal began easing himself out nearly half way before pushing back in slow and deep to find the little cluster of nerves with every thrust. It drew quiet,

gasping moans from Will as he tried wrap himself as tight around the other man as possible with his limbs.

“I have wanted you since shortly after we began our version of therapy together. It was simply too unorthodox for me to pursue you openly while you were my indirect patient. At the time, I doubt you would have tolerated the attention as well," Hannibal said, relentless as he watched Will lose himself to pleasure. The Omega was so flush and open to him now. "But I have always wanted you, my sweet William. I always will.”

It felt like parts of him were dying while other were being reborn. Those were words that Will needed to hear, to know he was wanted and loved. Both of his mates desired him. It made Will want and need and love them in return, to let himself have something wonderful for once and give into it.

It was love, true love. It was slow and at times painful to experience. Will didn’t know quite when it had begun but he was falling for these Alphas, the very beginning of a slippery slope he couldn’t see the bottom of. Even worse, he was letting himself descend. He wasn’t going to fight it, not anymore.

Gasping out his realization and his pleasure at once, Will bared down, actively meeting every thrust as they grew closer and closer to their end.

The pressure was building deep in his belly, Will arching his back off the bed as Hannibal slammed into his plaint body, so soft and accepting. Their climax was there, just within reach. Will wanted to be full and Hannibal wanted to fill him.

"I want you to claim me." Hannibal managed out, his words a slurred growl. Hannibal’s accent almost made the request nearly incomprehensible, it was so thick. "I want you to mark me as you’ve marked Nigel.”

Knot beginning to form and catch on Will's rim, Hannibal pushed in again, deeper, pressing against the core of his pleasure enough him to make Will whine and arch, the Omega's breaths coming as shaky, uneven things. They were close, so close.

“Will you do me that favor, William?” Hannibal asked, pressing a kiss to gasping lips. If Will wanting him to beg, Hannibal already knew he would.

“Yes,” Will groaned out, nuzzling into the crook of Hannibal's neck much as he had with Nigel. He breathed in the toasted scent of cloves, nutmeg, and burning cedar, placing his teeth to heated flesh. It only took one final thrust to lock them in place, Will feeling it as Hannibal released deep inside him. The unique sensation of liquid heat filling Will further made the Omega clamp down hard, going from bruising to blood in an instant.

Sighing out with pleasure and a relief he was surprised to experience, Hannibal went limp on top of Will as the Omega rendered his flesh, marking it with blunt teeth not meant for this sort of thing. His bulbous knot held them in place, Hannibal feeling Will climax beneath him, his cries muffled by blood and meat. The wound would scar. Hannibal would make sure of that.

Shifting to accommodate the Alpha's sudden dead weight, Will was grateful for once that his gender was built for such things, even craving it. Feeling safe under his mate, Will lazily strokes Hannibal's sweat soaked back, reveling in the tremors that ran through the usually too stoic Alpha with every pass of his fingers or lave of his tongue.

Will's face was still buried in Hannibal's neck, teeth and tongue taking turns at the marking. Nigel's approval was singing in the background, the other Alpha threatening to make an appearance soon enough from the feel of it. Begging him off, Will shushed Nigel sweet and low through their part of the bond, the Omega not wanting to disturb Hannibal's peace of mind just yet. A calm blue ocean lay within them, Will and Hannibal both experiencing the cool breeze coming off of it, meant solely for them as their part of the bond finally keyed into place.

"It's beautiful." Will whispered to Hannibal who drew back just enough to stare back at Will like he was seeing his mate for the first time. For once, Will felt the braver of the two of them as he touched his fingertips to that fragile look, tracing the pads of them over jutting cheekbones like strange alpine cliffs, up and out fathomless dark eyes. They were the kind that Will feft like they could fall in together forever in the moment held between them.

For all the things that life had given to Will only to have them taken away, this trinity bond the one thing Will wasn’t going to let go.

This was what he would kill to protect.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudos are playing valet to drive fancy cars around parking, your comments are getting drunk in the private booths.

Work and Play

Chapter Summary

A little plot development, a little sex. Enjoy.

Chapter Notes

We hope you're all proud of us, we're getting shit done!

Enjoy the update my pervy darlings~<3

We own nothing.

Beta Read by us.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sitting in the sanctuary of his boldly painted office, Hannibal regarded the stout Omega seated across from him with all the boredom in the world sealed flawlessly behind his mask.

Franklyn had followed him to the opera, that much was glaringly obvious, what he didn't know was how the man had known where he would be and when. Though possibly an educated guess he felt that would be giving too much credit to the simpleton. More likely it had just been dumb luck.

In any case, it didn't matter. Too many boundaries had been crossed. As offensive and rude as Franklyn had been, he was not destined for dinner. One because Hannibal literally couldn't stomach the thought of it, and secondly, the lapse in Franklyn's manners did not stem from a malicious place. Hannibal found rude behavior unspeakably ugly, but Franklyn was just a cow eyed Omega who was desperate for a mate and for whatever reason, had set his dim yet tenacious view upon Hannibal who couldn't fault him for having good taste.

"Would you like to discuss our chance encounter?" Hannibal began their session, coaxing the conversation in the direction which best suited his curiosities and purposes. Franklyn was blissfully unaware that there was a referral in his near future.

"It wasn't all together by chance," Franklyn admitted, having the rare sense of decency to look sheepish. Hannibal already knew that but he so loved to make others uncomfortable.

"I kind of thought you'd be there, which isn't why I was there!" Franklyn said, licking his lips as though trying to gather courage or attempting to be coy as he tried to gauge Hannibal's

reaction to being stalked. He would never know the amount of distain he caused his therapist, “I was there because I like that sort of thing! It, uh, just occurred to me that you...that you might like it too.”

The open look of hopeful delight in the Omega's face was enough to make Hannibal want to reach forward and smack him upside his thick head. Though thoroughly irritating, Franklyn was harmless. There was no need to kill him. That and his death might draw unnecessary attention to him. That said being said, Hannibal still wished that he could simply roll up a newspaper and treat the man like a rather large, disobedient dog.

Such thoughts had Hannibal considering the distinct possibility he was spending too much time with Nigel and Will, both of his mates having an infuriating love for fuzzy creatures who shed.

“In fact, I do.” Hannibal smiled instead, pushing thoughts of violence to the wayside for now.

“I tried to get you attention.” Franklyn said. His smile seemed to broaden with Hannibal’s more peaceful response, the doctor appearing as though he hadn’t minded Franklyn imposing upon his evening and mates.

"I’m afraid I wasn’t aware of that.” Hannibal admitted in a dry tone. Much to his chagrin, Nigel had been the one to inform him of that.

Truth be told, Hannibal hadn’t noticed Franklyn and Tobias sitting just three rows behind his own until after they’d returned from the intermission. Normally more perceptive of his surroundings, Hannibal had been far too involved with the performance due to access to Will’s empathy.

Normally such a lapse in observation would have bothered him, but Hannibal had felt no threat would come to him at his social function of choice in the company of his mates, both capable killers even if one wasn't fully aware of it yet. He also wanted to revisit the experience, wishing to lose himself once again in the ocean of Will's empathy. In time, Hannibal was confident that it would perfect the construction of his person suit, making it seamless.

“I didn't want to intrude. You were so into the performance. I saw you crying." Franklyn said, studying Hannibal's face as it gave him nothing back to work with as per usual. He watched as Hannibal crossed one leg over the other in an elegant movement to settle at the knee, trying to mimicking the gesture with little success. "I cried too. I had been hoping to speak to you more during the intermission.”

Admittedly, Hannibal was a narcissist, but it irked even him to watch Franklyn haplessly attempt to become him. Wearing a laughable imitation of his customary three-piece suit and now this, Hannibal would have to give him a referral and soon. If Franklyn was going to attempt to pursue him further as a mate or follow him like a puppy eyed stalker, he would need to be dismissed. Though Hannibal was tempted to see if he could make Will kill him instead. The bout of jealousy his mate had shown at the opera had been stunning to witness and most welcome.

"It would be unethical for me to approach a patient or acknowledge our relationship outside this room." Hannibal said, making himself pay attention to the conversation despite visions of murder dancing through his head.

“But I really don’t know who you are outside this room. I want to be your friend.” Franklyn pushed, making Hannibal's his stomach turn. The very idea of spending more than his paid hour with this depressing, little man was enough to sour his mouth “And we like the same thing! It makes me sad that I have to pay to see you.”

“Franklyn, I am your psychiatrist. I am not your friend. I have intimate knowledge of you. It is understandable for you to wish to pursue our relationship as a friendship, but that is a boundary we cannot breach.” Hannibal said in his most clinical tone even while he took a deep sense of pleasure while eviscerating his patient with his razor words.

Shamefaced, Franklyn shifted and sulked like a puppy who had been caught piddling on the carpet. Hannibal was grateful that the man hadn’t started balling yet. He didn't feel like cleaning up snotty tissues today.

“You must have other friends Franklyn. Who is it that you find yourself spending most of your time with?” Hannibal asked, steering the session back into a direction better suited for his needs. He no longer wishing to discuss the impossibility of their ‘friendship’, Franklyn already giving more than enough material to get rid of him and have no one fault him for doing so.

“Tobias.” Franklyn admitted, shifting a little as though remembering something embarrassing. “He’s been spending a lot of free time with me…buying me gifts, taking me out…” A few moments of quiet passed between them as Hannibal wondered how the hell Franklyn missed the signs of such an obvious courting. His Omegan nature was coming through now in force much to Hannibal's dismay, Franklyn's face heating up to red as he admitted the possibility of an interested mate. "And then, after the opera he said that he wanted to be ‘more than just friends’.”

“He wishes to be your Alpha. Congratulations.” Hannibal said and actually meant it. It would be a welcome reprieve.

“I’m not sure that I want Tobias as a mate.” Franklyn said quietly, shifting again but this time to fidget as if trying to cope with an uncomfortable secret. Hannibal sincerely hoped the secret was something other than the Omega holding out for him.

“And why is that, Franklyn? Tobias appears to be a rather promising Alpha and he is your friend. Is there a particular reason you do not wish for him to court you?"

“He’s been saying some very dark things lately and then saying ‘just kidding’ a lot afterward." Franklyn said, making Hannibal curse internally in seven different languages at Tobias. He could understand how that would affect Franklyn's Omegan nature and leave him repelled, the very idea of violence of any kind starkly running against an Omega’s ingrained nature to nurture and protect. What was normal reaction for Franklyn was what made Will so unique and alluring. An Omega wading through blood in search of what repelled him the most.

"It started to seem kind of crazy…like maybe he's a psychopath, so I googled psychopaths last night." Franklyn continued. "I was surprised to see how many boxes I was clicking."

Mentally sighing, Hannibal decided that Tobias would have to be dealt with sooner rather than later. After Franklyn showing so much interest in Hannibal at the opera, Tobias would be viewing Hannibal as competition now that he'd been rejected.

In long days gone by, if two Alphas found interest in the same Omega, it would have led to an Alpha Battle. The pair would have fought for the right to mate and claim the Omega who would have no say in the matter. The winner would not only earn the right to the Omega being fought over but would also the right to claim all of the defeated Alpha's other mates, should they have any, as their own. Be it to kill, sell, set free, or whore them out; the winning Alpha had a lot to gain.

"So you rejected his proposal as a possible mate based on fear?" Hannibal asked more out of curiosity than concern. He wondered how close to the old customs and traditions Tobias sat if he was indeed a true psychopath

"Yes." Franklyn fidgeted again, the unsaid 'and you' hung in the air heavy enough to have the Alpha tasting bile in the back of his throat. "Would you diagnose someone like Tobias as a psychopath? Or uh, are you supposed to diagnose other people in front of me? Would you rather just talk about me?"

"It is your hour, Franklyn. We can talk about whatever you would like to talk about, but I am not analyzing your friend. I am only analyzing your perception of your friend." Hannibal corrected. Which he would much rather talk about, but saying so would be rude. "It may help you know yourself better. You could be projecting onto him what you consider to be your flaws."

That seemed to panic him further, Franklyn drawing his bushy brows together as he sat straighter in his seat, obviously concerned, "Does that mean that I'm a psychopath?"

"You are not a psychopath, Franklyn," Hannibal soothed though he could barely contain the edge of his smile at such a laughable delusion.

"Although you may be attracted to them."

OoOoO

Since the opera, Will had begun sharing his body more with Hannibal, as much as he was Nigel, the trio enjoying the further development of their bonds now that it was being continually reinforced with sexual activities shared between all.

It's was not unusual anymore for Will to be woken up by Hannibal sucking his cock with three fingers deep up his slit, stretching and scissoring Will open as slick helped the Alpha ease more in. Hannibal liked to fuck Will slow with his back pressed into the mattress, all while the Omega was still waking up, Will's responses soft and his head fuzzy.

He would finish with a shuddering sigh, letting his weight settle on Will. While they waited for Hannibal's knot to deflate, molasses slow. Kisses and whispered sweet nothings would fill their time as they waited. Upon leaving Will to go take his shower and start his day, the Alpha's warmth was replaced immediately by Nigel who took Will one of two ways, depending on how awake the Omega was at this point.

If Will was bright eyed and bushy tailed, he would be made to ride, Nigel loving to watch Will rise and fall on his cock until he could only rock in place as he was locked in by Nigel's knot.

If Will was still drowsy, the Omega would be flipped over onto his stomach and mounted. Will found that being pounded from behind was almost better than coffee.

Being knotted twice in a row left Will feeling very full, his turn for the bathroom usually next unless it was a weekend and the twins felt like being sadist bastards. Refractionary periods meant nothing when two Alpha's worked as a tag team. Will had recently spent one memorable Sunday morning being held down while knotted full until his lower belly bulged and he begged for relief from a pair of sadists.

What Will hadn’t realized though until now was that his mates were working on their end of the bond just as much as they had been working on his. Will was supposed to be on his way to work when he’d caught them, having forgotten the pen drive he’d saved his PowerPoint on for that day's lecture. Cursing at himself, Will had turned around and gone back, but had failed to call the house to let anyone else know this.

Upon returning home all thoughts of bad luck had died like the quiet cuss on his tongue. Upon opening the door to their shared living space, Will stumbling over a broken lamp, an overturned display of skulls that Hannibal seemed to favor throughout his house, and his two Alphas on the floor, locked together. They were only slightly bloodied, both holding identical hips not their own with their pants past the swell of their asses, though in Hannibal's case it was pressed slacks and Nigel's loose sleepwear. Nigel was buried so deep in his twin, his balls were pressed flush to Hannibal's ass.

The sight of it made Will drip slick at an embarrassing rate, especially when two nosed scented the air in tandem.

The sanguine eyes that regarded him shamelessly were smoldering with desire. Hannibal and Nigel weren't going anywhere anytime soon, a wicked idea letting itself be known in Will's head.

“You’re gonna be late for work.” Nigel purred, looking like the cat who had robbed an entire pet store for its canaries. It was enough to bring him to his knees. "But if you want to hop on Hanni here..."

"Oh, I'm going hop on someone..." Will said, his answering grin feral enough to catch the twin's full attention. They watched with different degrees of interest as Will lubricated his own cock with his slick until it dripped with his fluids.

"You gorgeous little minx." Nigel laughed low and rough as he was penetrated, grunting as he adjusted to Will's girth with no prep. Will was slick enough to do so, but it was so tight. Will's thrusts rocked both Alphas, driving Nigel back into Hannibal. The overstimulation made Nigel's cock and knot firm back up rock hard, Hannibal groaning from the onslaught, the pain of it sweeter the any mundane pleasure. When Will bit the back of Nigel's neck, it made the Alpha come prematurely again in torrents, Hannibal arching off the floor from the sensation of be further filled.

Will had showed up for work that day well over an hour late, freshly fucked, and still without his pen drive. He also hadn't cared and was prepared to do it again.

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudos are are making it rain on the triad, your comments are trying to join in the fun.

Mate Strings

Chapter by sku7314977

Chapter Summary

Will receives a lead for his investigation and Nigel is interviewed by Jack.

Chapter Notes

SKU here! So...this took longer than we're proud to admit to update. BUT we updated and have not given up on the story. So take what you can get. XD

Also, I can't read this chapter over anymore. It's over 5K and takes forever to edit. I apologize if it is lacking compared to some of our earlier chapters but my eyes may bleed if I review it one more time.

We thank you all for your patience and love.

Please enjoy the story.

We own nothing.

Written and beta read by us.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lunch forgotten, Will gripped the polished edge of Hannibal's desk over his head as much to stop himself from slipping as to draw his body in an appealing line for the man rocking into him from above. He moaned with every other thrust, canting his hips to meet his mates as Hannibal pushed his cock against the little bundle of nerves nestled deep inside.

"You should be eating," Hannibal reprimanded, fighting the need for his own release until his mate was fully satisfied. He hadn't been planning to knot Will, but with surprisingly strong legs keeping him buried, he realized he would be hand feeding his Omega while swollen inside.

"Later," Will gasped, feeling the tug and pull of engorging flesh at his entrance. The growing girth of Hannibal's knot stretched him as it pushed and pulled, in and out. He arched, finding his climax with a particularly powerful thrust, the enlarged knot plunging into him, locking them as one. "Ha-Hannibal!" Will moaned through his end, his clenching heat bringing the Alpha to finish.

Will's long limps at last grew lax around Hannibal's tapered waist, releasing his Alpha as he rode out the addictive pleasures of their mating, and it was addictive. The blend of pheromones and endorphins released and created between an Alpha and Omega – a chemistry needed to keep an Omega happy and healthy and functioning. It was what Will had been missing by refusing the aid of a suppressant, birth control or hormone alternative before being bound.

A sense of satisfaction filled Hannibal as the answer to a question that had plagued him since Will's arrival at his door so many weeks before at last revealed. The cause a simple hormone imbalance. There was a deep sense of pride in knowing that he had been the cure Will's discomfort. He and his twin.

A near painful nip brought Hannibal's attention back to the present, his impatient mate drawing him close for scent marking and a biting kiss. "Stop it." Will warned, catching the shell of his ear between blunt teeth with more promise than most Omegas would dare.

"Stop?" He tugged his ear free to nuzzle more of his scent into the soft cotton of Will's dishevelled shirt. He was winning the clothes battle, having on more than one occasion caught the younger man citing excuses to shower and change, soothing irritated skin before donning some of the softer fabrics of his new wardrobe. It would not be long before Will's old garments found their way to the back of the closet and remained there until the unfortunate day they disappeared. Preferable burned.

"I profile for a living, Hannibal. You might block your end of the link but I can still tell when you're distracted. Stop or I'll start spending my lunches with Nigel." Will sighed an only half empty threat, feeling the settling of liquid heat within him as Hannibal made himself comfortable between his knees.

"I apologize for my wandering mind." He captured kiss swollen lips with his own, "would it be any consolation to know that my thoughts are patriating to you?"

Will offered a lazy smile and ran his land along the Alpha's shoulder, "Only if it has to do with this." He nearly jumped when Hannibal's phone rang, fingers digging into his mate with sudden surprise.

Amused, Hannibal slowly turned his attention from the man pinned beneath him to the office phone meant for scheduling patients and then back to Will. Stormy eyes widened with warning and new fear, "Confidence suits you Will." He smiled, kissed him and answered the phone. Will suddenly wished he hadn't held the doctors knot inside. "Hannibal Lecter MD."

The look of stunned horror was enough to make the breach of character worth-while. Will propped himself on elbows to examine the fusion of flesh between them, he was still too full to be pulling himself off, the knot only having just formed. He was stuck.

Cradling the phone between shoulder and ear Hannibal allowed his hands to do what his mouth could not, skilled fingers running lengths up Will's oversensitive body to push the soft cotton shirt away from flushed skin and reveal the mans pert nipples. He captured one between his fingers and made Will squirm, pinching and tweaking the nub.

“Dr. Lecter? It’s me, Franklyn.” The irritating Omega said as though Hannibal might not have recognized him by his grating voice alone.

“Good afternoon, Franklyn.” He answered in a clinical tone, dragging a ragged gasp from his mate as he pinched both nubs, Will’s hands returning to the edges of his desk as he tried for composure.

“H-Hannib…” The doctor pressed a finger to his lips, a silent command to hush met with an equally silent promise for vengeance trickling through their link. It only made the doctor smile more, his hand migrating south now that the rules of the game had been set.

Will bit his lip, testing the durability of the delicate skin as Handle found the velvet flesh of his balls with a wandering hand. “Do you remember when I said Tobias was saying very dark things?” Franklyn continued, panic in his voice. He was only drawing a fraction of Hannibal’s attention, the Alpha far more interested in Will’s torment.

“I made note of it.” he admitted, pressing a thumb to Will’s gasping lips. He bit it, shaking with the effort to supress his whimpers. Hannibal wouldn’t have minded letting the world know how well he could please his mate if it wasn’t Franklyn on the end of the line and such pleasure happening within the confines of his office.

“Well,” He heard him swallow, went and loud into the phone. It was always tedious speaking with Franklyn, usually enough to ruin any good mood the doctor might have that day. But in that moment the debauched look of his suffering Omega was making the usual nuisance tolerable. “He said that he wanted to cut someone’s throat and play it like a cello…” He whined, “then they found somebody whose throat was cut and played like a cello.” That confession drew a much larger portion of his mind away from the beautiful man arching into his touch.

“You believe Tobias killed the man at the sympathy?” He questioned. Despite his arousal, it drew Will’s attention as well, lust clouded eyes clearing as information was revealed. He pushed Hannibal’s hand away from his leaking cock and leaned forward to better eavesdrop.

“I don’t know. I-if I do, do I have to report it?” Hannibal wondered how long ago Franklyn had become privy to this information. His stammering and panic was hinting at something more recent than a few days. Perhaps the last 24 hours?

“Do you have any reason not to?” He pinched a nipple, gaining a breathy moan that had Will clapping a hand over his mouth to muffle the noise and a glare for the distraction when he wanted to listen.

“What if I’m wrong?” Franklyn whined.

“What if you’re right?” Hannibal hissed, swallowing his own groan as Will returned his wicked favors with a clenching heat and a gentle rock, squeezing his knot. The tug and pull of movement making it increasingly difficult to focus on the irritant speaking through the phone. Long legs reclaimed their forgotten position around the Alpha’s waist and a new addition added to the game was made as Hannibal was forced to fight for his composure.

“I’m always wrong.” His whines grew in pitch, the man heading towards an Omegan call. Hannibal was all too ready to hang up if he did. “I don’t know. Why would he say something like that to me?”

“Why do you think?” He already knew, closing his eyes and working to level his breathing as he pressed deeper into his mate, forcing more muffled moans far more appealing than those sounding through the phone and earning another glare.

“Because he knows I’d tell you…” Because he felt threatened in his security of obtaining Franklyn as his mate; He shouldn’t.

He bucked in protest of his teasing mate and made stormy eyes blow wide and kiss swollen lips fall open into a silent O as he was made to cum again. Limbs quivering with the intensity of a second climax so soon after the first. “Franklyn, I’m afraid I have another patient who desperately needs my attention. But I welcome you to come by for an earlier appointment than previously scheduled. I have an opening at three today, I would like you to drop by if you have time.”

“That, yes, please. Thank you.” He accepted, his call receding with the new promise of stability, his panicked whines dulling to fearful whimpers.

“Good afternoon Franklyn, I will see you at three.” Placing the phone back in the cradle he returned his attention to the exhausted mate beneath him. “And how are you holding up Will?”

“You,” he gasped the words between biting kisses, “are an asshole.”

“That is rude William,” his thumb slid over the struggling Omega’s slit, parting bowed lips with a sharp gasp. “There’s no need to be rude.”

This time when Will kissed him it was bloody, breaking the skin of Hannibal’s lip with harsh nips and greedy kisses. The subtle act of violence only made him want him more.

“What was he saying on the phone?” Will asked when his breathing had begun to settle and his mind cleared.

Hannibal almost wanted to applaud Will for his managing to recognize important information through the writhing of his stolen pleasure. Instead he encouraged tired legs to settle around his waist and lifted his mate to find a more comfortable perch in his chair, taking Will to sit in his lap with a supporting hand on the small of his back as they waited for his knot to settle.

The position would also make feeding Will easier, with the conversation they were about to embark if he didn’t feed him then Will wouldn’t be eating until dinner. A bad habit he would one day break.

“I hesitate in telling you this as it borders on a violation of doctor/patient confidentiality.” He lied, fingers gliding the small of Will’s back in pleasing circles, “But, Franklyn has just informed me that he suspects a friend of his may be involved with the murder at the symphony.” Will was becoming very suddenly awake again, clouded eyes focusing with

sharp intensity. Something more keen than a willing Omega coming to life beneath his skin. Despite being seated and secured to his Alpha's cock he was no longer a needy mate, he was the analyzing profiler who had enamored Hannibal the day he'd entered his office.

Unfortunately, that meant short of using a funnel Will would not be eating lunch that day.

"What can you tell me about his friend?" He pushed to remember the name he had heard through the climbing of his second pleasure, "Tobias, wasn't it?"

Hannibal nodded, "He owns a music store in Baltimore specializing in string instruments." His elegant mind began to turn. The doors of his castle, his more private chamber, the one holding the game and pieces he now moved with careful intent, closed discretely to seal within them the secrets of a new dark intent. "Perhaps you should interview him."

OoOoO

"I have your contract for hire," Jack did not greet Nigel when he entered the room, instead skipping straight t the point, "but before you sign the dotted line, I have a couple of questions I'd like you to answer." Jack said with all the intensity of an interrogator. He was looking at Nigel as though the Alpha was a terrorist ready to target the White House.

"Sure thing," He purred, leaning back in his seat and getting comfortable, "I've got nothing to hide."

A humorless smile pulled the Alpha's face. "So glad you feel that way." Jack opened a folder and Nigel was instantly greeted with old black and white orphanage photo's he thought were long since burned and a school record he thought would have been non-existent thanks to shoddy record keeping. It was a reminder of things he would have sooner forgotten. "Other than a driver licence renewal and passport I wasn't able to find a lick of information on you for the past two decades. No jobs, no apartments, no cars, nothing for further education, you damn near disappear off the grid except for those two documents and the occasional plane ticket since you were twenty." He was hoping to get a rise of defense out of Nigel, make the other Alpha nervous and make him reek of soured fear at having been caught a bad man.

He didn't know what 'bad' was.

"I wasn't aware background checks were this extensive." Nigel shot back with a bemused look. "This to me," he said leaning forward a little more to take a closer look at the gaunt faces of two little boys who should have been dead, "almost looks like an investigation. Do you need a fucking musk sample to go with your paper work too? Should I maybe piss in a jar?" Or his coffee.

"You don't exist." Jack answered, words clipped. "I was forced to look a little further." Jack answered, steepling fingers as he looked between the folder and the Alpha across from him, "Where's your income Nigel? You had to make a living somehow, why don't you tell me about your previous job."

"Family inheritance," He answered with a smile and a shrug. "I took mine in cash, nothing illegal about living on cash."

“How about paying your taxes?” He tried again.

Strike two.

“Again, no income, what taxes have I got to pay? Its cash, no account so no interest either,” He said with the same casual dismissal, his parry, “Try again.” He wasn’t playing dumb anymore. Jack was trying to bury him and he was just letting him know he was in on the game.

“Where were you living then? You must have had a home, why can’t I find an address?” He tried instead, patience wearing thin. “Bill’s need paid, power, water, heating.”

“Lived with a friend. I gave him rent money and he offered company. Win, win.” He could almost taste blood in the water. “And no bills under my name.”

“What Friend. “

“Doesn’t matter.”

“Matters to me.”

“Then get a fucking warrant,” He snapped, “you don’t need to know that shit, next question.”

Bingo. “You said you had nothing to hide.” Jack cornered with a pulling smirk, a feeling of triumph.

“I don’t, but that one’s not about me, that’s about him.” He growled, “Next question Jack, and remember, you deny me you deny Will. I’ve got no problem playing this game with you.” So long as he could remember who was holding the key to Will’s cage. He could dig up all the dirt he wanted on him, Nigel still had him by the short and curlies.

That didn’t sit well with Jack. Nigel could see it in the steeling of his face. He didn’t like being pushed, didn’t like being bullied. Guess that was too bad for him because he wasn’t the biggest dog in the park any more. “You’re not the only Alpha in the room Mr. Lecter.”

“No, but I’m the only pure breed one.” And in a society built on gender roles and purity that was swinging some heavy weight, “Are we done here?”

Jack leveled him with a look. “You might think this is a joke, but I take my job very seriously. If you step out of line even once, I won’t think twice about removing you.”

And wasn’t that a coincidence.

OoOoO

Nigel was busy, which suited Will fine. He parked his new car just outside of Chordophone String Shop, gun holstered and ready should any trouble arise from the simple interview. Despite Nigel’s insistence to be Will’s personal body guard during all thing pertaining to investigation and the warmth he had felt at the prospect of being protected by his mate, Will couldn’t help but feel rebellious about the idea of being watched like a child while trying to

work. He'd never needed to be protected before and as far as he was concerned he didn't need it now.

He hadn't felt any better about Hannibal calling Jack to give his *permission* for Will to go out without Nigel's company to conduct the interview. The simple action still leaving Will feeling very much owned and caged. But at least for the moment he was out on his own.

He'd been equally annoyed about being sent to perform the interview without any proper backup. As relieving as it was to go without a sitter, he should still have been sent with a partner. But Jack was in a mood and that meant that some regulations were sent out the window. It was fine, Will told himself, he'd done more than his fair share of interviews in the past. He wasn't afraid to do this one now. It was questioning, not an arrest.

Unless everything went to hell there was really was no need for back up, and Will knew how to fire a gun. He wasn't afraid to do his job and he was looking forward to proving his independence to the twins set on controlling him. Especially Nigel.

Taking a breath, he entered the elegant shop through its double doors with as much confidence as one could muster when going to interview an Alpha alone regarding the possibility of being a serial killer. He was surprised to find the Alpha standing just on the other side of the door with a child at his side was the same Alpha he had met at the Opera. He recognized him instantly as Franklyn's friend. "Special Agent Will Graham, FBI. Are you the owner?"

Tobias immediately seemed concerned. That was normal. Guilty or innocent people always took to some form of panic when the FBI came knocking at their door. "Yes, Tobias Budge. I'm just seeing one of my students out, may I have a moment?"

Will glanced at the kid. He seemed nervous, young and bright. He wouldn't be knowing his gender for another couple of years and Will tried to decide if he would rather have those days of Beta hope back or the relieve that came with just knowing and having the transition done with. He offered the kid a friendly smile, "sure." He wouldn't have wanted the child present for the investigation anyway.

A short exchange and the young man was dismissed with homework of some kind to practice and the curiosity of Will's presence to play in his mind for the day. Will hoped his imagination wasn't nearly as vivid as his own. "I'm investigating the death of Douglas Wilson." Will continued once the Alpha had returned his attention to Will.

Tobias nodded, brow slightly furrowing as he obviously tried to see what this would have to do with him, "Trombonist." He supplied.

"That's right," Will nodded trying to ignore the heady scent of Alpha in the air. His biology was working against him, a bound Omega in a small room with an unmated Alpha leaving him nervous and making him ache for his mates touch, the security of their presence. It almost made him angry that even now, after having earned this little bit of freedom, his body was making sure he was still being controlled. "Did you know him?"

“I was aware of him. Baltimore is a small town and the cultural arts community is even smaller.” He offered in explanation, discretely scenting the air as he moved around Will to better face him. It just so happen to block the exiting door. “Will Graham, didn’t I see you just the other night at the opera with Dr. Lecter?”

He squared his shoulders, “That’s not why I’m here Mr. Budge. I’d like to discuss Douglas Wilson.”

“I sometimes see your Alpha come by here, twice I believe, in the last year. He stuck out in my mind. Not too many people play the harpsichord.” He continued despite Will’s insistence upon the topic at hand. He wasn’t sure if the man was just having a power play of Alpha versus Omega or avoiding the subject. “He actually placed an order just last week for some gut string. A fan of the sweet notes only the highest quality gut can touch.”

Avoidance or power, either way it was creating sparks of discomfort that were beginning to draw Nigel’s attention their bond. “Douglas Wilson, Tobias. I’m not here to discuss my mates.”

“Yes, that’s right you have two don’t you. One of them even wears your mark.” He seemed repulsed by the mere idea of it, only the slightest shift in his expression, but it showed his indignation towards the idea of an Omega claiming that kind of power. An Omega being permitted such a dominating role, the audacity of marking his betters and taking two mates, two superior Alphas. As if it were his right to have a harem, instead of being claimed as part of one. Will could read the disgust as clearly in his eyes as he could read his distaste towards his mate.

The mask Tobias was trying to hide behind was cracking. “I hear someone cut his throat, tried to play it with a bow.”

The sudden change, another distraction, this time from his mates. Will wondered what was playing behind those dark eyes as forts came up he’d only before seen on Hannibal. He was hiding something. Or trying to. “You said try.” Will pushed, refusing to allow his Omegan need for comfort move him from the interview. Nigel was prying, trying to sooth him and learn what was causing his distress through the edges of their link. He fought the prying eyes within his mind and pushed to suppress as much of himself as possible against his make, keep the Alpha at bay and let him do his fucking job.

“The strings have to be treated. You can’t just open somebody up, draw a bow across their innards and expect it to produce a sound.” Tobias explained, not quite as though Will were a simpleton, but in the direction of a higher being speaking to that of a lower one. A lesser man.

Will turned from him to further explore the shop, entering into another room lined with elegant instruments and comfortable looking chairs instead of giving the man the satisfaction of being belittled. He showed his back to him, fearless, a disrespect. If Tobias wanted to make this interview into a power play he would show him that he was not one to be controlled.

The room, Will guessed, was one Tobias used for sales and lessons. A music sheet stand holding an open book not too far from a hard backed chair in the corner. Another door, this one closed, not so far from that. He guessed a bathroom. “The vocal cords were treated in the same way cat gut strings are treated.” He replied, keeping his calm despite the creeping distress that came from being trapped with a foreign Alpha. His scent was everywhere, engulfing Will no matter where he turned within the business. “We kept those details out of the press.”

Tobias followed him, seemingly unaffected by the suspicion that his leading knowledge was only further painting him a suspect. “You’re looking for somebody who knows how to manufacture gut stings.” A smile was growing, amusement playing at the Alpha’s fine features as the door leading out was once again placed at his back. Slowly shepherding Will deeper and deeper into the shop. Will stood with his own back to a door, the closed one he suspected to be a bathroom. If he had to, he could take a shot and climb out the window.

“Anybody leap to mind?” Will’s voice was clipped, almost sarcastic. Hannibal had told him once that he became rude when scared. He wondered if his sharp words would still help to hide that fear now that he no longer had the scent of cheap cologne to hid behind. Tobias would be able to smell the souring scent fear as clearly as the scent of marking and remnants of sex from that afternoon.

“My cat gut is imported from Italy,” Tobias informed Will, seemingly unphased by Will’s pointed words and subtle hints as he handed the Omega a coil of string with the same calm a grandmother might hand her grandchild a cookie laced with arsenic. “Best cat gut is.”

Will accepted the bundle, examining the fine coil of string as the Alpha continued. Even in handing Will the item of their discussion, he always seemed to somehow remaine between Will and the door. “The string section of the Baltimore Metropolitan Orchestra refuses to play with anything else.” He further explained with pride. Will felt that pride was directed more for playing with gut than playing with quality.

He could easily see this man also refusing to play with anything less than the best, “More authentic?”

“A richer, darker sound.” Tobias corrected, “It allows music to say what words can’t.” He accepted the coil of string back from Will, placing the pricy import back on the shelf he had found it, his fingers lingering over the treated cord as he slowly turned to once again regard Will with his full attention. “There is one other string, one superior to cat gut.” His smile was cutting, his eyes dark and the power of his gender seeping from his core, demanding obedience and submission as he took slow even steps toward Will. The movement having him take an unconscious step back, “It was quite popular in eighteen century Rome.” He explained, the hairs of Will’s neck standing on end, “They used to make the highest quality gut strings from the intestines of discarded Omegas. Mate Strings, they called them. Able to hit higher note with a longer lasting sound. It is said to mimic the Omegan call they would have been screaming while being opened alive.”

Will licked his lips with a nervous tongue, mouth suddenly too dry, his throat making an audible click when he tried to swallow. “Are you threatening me?”

“Not at all Mr. Graham, I’m simply offering your alpha the best quality strings for his harpsichord.” Will felt his heart stop, eyes growing wide as numb fingers moved to unclip his gun. A foot landed solid to the center of his chest and Will was crashing through the door at his back, tumbling down a flight of narrow stairs.

He pushed the searing pain of bruised ribs and battered flesh that threatened to consume him and swallowed the bubbling call that sat in his throat. No one would hear him now.

Scrambling to his feet Will almost wished he hadn’t as stormy eyes fell to a wall of jars across from him. Each filled with lengths of curing intestines. It had a soft whine bubbling forth before he could swallow it back and a numb hand feeling for his gun.

The first whine turned into a flood of whimpers when he felt the empty holster strapped to his side. He’d lost his gun in the fall. Panicked eyes skirted the floor in search of the weapon, dancing through darkness as the sharp whistle of wire cutting through air and soft footsteps of a predator hunting sounded from the stairs. “Omegas make the sweetest sound.”

OoOoO

Nigel felt it as he dotted the ‘i’, his pen stilling on legal paper as a rush a terror flooded his blond and set every fiber of his being on on edge, a rush of adrenalin hitting his veins like acid and muscles coiling tight as Alpha instinct took hold. His mate was in danger.

Deep maroon eyes turned to the agent sitting irritated across from him, waiting with faux patience for Nigel to finish signing the small stack of papers dictating his employment.

Nigel didn’t finish. He dropped the pen and called Jack’s dark eyes up to meet his own. “Where’s Will?” Lunch was over, which meant he *should* have been teaching. Stress free and in close proximity of Nigel.

Jack didn’t even try to lie, face straight as he regarded the brash man he was being forced to work with, “He’s investigating a suspect for the orchestra murder.”

“Excuse me,” His voice was oddly calm in contrast to the inferno building inside him. He leaned closer, addressing the dead man sitting across from him as he reached into his brother’s bond, “my darlings not allowed to do shit unless I’m with him. What the fuck do you mean he’s investigating a suspect?” Despite the foul language his voice was level. Steady in a way that suggest more patience then he actually had. “Did Hanni go with him?” he found what he was looking for when he came to the sealed door of his twins mind space, the answer as clear as the lock which kept it.

Hannibal had done this to him.

“Hannibal called shortly before you appointment. He consented Will going on his own, given the circumstances.” Jack indicated the contract Nigel had been in the process of signing as if that would explain it all away.

It didn’t. Like the flick of a switch Nigel changed from the bad man sitting quite across from the FBI Agent to the predator kept hidden beneath a mask. His chair clattering to the floor as

it flipped with the sheer force of Nigel flying up from it, the pile of half signed documents gripped to crumple in a white knuckled fist, “Fuck Hannibal! We had a god-damn agreement!” He threw the crumpled pile, the scatter of papers hitting Jack before falling in a mess to the floor, “Where the fuck is he? Where my fucking Omega?”

“Nigel you need to calm down.” Jack growled, his own instincts picking up the growing threat across from him, “What’s wrong with Will, what are you feeling?”

Jack’s answer was a suppressing feat of strength. Nigel setting a foot on the edge of the large solid desk to flip on its face. Jack barely made it out of his chair before the heavy furniture fell to where his legs had once been. He reached for his gun, freezing when the sound of a growl like thunder and death pulled his eyes to the barrel already aimed pointedly between his brows, “WHERE THE FUCK IS MY OMEGA?!”

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos are cheerleading for Nigel. Your comments toss weapons to Will.

The authors are hiding from readers for being late.

Masks and Shadows

Chapter by sku7314977

Chapter Summary

Will faces off against Tobias.

Chapter Notes

NOT DEAD!! I am not dead...er, we are not dead. Just really slow and life is a pain in the ass.

I hope you all enjoy this chapter. It was a LOT of work. Writing fight scenes is HARD.

Anyway, thank you all for waiting and commenting and rooting us on to get off our lazy/busy asses and continue the story. It might not seem it but getting those encouraging comments does help us to right (even months after the last update). It reminds us that people are still interested. <3 Or at least that's how it works for me (sku).

Enough babbling! On with the story!

We own nothing.

Written by us.

Not beta read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gun gone, Will moved deeper into the basement. He hurt, struggling against a deep jarring pain with every move. “Damn-it.” He searched the room for anything he could use as a weapon. His gun was a write-off. For all he knew it had fallen between the steps and wasting his time looking for that would be as good as wrapping Tobias’ wire around his throat himself.

Another wave of pain washed through him and he swallowed the rising whimpers that came with it. His nature was a curse. If he went into a call his instinct would have him on his knees baring his throat in an attempt to appease the angered Alpha. As a bonded Omega Tobias wouldn’t feel the same draw that had spared him from the twins in the cabin. An unmated Omegan call was irresistible, a mated one? No, he couldn’t let that happen. He

forced himself to keep quiet and followed the line of sinks against the basement wall. It was a workshop, an area dedicated to the curing of intestine. The sinks were filled with them.

If Tobias had his way, they would be filled with his.

He needed a weapon, fast.

He spotted a table at the end of the sinks and snagged the hammer set on its edge. It wasn't his weapon of choice but anything was better than nothing.

Scanning the darkness for anything better his attention was suddenly divided by a wash of heat like an inferno bloomed through his mind. Will grit his teeth against the sudden intrusion, "Not the time…" He thought, the bond between Nigel and himself coming to life in a prying flame of rage and need. His mate was searching for him, looking for answers and right then Will didn't have the focus to spare. Not for either of them. A similar sense of cool was creeping in around the edges as Hannibal peeked, each Alpha checking in on the Omega emitting fear and adrenalin like a storm.

Will needed to focus on himself. The here and now. He couldn't be dealing with prying eyes and overprotective power plays. He shut the whole thing down. He didn't know how he did it, hoped he could do it again, and almost choked on the sudden stillness that filled him.

It wasn't just his head. His mates had been holding an effect on his very being he hadn't noticed until now and the sudden withdraw felt like having his flesh and clothing stripped away to leave him bare.

His feed was a dead line to them both and for the first time since the cabin, Will felt void.

Back to his senses Will barely raised the hammer in time to the sound of quite feet behind him, he turned just to see the length of string going for his throat.

His mates could no longer feel him, hear him, watch him…it gave Will the freedom to do what needed to be done, to move within himself without the fear what they would think of him afterword.

Will turned within himself and searched.

It barely took a moment to find the shadows of his mind, the pieces his empathy had created and nightmares never let him forget. A row of shallow graves for every killer he'd ever IDed.

He reached into soil and pulled forth the Angle Maker, catching the mate-string with the hook of the hammer, he twisted. Pulled the length of line taught and dragged the killer closer. Tobias his marionette.

He shifted again, another grave, another killer. The Tooth Fairy smiled wide and whole as he brought the stunned Tobias near he sank blunt Omegan teeth into the tender flesh of his throat, let the taste of Alpha blood wash over his tongue and bit deeper.

Tobias howled, released the cured gut to pry Will from his being. He took him by the throat, gripped the Omega who'd dared to bite him, and Alpha, and squeezed.

Will choked, and then he smiled.

There were a hundred killers living inside Will's head, a hundred monsters crawling from their graves for a chance to taste Tobias blood.

At the head of them stood their King. The Ripper. The monster always one step ahead of him and so deep engrained in Will's mine he all but ruled him. His darkness pushing forward through the crowd of shadows to take his place as their lead, and he smile. Slow and bloody he bared Will's copper stained teeth, licked them clean of crimson drops even as the constricting hold around his throat choked tighter.

The Ripper was having fun.

Steel claws hooked Tobias flesh as the Ripper drove the hammer home and pulled, taring him open – a gash in the man's stomach that would turn into an organ leaking hole as soon as fingers hooked inside.

Tobias dropped Will, pushing the deranged Omega to stumble back even as his fingers sought the delicate hole he had created. Air flooded Will's, the Rippers lungs, in deep swallows and he watched the Alpha flee.

A shimmer in the dark caught his eye and blood slicked fingers reached for the gun. He looked after Tobias, aimed into the darkness and fired.

OoOoO

It was while sitting in quiet contemplation across from Franklyn that Hannibal felt the link die. His visual attention on the stout Omega in front of him while his mind moved to follow Will's own and the enveloping fear and pain that coursed from the source of their bond. Will was fighting. One predator against another, weapon lost and then…

Nothing.

An eclipse of the moon over the sun, shrouding him in darkness as all light was lost. Their bond, severed and gone.

The snap of connection could only mean one of two very important things. Either Will had learned how to close himself completely to their link, or…he was dead.

The ladder was not an option Hannibal was yet willing to consider. Will was a gift, one with far too much potential to be wasted on someone as inferior as Tobias Budge. If he had for a moment doubted Will's ability, he would not have allowed his mate to go.

Hannibal would wait for the light to return. He had faith that the moon would shift and the blinding flow of Will's emotions would sweep through him like a wave of the ocean. He would be consumed with the familiar thrill of adrenalin and victory and feel the

transformation of Will's becoming all too soon. Will could not keep their link numb to him forever.

Minutes passed and the turning of an hour came near. He had expected to feel his mates return before then, the revival of their link. Instead of the opening door between their bond, he was interrupted by intrusion of his office. The bloodied presence of Tobias himself, alive and well, standing in his doorway.

He was missing half an ear, the cause of which Hannibal could not discern from where he sat across the room, but the bitemark on his neck he knew just fine. The thick ropey mark and oozing blood courtesy of blunt Omegan teeth he was familiar with himself. But it was the shallow gash in his stomach that caught the doctor's attention most of all, that suggestion of wicked intent and an awakening that made Hannibal proud.

Except…that it was Tobias who stood in his doorway, and not the blood drenched Omega he longed to see.

Which meant Will…was dead.

Hannibal felt something shift, the closing of another door within the hallway of his mind palace. One filled with a new memories and pain he did not wish to visit as he rose to meet the challenging Alpha invading his office.

"Tobias! What happened?" Franklyn was up, hurrying toward the man at the door with all the fearful concern of a mate. Tobias could have had him had he been patient enough to wait.

Instead, he would never see him again.

With two quick strides Hannibal was behind the pudgy Omega, took Franklyn's head in hand and twisted. The snap of bone was thick, the Omega crumbled to the ground, neck broken. "He was my mate!" Tobias growled, shaking with the new rage of an Alpha with loss.

"An eye for an eye," though Hannibal would not be satisfied until he had Tobias blood dripping from his teeth. "You took my Omega, now I've taking yours." Hannibal said with a smooth calm that could have fooled the devil himself.

"I believe that makes us even." He hadn't expected the length of wire to whip out like a razor but he dodged it all the same, ducking to run the Alpha back into his door with a shoulder.

It didn't knock the wind out of him, Tobias a skilled killer much like himself, training to hone his body and keep it in the prime condition needed for hunting pray, for killing predators. A knee to the stomach sent Hannibal back, the doctor falling gracelessly over the outstretched leg of Franklyn's to land on his ass.

Tobias lunged toward him, once again whipping string. It caught on pant, slicking the finely brushed wool to open flesh beneath with a quick slice, it also brought him close enough for the sweeping kick that brought the other Alpha to his back and Hannibal upon him.

This man had killed his Will.

Hannibal would know the colour of his insides before he finally slept.

He managed to hook one eye before being pushed off, taking the broken orb with him. Tobias howled, clutch the blood pooling socket as he turned to the monster across him. He turned in time to see that monster licking optical jelly from his thumb, his mask beginning to slip.

Depth perception lost and vision distorted his swings became wild, quick continuous flips of the slicing wire swinging out to catch the beast he battled. He hadn't realized yet that he'd already lost, transforming from predator to prey as he moved to block the swing of a glass topped table, his arm passing through the iron ring as he moved to shield his face and opened his throat for the swing. A swift elbow to the larynx collapsed the pipe to leave the man gasping as he fell to his knees clutching his throat and fighting for air.

Hannibal wanted him to suffer. He wanted to gut and display him like the lowly pig he was. But time was of the essence. Hannibal knew the police would be coming all too soon and with their arrival a story of innocence needed to be planned. There would be time to grieve later, and he would. Will had been his mate and one would not last long without the other.

Using his pocket square to keep the making of finger prints from touching metal he lifted the iron stag head from it's pedestal overhead and brought it down for the killing blow, ending the Alpha far quicker than he deserved.

Something turned within him he hadn't felt in too many years to count, a deep seated pain he desperately wished to smother before it consumed him. Touching his cheek to bring away a finger wet with tears he forced the pain of loss back behind the door he'd closed and sealed it with a key. Soon it would be filled with all that had been William.

He would have to call Jack before the bodies cooled.

OoOoO

It came like the trickle of a stream, the barest release of waters as the floodgate began to breach and then the overwhelming rush of emotion he recognized entirely as Will. Hannibal paused the taping of gauze over his shin as he basked in intensity of his mate and the comfort of his life before finishing his taping and rolling down his pant leg.

Will was alive. His ever-unpredictable mate surprising him with the sensation of life returning to their bond.

He must have proven himself a far more dangerous adversary than Tobias had anticipated and forced the Alpha to flee. He had turned to Hannibal in the hopes of completing what he had failed to do unto his mate. It brought the curl of a smile to his lips, a sense of relieve at knowing.

His sweet William had been triumphant. He might not have killed Tobias, but there would always be future opportunities and with the cruelty Hannibal had found displayed on Tobias' flesh he had something to encourage, grow and mold.

Will would be a killer, skilled and deadly in his own right. Hannibal only had to wait.

Lost in thoughts of his mate and things to come, Hannibal didn't hear the soft padding of Nigel's feet enter the bathroom, the inferno of his bond muted to keep warning of his presence within the home until it was too late. He smelt him before he saw him, the spicy notes of his brother's scent, always present within the house, but stronger now than it had been before and looked up just in time to see the other mans reflection in the mirror standing behind him before the sharp curl of fingers at the base of his skull shot his head into the mirror.

"You piece of shit!" His voice was a roar, snarling and filled with all the threats of death and blood, accented by the sharp sound of splintering glass. "You fucking killed him!" he pushed, feeling the mirror give beneath his brother's skull, shards falling away as the web spread further beneath him.

The barest tense of muscle beneath him was his only warning before the flash of a blade had him moving back, missing the feel of glass to his belly but not his shirt. Fabric tore, a waring of what was next. Hannibal turned on him, still willing for reason despite the betrayal, Nigel was confused after all. "He isn't dead Nigel, Will is fine." He scolded as though the man had thrown coffee on his shirt rather than tried to slice his face apart with the shards of a mirror.

"Fuck you!" He threw a punch, Hannibal dodged, positions changed so the Ripper's back was to the door.

He tried again for reason, to tame the bull seeing red before he was forced to end it. "I knew he would be. You give Will far less credit than he deserves."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Nigel sneered, "You knew? Knew that my darling would be fine? That nothing could go fucking wrong in a fight of Alpha versus Omega?" He could feel it now, through the fires of his rage if he concentrated, the wash of life coming back into their link. There was pain and fear but it was filled with the waning of adrenalin and life.

Will was okay.

But that didn't absolve his brother's sin.

"Fights like that don't end in your favor because you fucking plan it that way Hanni! You're stepping into my world on this one, not yours. Omega's get fucked or killed when they take on an Alpha. There is no God damn in between. Will walking away is a fucking miracle, his ability to use a fucking gun goes against everything Omegan, if he succumbed to his instincts for even one fucking second he'd be dead." His fingers were curling, clenching into fists and unclenching with the ache to feel bone cave beneath his knuckles, "I should fucking kill you. By Alpha law, I've every right."

"You can't." It was said so simply, the blade of shattered glass dropping from his hand into a bin as he met sanguine eyes identical to his own. "You and I are as bound to each other as we are to Will. If you kill me it will inevitably lead to your own death, as well as Will's. Once bonded, one cannot survive without the other." The few cases in which a mate had been forced to carry on after the death of their bonded mate had lead to a sort of catatonic insanity. The one case he had studied during his years as a student had ended in the surviving mate

choking himself to death on his own tongue during the night. “Will is alive Nigel. You won’t kill me.”

He threw a punch, Hannibal twisting to block, “Fine, but I can still break every fucking bone in your body.” He had longed for that connection his whole life, thought he had found something close in his treacherous Beta wife Gabi and then found a real one, a stronger one, with Will. He thought he’d lost Will, felt the overwhelming void of his disappearance. He’d make dame sure he never suffered that again.

Hannibal throwing him back, taking the moment of Nigel’s stumble to escape the small confines of the bathroom.

“You're acting irrationally, Nigel. You’re letting your emotions control you and you need to calm down.” Hannibal countered, spinning to take a shot at his throat. Nigel caught his arm and twisted, pushed it up against his back and lifted until the hinge of his shoulder groaned.

“You cold fucking bastard. You don’t deserve him.” the pierce of a scrapple in his thigh had Nigel gritting teeth, the twist had him letting go, stepping back to grab a vase and bring it to his brother’s head. Another duck and Hannibal dodged it, charging to take Nigel back against the wall. “We went through the same hell,” He growled, taking the shoulder to the gut and putting an elbow in his spine for the effort.

Another grunt of pain, falling to his knees he sank Alpha sharpened teeth into the flesh of Nigel’s thigh. Nigel growled, throwing a punch that pushed to drive his twin off. Hannibal fell back only to take a shot at his knee, a sharp kick that almost made the joint pop. It’s enough for Hannibal to reclaim his footing and face his twin, “You barely know him Nigel, for you this is a bond. Nothing more.” There’s a boiling rage brewing between them, making the line of their bone taught, sharp. “Will went into heat and you we were conveniently present. There is no ‘love’ in this. Your delusions are ruling you now just as they had with Gabrielle.”

“No fucking love?” he spat, wishing he had his gun, that it hadn’t been taken from him during his temporary detainment for attacking a federal agent. There might have been laws in place protecting Alpha’s acting out in the interest of their endangered mate, especially when they’re life had been endangered thanks to another Alpha, but there wasn’t anything about returning a weapon aimed for murder after releasing said enraged Alpha from detainment. Nigel was looking forward to a nice long court case and one hell of a restraining order once this was over. Jack had kept Will’s whereabouts to himself when he should have been forthcoming and that was going to bite him in the ass but good. “Let’s test your fucking theory. No recorded tri-bonds, right? I don’t need to kill you to keep Will away from you.” He rolled his shoulders, flexed his hands to loosen the digits as a keen mind hidden so beautifully beneath a veil of ignorance came to life. “I’m placing a fucking challenge Hanni. I win, Will’s mine and you leave us the fuck alone. Forever. I don’t want a god damn post card.” He sneered.

“You’ve always been ruled by your emotions Nigel, you’re not thinking this through. We need the three of us in order to survive. The two of you will not last without me. Dead or alive.” He said, tensing, ready to spring, dodge and deliver.

“Yeah? You fucking watch.”

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudos are throwing large blunt objects at the authors for leaving a new cliff hanger, your comments are placing bets on the twins and urging Will to get his ass home.

Battle of the Alphas

Chapter by sku7314977

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Hannibal fight.

Chapter Notes

HOLY SHIT AN UPDATE?! WHAT IS THIS BULLSHIT RIGHT HERE?!

Seriously though, thank you to everyone who hasn't given up on this story. Hope you enjoy the chapter, it's been a long time coming. Please be kind to the very rusty writing.

WE OWN NOTHING!

WE BETA READ SHIT!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was all done in alarming quick succession, one hit after the other, dodge and sweeping kick, jab and wide swinging hit, the tooth and claw of predators that had learned together, trained together and perfected alone.

A jab to Nigel's jaw had him falling backward over the couch, landing on his hands and knees to roll before the swing of an end table could take him in the ribs. "You will spend the rest of your life attached to life support in the confines of my basement and your ignorance. You will be paralyzed and isolated and you will remain there until the time you age and pass or find your end when I reach mine." Hannibal offered his own conditions with a heavy pant, cruel in a way of only the ripper and a man who knew he could not trust his twin not to take his own life in a world he refused to live in without Will.

He stood over his brother, looming as he lifted a fire poker and took quick aim to sever the spine. He hissed and reeled when a cloud of hot ash was thrown in his face, burning his eyes and making him falter long enough for Nigel to take him at the knees and crawl up his carbon copy. He grabbed the skull of a stag and smashed it against the floor as Hannibal tried to free his eyes and shoulders from ash and twin. The press of a broken antler to the soft of his throat making him still if only for the heavy press and swell of blood to come from it. "Why are you so fucking *wrong*?" Nigel screamed, staring down at dark eyes made red and glossy by ash. "Why can't you love him?"

Arms were around him, gripping Nigel by the shoulders to pull him off his twin, after being grabbed and attacked and kept from his mate, instinct and adrenalin working against him, he spun to plunge the antler into the cunt foolish enough to try and come between this, between him and the punishment his twin deserved. He stopped with the point on his chest, freezing as the bloodied tip touched Will's red stained shirt.

His features softened at once, seeing the flesh and life of his missing mate before him. Safe and aware and carrying only the barest hint of pain from injury. "Will," he dropped the weapon, wrapping himself around the slighter man and pulled him tight against him, as though he might disappear if he dared let him go. "Fuck, Will." He kissed him, fingers knotted tight in dark curls. as he held him taught against him, crushing their bodies together.

"Nigel?" Will let the Alpha crush him, smothering him in his hold, releasing him only to keep him in hand, "What's going on?" He looked from one twin to the other, both battered, bruised and bleeding, though Hannibal watched with a stone face expression, trying to hide himself beneath the mask he wore so seamlessly for all. All but Will. He was becoming better at seeing the man beneath the mask and the play of hurt that danced within his eyes. "Why were you two fighting?"

"Grab your shit, we're going to Wolf trap." Nigel orders, and it is an order, the man leaving no question within his voice for Will to argue. "I'll get the dogs." He doesn't even look at Hannibal, still sitting on the floor with his chest heaving and the slow roll of blood from throat to shirt, staining it red as Will had Tobias.

"Wolf Trap?" He asked being led away, body made placid and malleable as a puppet in its need to please the raging twins. Damn his biology. He follows without physical fight, only mental question, because that was what the Alpha needed to calm. He needed Will to be the obedient Omega he had never been and just go with him. "Why are we leaving?" He asked, careful not to sound too demanding in his search for answers. "Why aren't we sleeping here with Hannibal?"

The answer came in a growl that had Will nearly dropping to his knees, directed at him or not. "Because Hannibal doesn't know how good he's fucking got it and needs to fucking learn." He sneered pulling Will tight against him. "He set you up darling." At last he shot a look to his brother, the man standing to brush himself off as if the leaving of his mates was no more important than paying the water bill. "Says it's nothing but a fucking 'bond' to him," he pulled Will close, pushing feelings of want, love and possession onto him. It was intense enough to make him shiver.

He looked back at Hannibal even as he was led away, toward the stairs. The friend he had known long before the arrival of Nigel into his life wouldn't look at him. He refused to meet Will's eyes as he instead began to work on cleaning his destroyed sitting room. Numb, uncaring.

It wasn't right. Nothing about this was sitting well with Will.

They packed quickly, throwing only what they needed for a couple of nights into a bag before Will and seven dogs that should never have been able to fit in Will's old Volvo were squeezed into the car, the pack speeding off into the night.

It wasn't until nearly fifteen minutes into the trip that Nigel finally spoke again, letting Will sit in quiet contemplation of his night with Buster curled for cuddles in his lap, "I want you to close your link to Hannibal's part of the bond darling." He instructed, having already segregated the other Alpha himself, isolating his twin from that which they had always shared. "He doesn't need us, and we don't need him. Close it off. Let him see how cold it is alone."

Tension still high Will felt for the line of cool comfort he knew to be Hannibal, working to close the mental door on the man as he had while fighting Tobias. It had been so much easier than, fight or flight aiding in the usually complicated action of shutting the bond down, it was harder now, partly because he so desperately wished to comfort both, partly because he just couldn't figure out how he'd done it. The distraction of pain radiating through his back and legs with every bump and the shear motion of sitting wasn`t helping either, he was bruised from his tumble down the stairs and with the fighting over and adrenalin gone, he was feeling it all now.

Still he focused and managed to more than less seal the bond between them, shutting off the majority of emotion that flowed like a river to merely a trickle. "Why are we doing this? How did Hannibal set me up?" There were still too many questions unanswered for such a serious action. If Nigel wasn't in such desperate need and Hannibal so willing to let Will walk away with him he would have fought it more. As it was he would deal with this situation one Alpha at a time. For now Nigel, later, he would reopen the link and calm Hannibal down. "It was a routine questioning Nigel, I've done it a hundred times before." He tried not to feel hurt as he felt the retaliation of doors shutting on the other end of his bond with Hannibal. The man succeeding where Will failed. Perhaps it would be more difficult then he thought to reopen that connection later.

It occurred to Will that Hannibal's doors only closed after he'd pushed his own shut. He swallowed down the blooming guilt. "There was no way Hannibal could have known what Tobias was; what he was going to do." He tried to reason. The day felt too long with too much drama. He closed his eyes, giving in to the exhaustion that was taking him. He was tired, living through others often left him drained and when paired with the life-threatening day, pain radiating through his back and crash from the adrenalin he'd spent most of the afternoon riding all he wanted to do was sleep. Now he had an Alpha battle between mates to figure out. Almost made his miss being a hermit.

"He knew." Nigel said, furious and quiet. He didn't want it to be true anymore then Will did, but he knew it as surly as he knew the sky was blue and blood was fucking red. Hannibal had known what Tobias was, somehow, and he'd fucking known that the chance of there being blood during the investigation was high and he'd sent Will to check that fucker out anyway, *alone.* It hadn't gone wrong, but it could have, and that was why he was taking Will. "Believe me darling, I looked. He knew." A warm hand settled on Will's thigh, a promise of truth and the comfort for having to face one.

Will settled in his seat, working to process the information presented. He didn't know if that made him angry or not. There was a big piece of the puzzle missing and the idea of Hannibal trusting him to take care of himself in a dangerous situation was as alluring as the idea of

being knowingly sent out alone to the house of a killer was distressful. He needed to see the rest of the puzzle, he needed to find the missing piece.

But now was not the time to pry, Nigel was coping as well, dealing with the betrayal of one mate against the other and it was evident enough in his slow careful driving. He was distracted and upset and didn't want to panic his mate or leave him distressed with his usual speeding and careless driving.

Even with the gentle stroking and reassurance coming through the bond from Will's end for a change Nigel found he couldn't have reached Wolf Trap fast enough. The slow driving he took for his mates care after such a rough day doing nothing to ease Nigel's aggravation. He opened the car, letting the stamped of dogs out and into the house, the pack excitedly sniffing around their old home to find beds and seek out empty food bowls.

Despite the time away Will still found comfort looking at his old home. His boat on the water. It had been his sanctuary for years, his private escape from the world and the monster that hid within it. He still felt that safety now.

He followed the dogs in, stepping into old familiar smells tinged with dust. He barely made it three steps before another order was given, "Strip."

Will didn't move, only regarding his Alpha with a flat look of disinterest. "Nigel, I`m not in the mood. I'm tired and I'm soar."

"It`s not about sex darling," Nigel informed him, dropping their bags by the door to instead flick a lock and draw the curtains. "Strip," Nigel was already removing his own clothing, revealing a very flaccid cock. It was enough reassurance that this was not about getting laid and claiming ground that Will believed him.

Tired, drained and all together feeling too weak to put up much of any resistance Will hissed as he began to pull the ruined threads of clothing from his body, pain radiating like fire beneath his skin with each twist of his shoulders to shift for the shirt.

It was only a moment before he felt broad hands on his own, stilling him before Nigel took the fabric in hand and removed the garment for him, gently, careful to let it slide from his throbbing skin without much pull. He was aware of Will's pain, his hurt, since the reopening of their bond he could feel it. He wanted to fix it.

Bruises were forming, blooming over alabaster in large dark strips that were already changing to a deep angry black. "Lye on your stomach darling," he stroked strong fingers through Will's hair and nuzzled him until the omega complied, a whine pushing past his lips as he moved against groaning muscles to lie down as directed.

Nigel hadn't been lying, it wasn't about sex. It was about protection, possession, comfort and contact. He was licking the bruises, a warm gentle sweep of broad tongue that left his skin feeling cool where it had slid over heated flesh. Never in his life had Will considered the healing enzymes of an alpha's saliva to be used for anything but quickly healing a bite. With no open wounds the flesh wouldn't scar, but the skin was already beginning to numb, possibly heal and Will wondered if the hormones for numbing were something only released

when sensing pain. Like the breaking of skin for a bonding bite…if Hannibal were with them, he would know.

Will tried not to think about his other mate, instead pushing his mind to follow the broad strokes and gentle numbing coming with Nigel's touch. He tried to settle his mind on the slid of skin over his as Nigel moved over his abused body, caged by powerful limbs that he knew would be pushing him down if he tried to get up, the feel of flesh against his own soothing as silk to the touch and helping his mind drift.

Nigel was moving on instinct, the need to protect and make safe that which he'd almost lost.

Will still had a tight coiled of fear and anxiety sitting heavy in the pit of his stomach, the emotions more for what he had enjoyed than what had so nearly happened. He was lucky it was something his mates had seemed to miss, the block successful, but Nigel wouldn't relent until Will was flooded with the feeling of safe, that fear a distant memory and the anxiety soothed to something warm.

Will hadn't thought that such a feeling would come to him until his mind had been stolen away by sleep, but as he felt the heavy weight and naked flesh of the man above him settle on his back he felt the tension ease, his body shifting to a feeling of soothed compliance to settle for his mate.

Strong arms like iron wrapped to encase him, hold him still as he re-opened their bonding scar with an undertone of reminder and began to scent mark Will until all lingering trances of Hannibal's musk were erased from his flesh. His teeth touched over Hannibal's, points pressing against a scare similar but different from his own. The pressure to pierce stopped only as he felt Will stiffen beneath him.

He would break it another time. For Will. Every part of his being screamed for him to do it now, erase Hannibal from his love and mark Will completely as his own. But if he needed him to wait, he would give him one night. Let the events of the day sink in before he made things right.

His patience were a gift only given to Will.

"Thank you." Relaxed as teeth were replaced with a kiss.

"He's abandoned us Will. We need to forget him and move on."

"Not yet." Not until he'd finished the puzzle. Unhappy but accepting, Nigel continued to instead place soft kisses along his nape. It was soothing in another way and Will pliantly settled into strong arms, his mind sluggishly wandering as Nigel adored him. In his lazy wanderings Will's sight focused on the hand that peeked out from under their pillow, tanned skin and calloused fingers revealing something new, it was curious and beautiful and the dark curl of ink had him taking that hand into his own, maneuvering the pointer finger to examine the fine cursive along its side. How had he missed something so simple and elegant before? It was tiny handwritten name.

"Who's Mischa?" he wondered aloud, feeling the press of a nose into the nape of his neck.

“You know of her.” Nigel murmured into his curls, leaving the answer both fulfilling and vague. Will only knew of one girl in the bad man’s life who would have held enough impact to have him marking her name into his skin, he didn’t have to ask for any further elaboration than that. It was his sister, the one he’d seen a red stain in the snow.

Another moment of silence passed between them before Nigel hooked his fingers between Will’s own, kissing the broken skin of Will’s neck with the hushed words. “Go to sleep darling.” It was the last thing he said before his voice began to carry in a wordless hum, soft and melodic with the deep rumble that was all Nigel around and through him, coaxing Will’s eyes to close and welcome the velvet of darkness around him to enter his head, lead him into a dreamless sleep.

He didn’t know the tune, had never heard it a day in his life, and yet Will knew the words, knew it was an old Lithuanian lullaby that would have been sung to the small girl every night before bed by the beautiful woman who had been her mother.

Will drifted to sleep surrounded by darkness, warmth and the strange memories of a little girl and her mother that had never been his own. They could never have been more beautiful.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading~<3

Your kudos yell at Hannibal to say he's sorry! Your comments tell Will to ignore drama and go play with puppies instead.

The authors are working on breaking out of their straight jackets. <3

Seriously though, thank you to everyone who has continued leaving us amazing comments and reviews and who continue to watch this story. It may take us forever, but it will be completed one day.

Clever Little Bitch

Chapter by sku7314977

Chapter Summary

Nigel plans to put as much distance between them and his brother as possible. Will is not on board.

Chapter Notes

AN - Good morning! Sku here, we're sorry that we've been dead. Life happens. Neither of us thought that life would take us to a point where this story would be updated every two years, but there you have it. Sorry guys. Hopefully I'll have another chapter posted in the coming week or two. I'm finally in a position in life where I can sorta write again. So you're in luck.
As always, we own nothing.
Written and beta read by us.
Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will awoke it was to the comforting weight of an Alpha atop him and the evocative smell of dander, both welcomed and missed. He stirred, blinking tired eyes to look at half lidded maroon as the rousing feeling of naked flesh pressed against his own and fingers dragging through his curls brought him farther into waking, “Morning gorgeous, how are you feeling?”

“Sore,” Which was especially surprising considering the damage he’d sustained during his battle with Tobias. He should have been felling a hell of a lot worse. “What's the damage to my back?”

A lazy kiss pressed his lips and the Alpha pulled back, carefully shifting his weight so not to hurt the Omega beneath him. Strong hands slid the length of Will’s sides as he was looked over, calloused finger pads tracing the still sensitive flesh. It was healing, better than Nigel had expected. “It’s already fading,” he smiled, pleased with the progress of purple and green faded stripes decorating Will’s back.

Will shivered as he felt the ghosting touch along his skin, the shift of Nigel lowering himself

to sweep his broad tongue over dark coloured flesh much as he had the night before. It made his stomach flip to feel the protection and care of his mate. It was a sensation of safety that encouraged Will to close his eyes to the world again and allow himself to be lulled back into sleep.

He caved to the alluring idea of closing his eyes and let himself just feel.

He concentrated on the warm muscle leaving cool streaks over his skin, the sensation of saliva slicking his skin and touching the air; the ghost of hair ticking trails over his flesh and brush of nose against his spine. “I never would have thought to have you lick me for a bruise.” He smiled into the pillow, feeling around within himself for Hannibal’s bond. It was still closed to him, a wall locking him from sensing or feeling his other mate. Despite Nigel’s lulling comfort, it left him unsettled. A part of him was missing now.
He felt like a broken teacup without all it’s pieces, he couldn’t be put back together again until he got back the piece of glass that had fallen through the cracks.

“Better than a band aid." Nigel purred, "figured it out a long time ago.” His thoughts skirting back to a lifetime left behind, one of pain and dark hours in an orphanage he’d sooner forget. He had spoke when Hannibal couldn’t and the pair suffered constantly together for their insolence. They suffered together, healed together, learned together, planned together, and when the time came at last, they killed together.

It had built a bond between them Nigel had thought would never be broken.

Apparently he’d thought wrong.

“When are we going back?” Will ventured without waiting for the conversation to bridge their missing mate.

Nigel didn’t pause, showing no signs of regret or apprehension at the question or his deciding answer, "We're not." He said, continuing his ministrations to Will’s back without missing a beat.

That had Will moving, pushing the larger man to get up and finding himself trapped beneath when a hand hooked the back of his neck to keep him still as Nigel continued his work. “Nigel.” Will growled, pushing again against the weight that held him down. The hand squeezed, fingers pressing ever so gently into his Omegan pressure point until Will felt his limbs grow limp and his joints turn to jelly and he was made to lay placid on the bed. “Get off me.”

He didn't, forcing Will to wait the few extra moments until he was satisfied that he'd gotten the worst of the bruising covered with another coat. Not wanting to irritate his soon to be pissed mate further then he already had Nigel finally rolled onto his side, keeping an arm gently but firmly hooked around the Omega's waist. He wasn't about to let Will go running anywhere, especially once they got this particular conversation going. "There isn't anything to discuss here darling. We're not going back."

"What do you mean we're not going back?" Will demanded, feeling less then amicable toward his remaining mate, "He's our mate. Your brother. Baltimore is our home. We're going back."

"No darling," He said again, firmer, letting the thinnest edge of poison seep into his words. "He isn't and we're not." He didn't let Will squirm away, iron grip tightening to hold their bodies pressed together when he tired. He felt more than a little guilty at the hiss of pain that escaped Will for the pressure being applied to his back, but it was a necessary evil. He knew his Will, knew he would be up and out of reach the moment Nigel allowed him if he let him go before this conversation was over. Out of reach and possibly out the door. He didn't think his Omega could hot-wire a car before he could get out there to stop him, but he wasn't in the mood to find out what Will could and could not do while feeling trapped and annoyed. "Hanni doesn't deserve you. I challenged him to an Alpha Battle. He lost. You're mine. We don't live in Baltimore anymore. He isn't our mate anymore. We're not going back."

Will stared at him as he let it all sink in. "That's barbaric." He scoffed, unwilling to accept the decision being made for him.

"It's also fucking law. Hanni lost." They were going to Bucharest. He'd have the tickets booked before the end of the day, be on a flight before the end of the next.

It hit Will like a ton of bricks. A weight knocking the wind out of him as he stared in wild disbelieve at the man in his bed, finding answers in calm sanguine eyes that made him want to scream.

Nigel was taking him away, "I'm not going."

He didn't bother to play dumb, didn't insult the keen intellect he saw brewing within the storm that meet him, "You are."

He tried to pull away again, "Nigel, I'm not going."

“I’m your Alpha,” He rolled Will beneath him again, pinning him with his body as he gripped his nape, squeezing until the barest whimper passed Will’s lips Another peg of guilt hit him as he forced his point. “You don’t have a choice.”

“Ha-Hannibal-” Will fought through the laxation of the pressure point, the influence of his biology.

“Tried to fucking kill you.” He growled, “Why can’t you fucking see that? He tried to kill you!” Arms of steel wrapped him in their tight embrace, foreheads pressed so eye contact was unescapable. “I can’t lose you, I won’t. Not even to him.” They were leaving and there wasn’t a force on that earth that would stop him. He would see to it that enough distance was put between them they would never see his damned brother again.

Meeting those eyes, forced to see, Will absorbed Nigel’s fear at having thought he was dead. Feel the pain he had endured when he had been left empty from a severed bond and wondering to the fate of his mate. A sense of possessive protectiveness cocooning him as he was made to understand the need of his Alpha to keep him safe. It was almost enough to have him forgive the man for forcing change upon him.

But the phase ‘it’s for your own good’ ringing loud and clear within his mind, was one of the most horror fuelled adages Will has even known in all his life. Murders, torture and torment had lived and thrived on those words throughout the ages. He had seen it first hand a number of times.

It was enough to remind the Omega that he had never been one to roll over, despite what he was, and he wasn’t about to start.

“Alright.” He lied, working to hide his true intentions. He nuzzled into the Alpha above him, trying to placate the predator holding him like a cage, “I’ll go with you to Bucharest.”

He felt the calm that washed over his mate, saw it soften strange earthen eyes at Will’s acceptance. It made his stomach sick with guilt. He didn’t want to lie to Nigel, but he had the very distinct feeling that if he proved himself difficult he’d find the man using his handcuffs for something far less erotic than his previous pilfering of the restraints and Will would be finding himself hard pressed for fifteen minutes of privacy in the bathroom without him first welding the old window into something inescapable.

Because this was *for his own good*.

“Thank you.” Two simple words and Will wanted to throw up. He hoped he could earn this level of trust back again as easily as he was about to break it. Hoped Nigel would be understanding when everything was finally brought to light.

“Mind if I shower?” Will curved the conversation to something less daunting. His chest was still crusted with dried blood, too little of it his own, and he wanted to scrub some of that nightmare, his victory, away.

“Sure.” Nigel let go, watching as Will eased himself from the bed with only mildly stiff movements. He wanted to help, carry his pained Omega into the bathroom and wash him. Care for him the way only an Alpha could when their mate had been injured. But these were extenuating circumstances, he recognized his Omega's need for space. Will needed time to adjust to the sudden decision, the idea of leaving his home and country behind. The idea of never returning to see that twisted manipulative bastard. If Will was willing to succumb to Nigel’s need to leave the country, he would allow him the privacy to mourn.

Grabbing his discarded jeans Nigel tugged them on and tapped a cigarette out of his soft pack, wandering out the back door to take his morning smoke in damp grass and fresh air. If his walk took him to standing next to the bathroom window it was only due to a lifestyle threaded together with deceit he recognized on a spiritual level.

He knew what he would do if he was in Will's shoes.

Will didn’t try for the window during his shower and Nigel was back inside rooting through cupboards for non-perishables before the Omega was out of the bathroom, entering back through the kitchen door with the sound of stopping water.

Laying out a couple cans of beans and a fillet of frozen fish from the freezer for Will to consider he pocketed the car keys before heading in for his own shower. He took a leak, turned on the tap and leaned against the door, waiting for Will to make his next move.

When the smell of tin beans heating in a pot and frying fillet reached his olfactory he finally dropped his drawers and climbed into the shower. Satisfied for the moment that his mate was not about to run.

He should have known better.

Will was a profiler for the FBI with a thorough understanding of the Alpha who’d left to

shower. He was a mechanic for boat motors and a fucking genius on his days off. Nigel didn't know if he wanted to kiss him or kill him.

A pot of beans and pan of fish had been left to simmer on the stove on a low heat, the scent meant to deceive him of Will's obedience, and it had. Because Will knew that Nigel would be waiting for a sign, that he would smell their cooking breakfast even from the shower thanks to the over sensitive nose he and Hannibal shared.

There was a note left to the side, 'back soon' scrawled in cramped handwriting better suited to a doctor. He fished the car keys from his pocket as he approached the window looking out into the empty driveway with a sour taste in his mouth for the lies.

"Clever little bitch."

OoOoO

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Your kudos are stirring beans, your comments are hot-wiring your neighbours car.

The authors are waking from hibernation.

Good morning darlings~<3

End Notes

Thanks for reading~<3

Your kudo's are trying to fit in the suitcase while your comments are sleeping in chairs.

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